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pg. I

FOR THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

# THE ADVENTURES OF Tom Stapleton.

EDITED BY JOHN M. MOORE.

WITH ORIGINAL DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS.

## CHAPTER I.

"Well, here thou art, O Tom Stapleton! quite a model in a small way, of comfort and elegance, and one of the happiest rascals under the sun. True, Lucy Livingston's blue eyes have somewhat discomposed the serene of thy philosophy: but as there is no hope that way, I'm hanged if there shall be any despair; and besides, I don't think I'm so very much in love; for how could a man who was a gone case, relish the simple luxuries of a peach orchard fire, a mild Havana, and a glass of brown sherry, as I do mine? No, dear Tom, thou art not much in love but that thou hast still some alternatives besides matrimony or suicide. But nevertheless, here's to the fair Lucy, notwithstanding that she has come within a feather's weight of upsetting the old bachelorship predilections of Mr. Stapleton!"

So, gentle reader, soliloquised your obedient servant, Tom Stapleton, as he sat one bleak winter's night, several years ago, in his snug little *sanctum* which looked out into Broadway in the goodly city of Gotham, and which contained at the time a young gentleman who had a tolerably high opinion of himself, and not a bad one of all the rest of the world.

"One other glass to thee, dear Lucy!"

"Dear!—Now faith, Master Tom, that's coming it a leetle too sweet, for how can a fellow of thy finances venture to think of the young lady aforesaid, but in connection with the idea that she's fated to be the making of another man's wife? No, no, boy—give over 'dearing!' or you may soon imagine yourself *au pis aller*, and beyond the consolation of cigars and brown sherry. But what the devil is that?"

The foregoing popular interrogative was occasioned by a shriek in the street, and instantly on popping my head out of a window I saw a miserable looking female struggling in the arms of a powerful ruffian.

"Man or devil!" cried the woman, "if the terms are not synonymous—let me go."

"Wait till I see what you look like," answered the ruffian—who, notwithstanding, bore a form currently reported as a likeness of the Deity's;—and then, having dragged his victim under a lamp-post, he continued, "O hang it, you are either shrivelled up with brandy—or as ugly as sin. You may go!"

"I am dying for the want of bread," said the wretched female, "for mercy's sake, give me a shilling to get a crust, or a night's lodging."

"You may have both at the alms-house, for asking!" returned the brute; who thereon began to move off, no doubt rejoicing the while in the possession of a heart that wasn't to be softened or touched by trifles; but ere he had left the outraged woman three paces behind him, a tremendous blow from a boot-jack, hurled with savage fierceness from my window, knocked him sprawling in the channel.

This was more than I had counted on, for I began to fear I had killed the fellow, and that the boot-jack with my name on it, would be taken as sufficient circumstantial evidence to consign me over to the polite attention of Jack Ketch; but while I was yet conjuring up anything but comfortable visions of the result, my mind was relieved by the arrival of a couple of watchmen, who lifted the man up on his feet, and led him away; as also the female, who had implored them to convey her to some place of shelter. I need scarcely remark that after their departure I regained possession of my boot-jack with the most praiseworthy dispatch: but in defence of my gallantry, it is but fair to state, that I was only withheld from running to the assistance of the woman, by a villainous idea which suggested itself to my mind, of the trial and conviction of one Tom Stapleton for as-

sault and battery, with intent to kill—if not, indeed, for actual manslaughter. Moreover, I felt persuaded that the poor wretch would be comforted in the watch-house. Alas! I had yet to learn that the comfort which such poor wretches receive in watch-houses, is the comfort that got cold.

But Lucy—or dear Lucy—as the case may be, remains uncastled. How shall I decide? Dear Lucy be it then; for at all events, young lady, you have established your claim to the adjective, by costing me many a bumper, and—but name it not in Gath—I fear I might add, many a headache. And so, dear Lucy! nay, dearest Lucy—for, seeing that I'm over the Rubicon, I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb—here's to the prettiest girl in Gotham, which is no other than your own beautiful self.

Save me from a bachelor's dreams and a pretty girl in his head.—I fell asleep endeavoring to flatter myself into the notion that my feelings regarding Miss Livingston were merely and purely platonic. Shortly afterwards, however, I felt a strange appetite for a sharp razor, or a cup of opium, owing to the fact that the lamp post under my window was suddenly converted into a devilish handsome fellow, who took to his heels in the direction of the Battery, with Lucy under his arm. Then I was in a country church, where Lucy and a big watchman were on the point of being united in the holy banns of matrimony; but lo! and behold, as soon as she saw me, the blushing damsel changed her mind, and threw herself into my fond embraces, in the likeness of a boot-jack. Anon! the scene was changed, and Lucy, bleeding, hungry, and almost naked, was struggling with a ruffian. "Save me," she cried. "O save me, dear Stapleton, or I'm lost!" Dear Stapleton—O! ecstasy. "Yes, Lucy—adored Lucy, though I were to die a hundred thousand deaths by it." And faith, on the word I nearly began the list, for in my hurry to save her, the rascally thump I gave my poor unoffending *caput* against the head board, almost knocked me feet foremost out of the bed.

"Surely that girl loves me, or she could never reconcile it to her conscience to give me all this trouble," thought I; "but whether or no, I won't venture another dream in her favor this time, lest her wedding should become a thing of the past, and poor Tom Stapleton be invited to stand god-father for her son and heir." And so with this resolution strong in my mind, I made the hastiest sort of a toilet, and started off to the watch-house, to see what had become of the poor stranger.

It was as dark as pitch, and about 4 A. M., when I found myself among a group of loafers (every one of them, with a certain honorable exception, looking as if burglary might be his profession, and picking pockets his mildest recreation), at the police office. The examination of the prisoners had just commenced; but before going into any of the details, let me premise that the magistracy of the New York Lower Police Court has, thank heaven, undergone a great deal of improvement since the period I am treating of. Now we have four men on the bench as susceptible to those weaknesses of poor human nature, known by the appellations of mercy, sympathy, pity, and the like, as other every day people; but then there were but two who were open to this charge—the other two being as impervious to any thing in the likeness of a gentle or generous emotion as the horny protuberance that adorns the nose of the *rhinoceros*.

Not to libel these worthies, I would be understood as only speaking of them in their professional capacity; for as men it was rumored of them that they had their share of soft spots about their hearts, as well as other people. But only place them on the bench, with a sufficient amount of wretchedness before them to stir them into action—and then humanity—mercy—nay, even decency—and decorum—adieu! for at such times they acted as if they felt themselves bound to be ruffians by right of office—and as if they had a notion that the scales of justice had grown unfit for service, and thrown all its responsibilities upon the sword. Many a time have those precious justices made my heart's blood boil and curdle again with indignation by the mode in which they treated the poor wretches that were brought before them; wretches, God knows, whose weight of miseries and misfortunes were sufficiently grievous to bear, without the addition of useless and unprovoked abuse, irony, and insult. Indeed it were an act of injustice to the canine race, to have called these men "dogs in office," for the veriest dog that runs will lick

the sores upon the limbs of poverty; whereas this hopeful brace of lawgivers delighted to make poverty their laughing-stock, and seemed to rejoice with no common joy, whenever (which, alas! was but too often the case) they could find an opportunity of forcing the iron, already at the quick, yet more thoroughly into some despairing soul. The northern demon may be a fable, but seriously, being of a superstitious turn, it has often struck me during one of those atrocious exhibitions of petty tyranny, that if the facings of the bench which separated us from the magistrate, had been removed, I would have seen a cloven foot under the table.

It was before the worst of these magistrates—if a degree of comparison may be admitted, when both were as bad as they could be—that the woman I had come to see after was arraigned; and truly she was a poverty-stricken and woe-begone looking creature; her feet were slipshod—stockings she had none—and her cloak was old and tattered to the last degree of wretchedness. Nevertheless there was something in her deportment suggestive of the lady, and marvellously at variance with the misery of her appearance. She was very tall; and, as far as I could judge, her age was somewhere about twenty; but she kept her face—by the way, a pale, worn and sorrowful one—so carefully concealed in the back ground of an old slouched bonnet, that the latter was only a rough guess.

"Ha," said the magistrate—"you're the beauty that knocked

down the gentleman with the stone, are you? What's your name, eh?—and where the devil did you come from?—for you look like a ghost!

No answer.

"Speak, I say!" shouted the polished chief justice, "or I'll find a way to open your mouth that may injure your teeth."

"My name is Mary Anson," said the girl, in a voice-tremulous with emotion, and weak perhaps with want—"and I don't belong to this city."

"Why the devil, then, did you come to this city? We have enough of the sort without you. But, I again ask you, where do you belong to?"

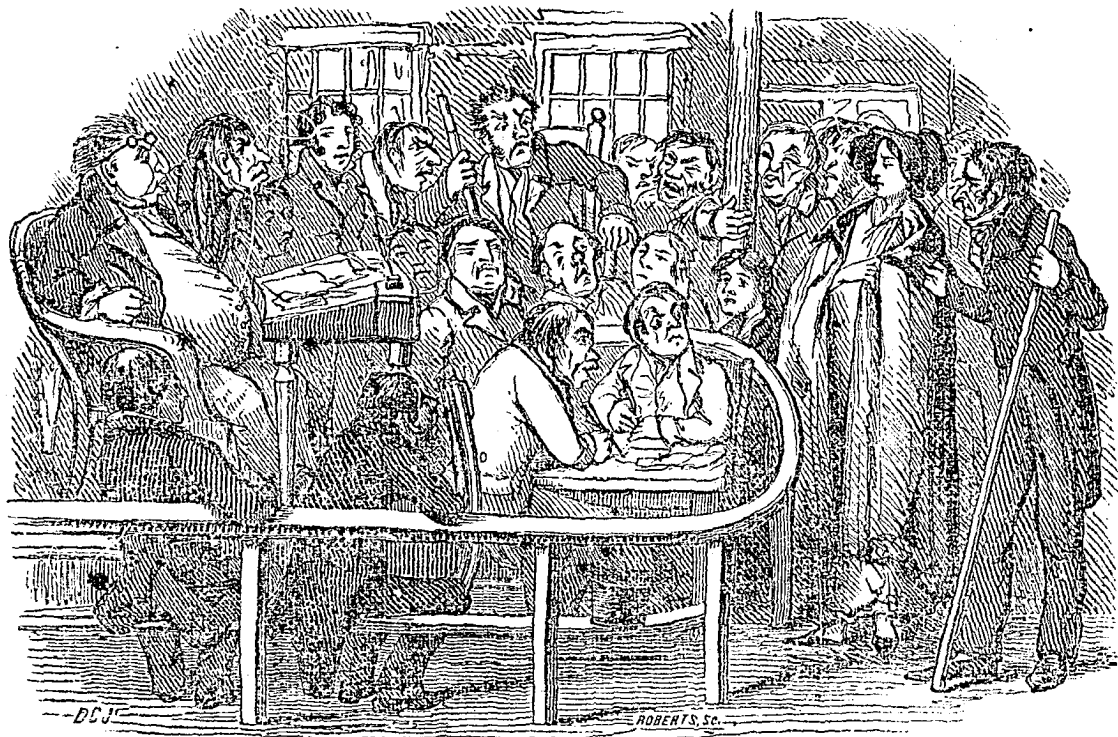
"Sir," answered the girl, "I am very sick, and I have no home any where."

"Sick," returned the justice with a chuckle—"Oh—ho!—that's it, is it?—but, of course, it is—and why not. You're sick after the old fashion—eh?"

"I'm sick," groaned the desolate female, "with suffering and hunger."

"O gammon!" exclaimed the magistrate, "catch an old flag-bearer sick with hunger—you're—"

"It's a lie, as pitiful as the wretch that told it!" returned the woman, in a voice which startled all who heard it, and frightened



the blood from his worship's vulgar countenance. Not that it was loud or passionate; on the contrary it was low and sweet; but there was a fearful earnestness in it, as peculiar and impressive, as that which characterised Fanny Kemble's delivery of Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, when apprized of the arrival of Duncan; and to heighten the effect, as she spoke she stood erect and towering, exhibiting a figure of wonderful stateliness, and most glorious symmetry, while a flush of crimson overspread and irradiated her countenance—(then left more exposed by the falling back of her bonnet)—which, for a moment—owing, perhaps, to the blush of excitement mingling with the ghastliness of death—was absolutely painfully beautiful. "It's a lie, as pitiful as the wretch that told it; for, think you, that such as I am need have the tooth of famine gnawing at my heart, and the rags of misery hanging round my person, if I chose to be the thing you mention? But," she continued with a bitter smile, "if you did not think and speak so, you would not be a man!"

Instantly as she ceased speaking, wretchedness, and its consequent humility, reclaimed their victim, and she looked as desolate as before; and then, overpowered by the suddenness of the re-action, she reeled backwards with a heart-rending sigh, and sunk, apparently lifeless, on the floor.

"Bundle her into one of the cells, she's drunk!" said that precious specimen of a police justice; and thereon, referring to the next item in the report, he began to hurl the thunders of the offended majesty of the law upon the head of a poor and half naked little orphan boy, who stood charged with the high and mighty transgression—he having no other refuge withal from the fury of the pelting and pitiless storm—of being caught asleep in an ash-box.

Happy rascal though I generally am I must confess that I felt like a worm during the occurrence of the scene I have been endeavoring to give a faint sketch of; for I was but too well aware that I was no more than a man, and his worship no less; and hence it occurred to me that the idea of our celestial natures might be all a vanity. However, a glance among my companions quickly corrected the chimera; for, notwithstanding that they were the dregs of a superabundant population—the very "cankers of a calm world and a long peace," every countenance manifested feelings of pity and indignation in unison with my own, and evinced a strong inclination to hurl his justiceship heels over head out of the window. For myself I could have cheerfully hunted him through a field of briars with a pack of harriers: and, if well secured from the consequences, I fear it would have given me the utmost felicity to have been after taking the measure of his sacred person with my well-approved boot-jack.

As I was wreaking all sorts of imaginary vengeance upon the unconscious police magistrate, a large man, dressed in a pilot cloth pea-jacket, and a tarpaulin hat, with a deep dingo in the crown—whom I at once recognized as the ruffian that had insulted the woman under my window—came out of the back office. I marked him intently, and as he passed by he threw a sharp glance at me, but instantly averted his head with a slight appearance of confusion; not so instantly, however, but that he left an impression on my mind that there was something in the expression of his features, rather than in the features themselves which I had been familiar with; and this fact puzzled me sorely then, and for many a day after, for I could find no memorandum on the tablets of my memory, which gave me the most distant clue to any previous acquaintanceship with such a formidable, sallow-faced, big-whiskered ruffian.

Meanwhile, a middle-aged, well-dressed, stout, comfortable, and rather gross-looking female, who had been to the watch-house to swear the peace against some juvenile rowdies, had taken upon herself the recovery of the desolate Mary Anson, who by slow degrees—yet all too quick, for surely to one so wretched, death must have been a blessing,—came so far to herself as to be conscious of her existence, and able, with assistance, to stand upright. The comfortable looking lady then whispered something to his worship, who answered with a still small laugh, very like the devil's, when he has something roguish in his mind's eye.

"O, yes; the complainant won't swear, so I have no objection.

But you must pay the costs."

"How much?"

"I'll only charge it as a case of drunkenness—five dollars!"

Whereupon the fat lady instantly paid the money, and by the aid of a watchman employed for the purpose, conveyed the victim of famine and judicial brutality from the office.

Sickened to the heart by this villainous mockery of a court of justice I delivered myself of a silent prayer for its total absorption into the deepest bowels of the earth through the immediate agency of some charitable earthquake, and forthwith returned to my comfortable asylum of single blessedness.



## CHAPTER II.

A fortnight had elapsed since the opening of our story, when two females sat conversing in a magnificent chamber in one of the lower wards of this city. A first glance at the apartment produced sensations akin to the realization of a bower in fairy land; a further examination might have been attended with feelings of mistrust and pain. The furniture was extravagantly rich; the hangings and drapery of the room were actually gorgeous; and the arrangement of the whole gave evidence of a taste of the very highest order; but the walls were adorned with a number of costly oil paintings; and here lay the difficulty: for each and all of them were of an exciting character—calculated (if not intended)—to inspire feelings of voluptuousness, and to cause the heart of sternest virtue to relax into the soft ambrosial abandon, of a Musselman in his Hourii's heaven. In these paintings were commemorated in warm Titian colors, nearly every celebrated scene recorded in the annals of love. Ixion embracing the mock Juno—Mars and Venus beneath the net work thrown over them and their couch of roses, by the offended Vulcan—the nuptials of Haidee and Juan on the sea beach—the Rape of Lucrece—Leda and her Swan—Diana abandoning herself to the pleasures of the bath, unconscious of the presence of the excited hunter—Hugo and Parisina in their bower—Dauphne flying from the embraces of Lysander, but beckoning him to follow—and the loves of Dido and Enead were especially prominent; but the centre piece, the most striking of all, was a dazzlingly beautiful figure of Venus, standing on a shrine, before which knelt Diana sacrificing to her newly acknowledged mistress a bleeding heart, while all the other deities, from Jupiter to the Cyclops, stood around, participating in the worship, and humbly admitting the supremacy of the goddess of love and beauty.

One of the two females who were conversing in this bower of bliss was a fat jolly looking person; but notwithstanding her smiles there was something very coarse, sinister, and forbidding, in her great red round face, which was most amply provided for in the way of carbuncles and pimples. She seemed, indeed, as much out of place in that magnificent chamber, as, to use a homely simile—a hog in a flower garden. But if this female was so much below the sphere of the apartment, her companion was just as much above it, for she looked as though she were the concentration of every female

beauty, without a tinge of any female weakness. Never have we seen in any other woman a figure so symmetrical—a carriage so graceful—a bearing commanding—and a face so surpassingly beautiful. Indeed, the effect of her loveliness was absolutely startling. Had she lived in by-gone times, she might have been taken for Venus just risen from her parent sea, and before the embraces of a god had dimmed the lustre of her virgin glories. And yet the comparison is not a good one; for the face of Venus was a mirror which reflected the weaknesses of an all too tender nature; whereas, the countenance of the marvellous beauty I am attempting to describe, was almost awful in its expression of pride, chastity, and truth. So much indeed was this the case, that the natural feelings her loveliness inspired, were suppressed and abashed by the fears which its severe dignity awakened. And to heighten her wondrous charms the shadow of a recent illness which lingered in her ripening cheek, seemed to spiritualize the returning bloom it gently struggled with.

Indeed the feelings she engendered in those who beheld her for the first time partook of a divine effect, for they felt as if they could adore, rather than love her—as if they could kneel to her, but might not presume to make her the object of a material passion.—The cause of this was that there was a cold expression, perhaps of a selfish haughtiness, on her peerless brow, which forbade that extatic tenderness of affection which has its crowning bliss in the hope of awakening a mutual feeling. A sense, as it were, of her own superiority appeared to pervade her matchless charms. And yet I must not slander the beautiful invalid by insinuating that one might trace any thing appertaining to a vulgar self-importance about her; on the contrary, it was the very absence of all affectation and appearance of maiden vanity from her beautiful face which principally inspired any doubt that might have existed of the tenderness of her nature; for it was evident to any person even moderately skilled in the mysteries of the human countenance that she permitted her brow to be the true index of her brain and heart—not, perhaps, that there was any within which female delicacy might not wish to hide, but because she was too proud to care to hide it.

Perhaps her form was too tall; but were it less commanding, it would not have been in keeping with the majesty of her countenance. Her figure was full—or at least was made to appear so by the superb developments of her bust and hips. Her eyes were as

black as death. Her hair was of the deepest possible auburn; and almost—if the idea might be permitted—of a golden black; and fell down her graceful neck in a wild profusion of natural ringlets, as if for the purpose of enhancing the brilliancy of her polished shoulders, which peeped through the dark interstices of her wanton locks, like things of turned ivory. Her dress—a loose *robe de chambre*—negligently put on, partially revealed her glowing bosom, and its globes of snow—a peep at which would have destroyed the philosophy of a whole school of stoics, or brought even a Plato to his knees. In short, in outward womanhood, at least, she was perfection's personified; but with all her excessive beauty there was, as I have already hinted, a severity in her countenance which bespoke a heart but little influenced by the softer emotions, and which was well calculated to produce despair in a lover's soul, or to abash the gaze of vulgar voluptuousness.

The eldest of these two females might have been easily recognized as the fat lady, spoken of in the last chapter; but it would have been a matter of some difficulty to have identified the younger one with the starving and ragged wretch who a few days before had implored in vain for a crust to eat, and could only obtain a temporary security from the pitiless storm by submitting to usage which might have aroused indignation in the heart of a dog.

Nevertheless the unfortunate Mary Anson and this peerless beauty, now surrounded with princely magnificence, were one and the same person; but alas! she was not to be congratulated on the change; for there was something about her companion and the apartment she reclined in, which seemed to indicate that guilt—at least in the perspective—had been the medium of her escape from poverty to affluence.

"Now, really my dear girl," said the fat lady—who was sufficiently known in this city some dozen years ago as Mrs. Gallanan—"now, really, my dear girl, you must nurse yourself for a few days longer; your health might be impaired, you know, by any sudden exposure in this weather."

"I have stood worse and starved through it," returned Miss Anson, "and even found my health too good, as it reminded me the more strongly of the keenness of my appetite."

"Still, my love, I can't think of letting you risk yourself," said Mrs. Gallanan.

"You are extremely tender of me," answered the fair invalid, with a sneer that had something of the laughing devil in it, and contrasted most strangely with her serene beauty, and the voice of melody in which she expressed herself.

"Of course I am, my dear," said the fat woman, a little confusedly, "for, as I have borne you from the womb of the grave, I almost look upon you as my own daughter."

"And thereby the daughter of infamy!—oh, good mother!" returned Mary, bending on her companion a look intense with mockery and scorn.

"How, girl, is this your gratitude?" exclaimed Mrs. Gallanan.

"Gratitude for what?" sincerely enquired Miss Anson. "For purchasing me from the grave for a penny, to sell me to the devil for a pound!"

"I thought you told me that you cared nothing for the foolish laws of society," observed the older female.

"I care but little," said Mary, "and yet more than most others—if I may judge from experience."

"You are right, child. The laws of society are unnatural, and therefore only made to be broken."

"What! is there then no virtue in the world?"

"O yes, there is some; but it is only to be found in those who being compelled (as all are,) to follow their inclinations, have the honesty to avow it!"

"That's a precious excuse for infamy!"

"It's the simple truth. The only sin I admit of is being one thing, and pretending to be the other; and that's the way with your strict society."

"By that rule, Mrs. Gallanan, you are on the straight road to heaven." "I hope for the best, child."

"And recklessness and degradation are the stepping stones."

"You mean pleasure and nature."

"I mean what I say; though I doubt not you name them truly according to the devil's sponsorship."

"Why Miss Anson—how you change your mind?"

"Is it any wonder," returned Mary, who rose from a crimson velvet couch, on which she had been reclining, with the native majesty of a Juno on her throne, and paced slowly up and down the apartment, speaking rather in soliloquy, than to her companion. "Is it any wonder, when I stand wavering between suicide and crime, and have no other alternative but starvation. And yet there seems but little grounds for hesitation; for surely the power that knows all motives, if he be as just as he is great, would rather reward than punish us for leaving this state of our existence in order to avoid the risk of becoming a disgrace to it."

"Why gracious, Miss Anson! surely, you can't be thinking of suicide?" exclaimed the fat woman.

"And suppose I was," continued Mary, still half in soliloquy, "might not the thought be justified? Aye, and the act too! Where-

fore would I prolong a miserable existence but to wither away grain; by grain—every grain a death, without death's rest? Were I as innocent as wretched, there would be some excuse for life, for then I might regard my sufferings as a series of trials to prepare me for a better world; and were I as guilty as wretched, there would still be an excuse—for then it would not be such torture to seek in depravity a defence against starvation. But thus to stand, an outcast from virtue, yet afraid of vice—a being to whom honor is a mockery, and infamy a torture—it is too—too bad! O yes, death by any means were the wisest and the noblest resolve. Bad as I am now, worse may follow; for, with my present prospects before me, the longer I live, the more unfit I shall be to die."

"You should have thought of all that before you put me to such an expense for your dresses and jewelry, young lady," interposed Mrs. Gallanan.

"You bought them at your own suggestion, and I have neither seen nor worn them," said Mary.

"True; but my experience in these matters made me easy on that account," returned Mrs. G., "for out of at least a hundred young ladies whom I have had the good nature to rescue from misfortune in my time, you are the only one who has repaid me with ingratitude! And, by the way, if one may judge from your own lamentations, you have gone the way of most others of the daughters of Eve before now."

"Old woman, if you knew me you would not mock me with your vulgar taunts," said Mary sternly—"I may have been a fool—a victim—perhaps an avenger; but stand the case as it will, it must have been a secret worth preserving that compelled a well born lady, and in some matters not an unwise one—whom the rich and powerful sighed, and pined—nay even fought and bled for—to seek a refuge in the channel and the felon's den—and more than all, to eat your bread, and suffer your companionship."

"Then I am to understand you are determined on killing yourself?" said Mrs. Gallanan, at the same time smothering a rising fit of passion—probably out of prudential motives; for there seemed something dangerous in the expression of her companion's eyes.

"No. My mind has taken another turn."

"Thank God for that!" piously ejaculated the fat lady.

"Confine your thanks to the devil, for he gives you all you get!" added her beautiful patient.

"Well, let who will receive them, I give them freely," said Mrs. Gallanan, "because now you must decide in my favor."

"Why must I?"

"O, that is easily told. Simply because you are too beautiful to be honest. Why, now, look you, child—what could you do without money in your pocket!—Stitch women's ware in a garret!—Wash dishes in a kitchen!—Dandle brats in a nursery!—Open school! Do as you may—and with such a face and form as those (unless you anticipate hell by turning married woman) you'll find yourself like a stag at bay, fifty times in every twenty-four hours. No, child, flesh and blood could not bear it. If Diana had half your beauty, and was to live in this wicked world, with nothing but her bows and arrows to protect her, I would not venture a single sixpence on her safety. I tell you again and again, Miss Anson, that you are too handsome to be honest, for the public won't stand it."

"Were I in a happier mood," said Miss Anson, "I might affect to gainsay your position on the score of modesty, but as it is, I must admit I have reason to believe that it is but too well founded. Before I was reduced to the state of hideous misery in which you found me, I had made many attempts to earn an humble, honest, livelihood. I had applied for employment to the aged, but was met with indecent innuendoes and vile jests. With the pious I fared no better, only that they made their advances with demurer words and longer faces.—When I undertook the drudgery of a kitchen, instant flight had to save me from open outrage. And in short, utter wretchedness seemed to be the only alternative that remained open to me from utter degradation."

"Didn't I say so?" exclaimed Mrs. Gallanan, in a rapture, "Human nature, child—human nature is not to be humbugged by fanatical fooleries, and false notions of honor. What we should do, we must do—that's the law of all laws, Miss Anson. And for my part, I'm truly glad of it; for if human nature was a thing to be put in tethers by human legislation, the world would soon be worn out by improvement, like courtesan's face or a hypochondriac physician's stomach. But now I suppose I may prepare for your debut."

"Yes; but remember every thing must be as I suggested. I am to have no intercourse with you or yours but such as can't be avoided. And please remind that jabbering Count of yours (my noble cousin for the nonce) that if he attempts to presume on his relationship by taking any impertinent liberties, I'll return his ardor by blowing his brains out."

And, as if to show that she was prepared for any such emergency, Miss Anson produced a beautiful little pocket pistol, which she handled with the air of a connoisseur.

"No person shall interfere with your plans," returned the fat lady; who thereon suddenly withdrew from the room, looking the while as if she felt at least as apprehensive for the safety of her own brains, as regarding those of the poor Count.



"I will oppose my destiny no more," soliloquized Mary Anson, when she found herself alone. "Had I not fallen I might have struggled on; but having thrown away the jewel, it would be an absurdity to set too much value on the empty casket; and so here goes to stand the full hazard of the die. Alas!" she continued, "how different is the reality from the hope of life. But a truce with regret. I'll look back no more—but henceforth regard every event as fate; and every quibble of remorse or conscience as the foolish effect of childish prejudice or education."

And verily, the fair philosopher did appear to find some relief in this precious *moceau* of utopian argument; for immediately as she had done speaking, she relaxed her brow—threw herself in a rocking chair—and was soon lost to all the vulgar concerns of this world in the mystery of the "Adventures of a Lady of Quality," which had no doubt been furnished from the library of the worthy Mrs. Gallan; with the view that her fair patient might profit, and be duly edified by the double refined reflections and instructions of its gifted authoress on and in the sublime art of virtue made easy.

### CHAPTER III.

Never was a place so libelled, slandered, and villified as the noble city of New York. People all over the world are in the habit of regarding it as a mere Dutch built, matter of fact, anti-romantic sort of place, where all our adventurers are confined to buying and selling, with an occasional lecture by some New England compiler of spoiling books, or travelling, trans-Atlantic mountebank and a dollar hop at one of our legion of public ball rooms, by way of literary relaxation, and sacrifices to the idols of dissipation and high life; whereas New York is in fact a very mine of marvels, so ripe and teeming that if it was only fairly explored, its rare gems and precious metals would furnish capital sufficient for a goodly catalogue of comedies, tragedies, tales, romances, and extravaganzas, of all kinds, without the aid of foreign ornament.

Indeed the materials are so profuse that the author who deals in them requires neither invention nor imagination, but merely a fair talent for telling the truth takingly, for once he begins, he will find scattered about him in rich confusion any quantity of the prettiest and most interesting little loves—murders—intrigues—sentimental suicides—broken hearts—secret associations—forced marriages—mysterious orphans—curious coincidences—midnight strangers muffled up in dark cloaks, and looking suggestive of Spanish stilettoes—nay even of duels, conspiracies and ghosts—that ever threw a blotter of white paper into a rhapsody, or astounded and captivated the reading public. And then for characters, singular, distinct and numerous, we stand pyramidically pre-eminent over all the world. Talk of London and Paris: they are not to be mentioned in the same day with New York; for whenever any son of a woman belonging to either of the former places finds he has a genius above the common, he is almost sure to be off to Gotham to speculate on it. So is it with the *karremables* of Dublin, Edinburgh, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Madrid, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Brussels, and every other place where young gentlemen are given to the popular accomplishment of making their native country too hot to hold them; and hence dear delightful New York is the El Dorado of heroes, visionaries, fortune hunters, loafers, Jeremy Diddlers, disconsolate authors, and all other interesting characters, *ad infinitum*, from the exquisite pirate who occasionally perambulates Broadway in white satin waistcoat and occasionally makes people walk the plank on the high seas—to the poor devils that pick up a living by playing elephant's legs and the like for two shillings a night at our various theatres.

Does any one doubt all this, let him take a bird's eye view of our boarding houses, hotels, and billiard rooms, courts, prisons, &c., in comparison with the same human reservoirs in other cities, and he will speedily acknowledge that I have claimed no honor for New York to which she is not strictly entitled; and lest he might think I have carried the matter a little too far in respect of the pirate, I would here observe that one of the most Adonis-cheeked, Beau Brummell-looking fellows I ever saw lounging along the pave of our most fashionable thoroughfares was sadly suspected of commanding a long, low, herring-built schooner, which followed the trade of scuttling and throat-cutting between here and the West India Islands.

Now, gentle reader, after the above homily, or whatever you may choose to call it, you will be in a fair way to be introduced to a slight acquaintance with my fellow denizens in number 202 Broadway; and allow me to add that it is probably an advantage to you to be introduced to them in a book, rather than in *propria persona*, on the ground that could the latter idea be realized in your favor, it is fifty to one but that some of them would seduce you into a recommendation to a tailor: coax you to endorse a note: allure you a stick a fool in the shape of your own sweet self at the end of a billiard cue; borrow your loose change: or, by the gods, failing in all gentler means to find the way to your sensibilities—pick your pockets.

Nevertheless we were all gentlemen, every mother's son of us; and had even a fair sprinkling of nobility and royalty amongst us; for on the fourth story alone we had a French baron, a French count, and a Spanish Don, who was, by his own showing, a very

near relative to some half-dozen of the crowned heads,—and in a sky parlor above (for the which he promised to pay eight shillings a week) a German prince hung out his banner, who used to amuse his royal leisure chiefly by making night hideous with a voice like a hippopotamus—and a cracked guitar—but not unfrequently by washing his shirt.

For the plain *esquires*—(we permitted nothing less aristocratic at 202)—there were about thirty of us, each occupying a separate "suite of apartments," which we invariably entitled our little ten by twelve snuggeries; and truly, taking us round and square, and making all due allowance for young blood and the eccentricities of genius, (each of us being a genius in his own way) we were as suspicious a fraternity of young, middle aged, and antique gentlemen about town, as ever lived by their wits in a large city. I say lived by their wits, because few of us had professions that were worth sixpence a year to us;—fewer yet had rent rolls, or legacies;—not a man Jack of us could or would have done any thing that might fall under the denomination of hard work to have saved half creation from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah—and yet we all dressed like nabobs—lived like fighting cocks—talked of our conquests and cruelties among the hearts of rich heiresses—lounged about the City Hotel steps, and other fashionable places of public nuisance, and drank good wine by the demijohn.

The royalty and nobility, with the exception of the baron—I believe, (God forgive me if I slander them) were all pick-pockets or black legs. Among the gentry we had several lawyers without briefs; one or two poets without muses; not a few speculative ministers about to agitate new systems of religion; a gentleman for the nonce—that is, a lady who had run away from her husband, also I suspect from her lover, and substituted a military frock coat, inexpressibles of course, (in consideration of her feminine predilections) and Wellington boots. The balance was made up of three or four worthies who called themselves professors—they should have added of "Humbug"—a fair ratio of quack doctors, quack dentists, quack playactors, and quack portrait painters; the whole being sprinkled here and there with a few tolerably honest fellows who had either allowances from their friends, or else made out the cause in a legitimate manner; and among the latter category I have the vanity to flatter myself that I stood A number one.

We had one universal genius among us, however, that flung us all into shade—a worthy named Philip O'Hara, who wrote pamphlets and newspapers; brought out a new patent vegetable pill, manufactured chiefly from pulverized potato skins, and strongly recommended by a list of certificates as long as a liberty pole, for the cure of consumption, sore eyes, and the king's evil; kept a land office as much for the sale of property in the moon as any where else; invented a navigable steam balloon, and organized a company to put it in operation; performed, when hard up, as supernumerary at all the theatres; lectured on phrenology; cut corns; gave private instructions in the mysteries of the Thimble Rig—and would, I am persuaded, have undertaken to have produced the perpetual motion, for couple of tumblers of whiskey punch, and under forfeiture of his head in case of a failure.

All living, as we did, in separate nooks, we had but little to say or do with each other, a state of non-intercourse which might have been partially owing to the presumed fact, that each thought the others a pack of humbugs, and himself a species of martyr thrown among them as a punishment for his sins. Nevertheless, we were very fair neighbors, and enjoyed each other's company tolerably well—at a distance. Indeed there was only one thing that troubled us in common, besides *paying the rent*, and this was a villainous taste for music on the part of a few of us, which compelled all the others to turn musicians in their own defence.

I will explain how this was. We numbered in our host, a bass viol-player, a fiddler, three practitioners on cracked flutes, a chamber organist, a couple of guitarists, a trombonist, a hurdy-gurdyist, six first rate vocalists, with voices of all grades from the inspiring melody of a rusty hinge, to the interesting bass of an adult bull-frog—and a keg bugler; and as a full choir of these favorites of Apollo usually went off into full blast for a couple of hours every night, for the purpose, apparently, of ushering in the following morning with melody—for they rarely left off before twelve o'clock—we, who were anti-performers on any legitimate instrument began to fear that we would be sung to death like swans—with this difference, however, that it would not be by our own music. As a preventive, we tried cotton; but it was like damming up a cataract with a pitchfork—an attempt to escape the melodious tornado by a retreat under the blankets, was just as ineffectual; and we were reduced to the brink of despair when the universal genius being unable to sleep, and feeling inspired to do something in aid of the concord of sweet sounds, procured an infernal glass-horn, that might have been heard from the Bull's Head to the Battery, and forthwith fell in with the band. This naturally gave all of us, who had previously no music in our souls, the cue, and we accordingly became amateurs, on a variety of wind and other instruments. Two or three for instance followed suit, and provided themselves with glass horns; others of more original genius became professors on the poker and fender, the candlesticks and bread-baskets, and other domestic substitutes for Turkish

gongs; while the minority possessed themselves of penny trumpets, penny whistles, bird-calls, corn-crackers, toy-drums, &c.; so that on the whole, when a tolerable number of us were present, and went hard at it, we used to get up quite an astonisher of a musical entertainment. It must be admitted, however, that our combined performance was quite peculiar in its effects; because, whereas, other music has charms to soothe the savage breast, ours was quite sufficient to have frightened Belzebub out of his seven senses. Indeed it was said that we did frighten several honest people out of the neighborhood; and one of them in the very nick of time too; for he cleared out the night before quarter day, and made our midnight sacrifices to the divine science an excuse for not paying the rent.

I believe our performers in general felt not a whit more edified than our more peaceably disposed neighbors, by one another's contributions to the general stock; but on the contrary, that each wished all the rest in the moon, or probably in a worse place, twenty times a night; however, as we were all men of stamina, none could think of being the first to back out; and hence we continued to perform our demoniac oratorios, and—I fear I might add in the most positive sense of the word—to make night hideous, for many a long week; and doubtless we would have gone on at the same rate for many a long week more—unless, indeed, (which is not unlikely,) we had cracked all our lungs, or been indicted by the Grand Jury, in the interim—but for an occurrence which will hereafter develop itself.

The genius, myself, and a person who, as he requested me to indulge him with an alias, in case I published "my memoirs," I shall call John Smith—were in the habit of meeting occasionally in each other's apartments, for the purpose of discussing the affairs of the nation, and whatever commodities in the refreshment line the gods and "mine host" for the time being, might have seen convenient to provide for us.

One night we assembled at O'Hara's, and, as usual, when it came to Phil's turn to do the genteel—the order of the feast was oysters and whisky punch; and let me add, that my talented friend brewed the last item in such a superior manner as to give the decided lie to the old adage, which is pleased to inform us that the man who is Jack at all trades can be good at none—Phil, indeed, claimed the art of punch-making as his *chef d'œuvre*; and faith he performed it on a principle which would, I fear, if generally understood now-a-days, be found a very awkward stumbling block in the path of the tee-total pledge. A part of his secret, I remember, was to establish the basis of his ambrosia upon a most scrupulously measured body of soft water, *red hot*—and to eschew every portion of the lemon but the rind; and then, when the whisky and sugar were added, with certain mysterious rites and ceremonies, a nectar was prepared which was sufficient to indemnify a man for all the sin and suffering of this wicked world, with the sole exception of the awful head-ache which too deep a devotion to its excellence was almost certain to leave behind it, as a remembrancer for the following morning.

"Let us improve time now," said Phil, when he had perfected his concoction, "and get comfortably over the Rubicon before their devils begin."

"What, the musicians? Why, Phil, you generally hang fire until they quicken your intellects, and call forth the melody of your infernal glass horn."

"Ay, but that time has gone by," returned O'Hara, with a sharp but a timid glance at the back of his chair: "for between you and me, boys, I heard enough last night to frighten the notion of music out of me till the day of my death."

"Why, what the devil did you hear?"

"Maybe the devil himself," said O'Hara; "but at all events it was something mighty strange anyway; and what troubles me most is that nobody appears have taken any notice of it but myself!"

"It may have been a new musical instrument, man."

"It was new enough—devil a doubt of that—but no mortal man performed on it; and faith I'm so melancholy on the head of it, that I'm thinking it might have been the family banshee of the O'Hara's all the way from the Village of Donnaraille, that came to warn me of my latter end."

"What's a banshee?" enquired Smith.

"A ghost—a kind of family familiar."

"Pooh man, you were dreaming."

"You will try to persuade me I was asleep next," said O'Hara, "and the whole boiling of us in full roar at the time, making a hurrabaloo that might have burst a thunder cloud. No, faith, I was even too wide awake at the time, for the quiet of my conscience—and there's a proof of it."

Saying which, O'Hara pointed to the remains of his glass-horn, which lay in a small heap in a corner shivered into a thousand inglorious fragments.

"O Phil, if you were neither asleep or dreaming, you must have been raising spirits up by pouring spirits down."

"Weil, may be so. But let us change the subject, for even the whiskey can't make it agreeable. But say, Tom, how gets on the war with Miss Livingston?"

"O devil a chance for me unless I drop in for a fortune or an earldom. Sure, man, she's worth fifty-thousand; and her mother, who

is divided in her predilections between rank and riches, puts her up to the best blood, or the highest bidder."

"Why, what the deuce do Americans care about good blood?"

"More than you think for! for though it is only a new disease, it has become nearly epidemic with the ton! The fact is, Phil, that since the marriage of Miss Astor to Baron Romff—three-fourths of our fashionable lads have gone title mad."

"A fig for such ladies," said Smith, "if they cared for the title rather than the man, I'm hang'd if any of them should have me. And so Miss Livingston won't marry you, because you can't make her Lady or Baroness Stapleton."

"I'm not so sure that she'd marry me under any circumstances! Devil be in you, don't mention the thing, for if it get's wind the poor girl will be shipped off to a desolate island—or mowed up in that great ogre castle of her fathers, on an allowance of bread and water, to get her out of the taste of cheap living and a five hundred a-year lover. However, in justice to the young lady aforesaid, I must say that she's a true republican, and laughs at her mother's propensity for name handles."

"You are not so much in love as me," said Phil, "or you would not give up the ship so easily."

"You in love?"

"Yes, and with twice Lucy's fortune, surrounded by twenty times as many of what you would call difficulties."

"What's the name?"

"Can't tell till she changes it."

"Why, is the issue so near?"

"Not exactly; but by all accounts I'm just the sort of fellow the poor girl is dying for, and that's my starting point!"

"You don't mean to say that you speak so confidently without having broached the subject?"

"I do, upon my conscience, for I never saw the lady but once, and then I had barely time to throw a quotation from Byron at her—and to vow that she looked like the Queen of the Amazons."

"O monstrous!"

"Downright generalship, for I knew her forte. She's nerve you see to the back bone, and sympathises with nothing else. But the best of it is, she's an orphan in the hands of guardians, who (to the end of marrying her off to a fledgeling of their own) keep her as exclusive as a reel in a bottle, and won't let any thing in the likeness of a handsome young fellow come within rifle shot of her."

"How is that the best of it, Phil?"

"Why, you booby, because it removes all rivalry to any determined knight-errant, but from a fellow whom the girl is bound by all the laws of romance to hate and run away from. But here's her health, and if you're in the humor I'll couple it with a song of my own weaving, which will let you into a trifle of the lady's private history."

"That's a man, O'Hara."

"Out with it, Phil."

"Whereon O'Hara sang the following in a fine manly voice and to a dashing Irish melody, the name of which, however, has escaped my memory.

#### O HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

O! here's to the maiden whom nothing can baulk,  
She's the heart of a lion—the eye of a hawk,  
The pride of an eagle—the pace of a deer,  
And her portion—ye gods—is five thousand a year.

This maiden is lovely—this maiden is bright—  
But in billing or cooing she takes no delight:  
You must plead like a man to her—not like a fool—  
Or she'll comb out your curls with a three-legged stool.

She sighs not, she pines not, she studies no grace;  
She hunts and she drives, but she never makes lace;  
She swims the deep lake, where no bottom is found;  
And she mounts her good steed with a warrior's bound.

Then here's to the girl—(not forgetting her pelf,)—  
Who wouldn't cry hold to the devil himself;  
Yet she's joyous and gentle—tho' void of all fear—  
And her portion—ye gods—is five thousand a year.

"Bravo—bravo—bravo! Why, Phil, you couldn't get your life insured for ninety per cent, per annum, if you married such a woman as that."

"She's just such a woman as a man ought to marry," returned O'Hara, "because she feels so proud in her petticoats that she would never condescend to exchange them for another unmentionable article. But there goes the d—d hurdy-gurdy to lead off with, and now harmony must give place to music."

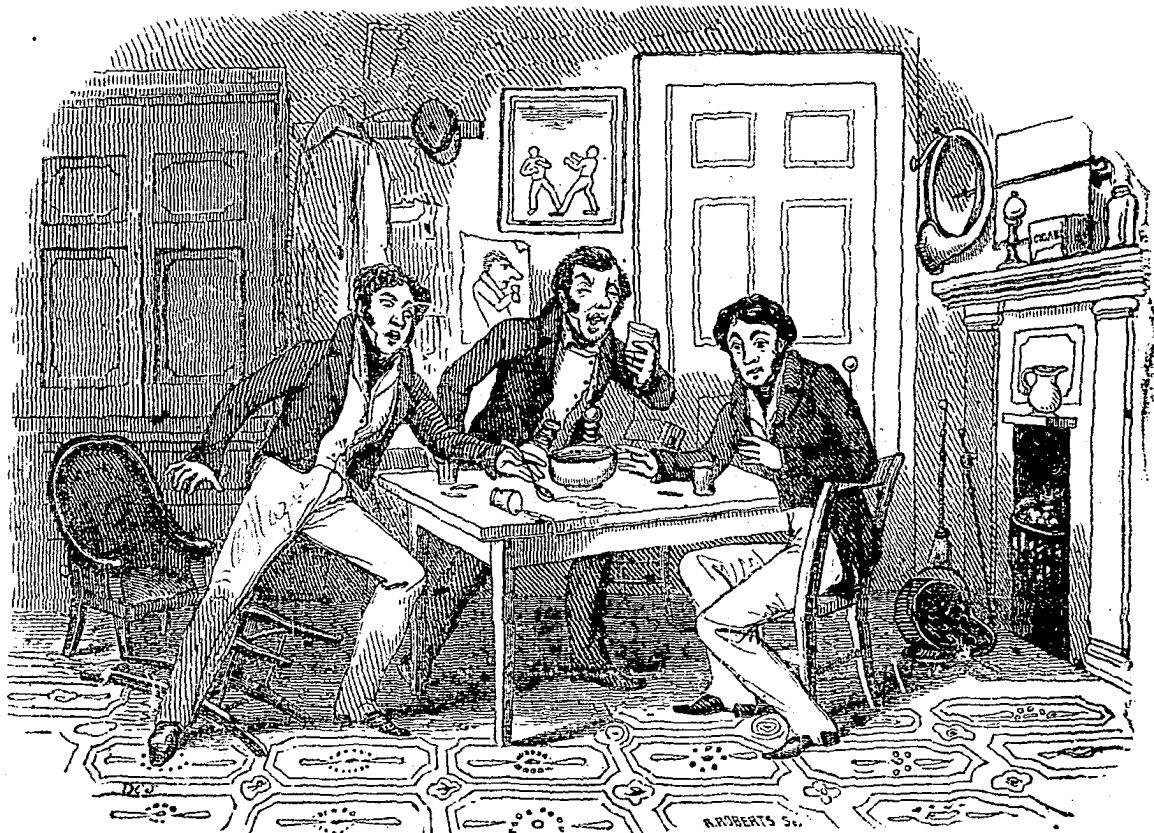
As O'Hara was speaking, the hurdy-gurdy struck up "The Grand March in Blue Beard;" this brought out one of the cracked flutes in "Let's Haste to the Wedding;" the key-bugle next entered the arena, with "Here's a Health to all Good Lasses." Then, as if by mutual agreement, another of the crack'd flutes, and one of the fiddles went off in the Overture to Massaniello; the third flute next made its debut in "Molly put the Kettle on." The guitarists and vocalists then went at it with a little of every thing. And finally,

the fenders, pokers, bread baskets, glass horns, drums, bird calls, and penny whistles were put in requisition, making altogether such a horrible medley that, seriously speaking, it was God's mercy and a thousand pities that some of us did not die of it. O'Hara, Smith, and myself had given up speaking, and were marching with desperate strides into the whiskey punch, when suddenly one of the most

heart-rending shrieks that ever fell on the ear of mortal man mingled for an instant with the music, and then ceased.

"By heavens, there it is again," exclaimed O'Hara, starting on his feet. "Now, boys, was I right? Is not that a voice from another world?"

"I never heard any thing to equal it," said Smith, who was at



that period a rigorous free thinker, "could it have been a sudden gust of wind?"

"Hush," whispered O'Hara, as the mysterious sound was renewed; but this time it was continued for several seconds, and died away in a low, painful, and unearthly moan.

"Whatever it may be, there is no mockery about it," said I: "for no imitation of sorrow or misery could be so faithful!"

"It is a spirit, so sure as I am a man!" said O'Hara; "and I fear the mystery is that we have some murderer under this roof."

Again the sound burst forth in a dismal howl, which, though low and apparently suppressed, was painfully distinct amid the babel-jargon of the instruments; and then it graduated to a moan, and died away, to be heard no more.

"After that," exclaimed Smith, "our Epicurean philosophy may be a humbug."

"Why?" I enquired, "do you believe we have been listening to a spirit?"

"Not quite,—but faith, I must confess that these sounds are any thing but refreshing to a man who makes it a pastime to laugh at the idea of an immaterial world. But I'll think better of it."

The music continuing, we were again compelled to betake ourselves silently to our punch and cigars, which we remained busily engaged at until we were disturbed by another circumstance. But having spun out this chapter to an unusual length, I will close it by observing, as an evidence of the fearful character of the mysterious sounds we had heard, that they led to the conversion of my friend Smith. From that night he abandoned atheism—conviction of the divine truths of revelation followed—and he is at the present writing, a rather eminent and truly pious divine in the Presbyterian Church.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Our landlady (for it was one of the gentle sex that presided over the destinies of 202) was one of the oddest specimens of womanhood that ever existed. A vestal, was she, of middle age, and not amiss in form or feature; but her utter disregard for her personal attractions was such, that she left them nearly, or altogether in the hands of nature. There was something, I apprehend, hydrophobic in her system, inasmuch as she rarely visited her hands or face with the infliction of an ablution in the liquid element above eight times a year—and as rarely disturbed the knotty labyrinths of her maiden tresses, by the intrusion of comb or brush; the vanity of stockings, unless when called abroad on state occasions, was a thing unknown to her;—and as she seldom if ever indulged herself in the popular

weakness of a nap under the blankets—and appeared on each succeeding day, the occasions of her semi-quarterly sacrifices to the graces always excepted, precisely as she had done on the day before—only a shade dirtier—it was the prevailing opinion that she rarely frittered away any of her time in the absurd and laborious alternations of stripping and dressing. She occupied a little narrow three feet by seven hole in the wall, situated at the end of the hall, and commanding a view of it through a single pane of the dirtiest possible green glass, whereat the fair recluse used to reconnoitre the passage whenever a ring at the door, or any unusual bustle on the stairs, inspired her vigilance. The furniture of this contracted den was an old hanging book-shelf, piled with musty volumes—an ill-fashioned moth-eaten sofa, that nearly filled it, and nothing more; if we except its drapery of cobwebs, and sundry heaps of rags and rubbish, promiscuously scattered about, for it was certainly a place of all nastiness, and less desirable as a residence, we should take it, than the tub of Diogenes, or even than the black hole of Calcutta itself. Nevertheless, it chimed in so well with our landlady's notions of comfort and elegance, that she seldom left it, which frequently suggested the idea that she had her existence independent of atmospheric air; for, while shut up in her cubby hole, she was almost as effectually excluded from the region and principle of organic life, as a toad in a stone. It was likewise rumored of this modern Siphylax, that she never slept; for night, noon, or morning, whenever any one came in at the hall door, her dingy face became dimly visible, at the dirty pane; and it was even suspected that she lived upon suction, as nothing indicative of gastric viands, or cooking utensils, had ever been found lurking in or about the immediate neighborhood of her only known place of abode. I believe, however, that this latter was only an imagined marvel, as I have been given to understand that she indulged freely in crackers, water, and snuff; but beyond these, it strikes me, her animal predilections were never permitted to wander; and even the tale of the snuff was rather a deduction than a certainty. All these peculiarities in Miss Dingy were to be attributed to her propensity for acquisition; for she was a decided miser; which was rendered the more remarkable by the fact, that in all matters not connected with the great delight and struggle of her life, she was a woman of strong mind, good sense, and engaging manners. She was also a great reader; but in this, as in every thing else, her taste was most unfeminine; for the subjects of her study were gigantic tomes on Law, Physic, and Philosophy, over which, reclined on her rickety sofa, she used to pore from morning till night, and from night till morning, never forsaking them in fact, unless on Monday forenoons, which she devoted to the collection of her rents; and I

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fear it is to be confessed, that the majority of her worthy tenants were, on many of those occasions, sufficiently sorry that her thirst for knowledge should be so far quenched, as to permit her to sacrifice so much of her valuable time in their favor.

Almost every thing in nature works on the principle of the beam and scale—an up produces a down—extremes in one thing beget extremes in another—hills have corresponding hollows—storms, corresponding calms—and hence, Miss Dingy having to do something to establish an equilibrium, balanced her affection for money, by a most uncompromising disrelish for the whole female race, including even herself, as it would appear from the manner in which she treated that interesting individual. High or low, rich or poor, ugly or handsome, she could not bear the sight of one of them; any beggar woman who might venture into her presence was sure to leave it again with a scratched face: and the idea of having the incumbent of a petticoat living and doing well under the same roof with her, would, I doubt not, have almost conquered her repugnance to clean water, and induced her to make a morning excursion to the bottom of the Hudson. Therefore, great was the surprise of our bachelor fraternity, when we found a woman—a real genuine flesh and blood woman—installed in the midst of us.

This new arrival was the wife—or at least, passed for such—of a stout, morose-featured, but sinister-looking man; and she was quite a handsome girl—dark, clear, plump, pouting, bouncing and roguish-eyed, with a profusion of glossy raven curls, dancing about as if they felt their existence, and were determined on enjoying themselves—and a foot and ankle that were quite irresistible. The man had been a resident at 202 for some weeks before his better half, whom he had smuggled into the house in a cloak and foraging cap; and when our landlady discovered the fraud, and was essaying to resent it, the male creature immediately shut up her mouth, and awed her into a respectful distance by putting on an air of determination, which convinced the beholder that he had the heart to dare, whatever he had the will to do, and threatening if she did not go down stairs of her own accord, to save her the trouble by throwing her out of the window. Joseph Harrig was this man's name, and taking Lavater for my oracle, a more dangerous looking customer I had seldom laid eyes on. He was a broad shouldered, thick-necked fellow, with a tremendous expanse of breast, and great embrowned iron paws, that seemed sufficient to have grappled with a roaring lion; his face, large, beetle-browed and sullen, with the exception of a sort of petrified grin about the corners of his capacious mouth, reflected a mind wherein all the baser passions revelled at random; and to improve its beauty the wrong way, it contained a number of seams here and there which looked mighty like what one would imagine to be the effect of sabre-gashes. Add to this, that he was rather short, thus increasing the idea of his dogged strength—had a voice like a bull dog—and you have a fair bird's eye view of Mr. Joe Harrig.

Harrig's apartment was in a rear auxiliary building,—entered, however, from the front house—which had on the same floor ten or twelve rooms in a double row, with the doors facing each other, and a narrow passage between. Those apartments were mostly occupied, and one of them by no less a person than the French Count, who was a dapper little mortal of thirty—redolent of perfume—glittering with gold chain-work and bosom ornaments—and most happy in the possession of a formidable and faultless set of jet black moustaches and whiskers, and a blue military frock coat, stiffened with frog's lace and padding to such a degree, that if it could only have mustered a head and legs, it might have turned little Frenchman on its own account, as it required nobody to keep it in shape, or enable it to stand upright. The noble Gaul was a warrior—a very devil in the duella, by his own account—and had given quietness to a whole catacomb of fierce fellows in Paris before he had been compelled to fly, owing to certain rumors touching an awkward "affair between himself and a princess of the blood." However this may have been, it was at all events a fact, that Count Adolphe De Launey contrived to make himself a welcome visitor among the best society of New York: and one of the secrets of his success lay in cheap lodgings, and garlick and bread diet—as thereby a slender purse and a little safe betting, enabled him to cut quite a dash in the fashionable world. Had he been from any other country than "la belle France," his five feet four of a figure (and even that built lizard fashion,) might have operated against him; but in a Frenchman this was just the thing, as it looked natural, and made his his shrugs, capers, and manifold assassinations of the King's English, not only endurable, but quite a treat.

To see Mrs. Harrig—find out she was a pretty woman, and fall desperately in love with her, were the work of a moment with the susceptible Gaul; and to take a side long glance at her husband—shrug himself into the likeness of a note of interrogation, and vanish into his room, were the labors of the next. However, the arrow had gone home up to the feather, and under such circumstances, what cares a gallant Frenchman, with moustaches on his lip, and a laced coat on his back, for a brute of a husband? The next day the Count had another peep—and under better auspices, for the stumbling block was away, and the lady peeped back at him, and not only at him but at his laced coat, and pointed whiskers, &c., so that if no gentle emo-

tions had followed, it would have been a matter for speculation whether her heart was composed of a stone or a turnip. As it seemingly turned out, the presumption was that it was of warm flesh and blood; for she looked down and sighed—looked up and blushed—took another rather lingering glance at the laced coat and moustaches, and finally broke the ice, and settled the question by asking the count, in the voice of the shake of a low D on the flageolet, accompanied by a glance freighted with a whole quiver of arrows, if he could not tell her what o'clock it was? This produced a low bow, and a jewelled time-piece—a lobby dialogue followed—then a kiss, and a slap in the face; succeeded by an "Ah pardonez moi madame, I me no mean to offend," and a "Well now, did I ever—but I hope I haven't hurt you, sir!" And that's the way that—*fortes fortuna juvat*. From this time it was evident to many that the enamored Count laid himself out to do the amiable by the fair stranger, for the which he found no lack of opportunities, as her liege lord was a good deal of an absentee; and things were thus progressing at the period which found O'Hara, Smith and myself, operating in indignant silence on our whiskey punch and fragrant Havanas.

We were beginning to think of a dive into Sandy Welsh's, then in the bud of its fame—to wind up with a few of its inimitable Princes Bay's roasted in the shell, and also to escape the final flourish of the musicians, which was usually horrible to gentlemen carrying about them the germs of a next morning's headache, when a low knock at the door announced a visitor, and the blooming Mrs. Harrig made her appearance, looking, if possible, handsomer than ever, by reason of an air of fervor or bewilderment about her that warmed all her beauties into a blaze.

"Gentlemen, I b-b-beg pardon."

"Not a word of excuse, my dear madam!"—Aside to O'Hara—"O Phil, you rogue—ousted the Count, eh?" For it struck me that the lady had just dropt in to have a tete-a-tete with the proprietor of the apartment.

"Guiltless 'pon honor," whispered mine host, at the same time looking his innocence so effectually, that my heart at once acquitted him of having the slightest idea of the purpose of the fair visitor.

"Gentlemen, I'm so ashamed that!—but—O dear me, I don't know what to do!"

"Sit down, my dear madam, and collect yourself." Pray is there any thing we can do for you?

"O dear, it's too dreadful even to think of! and Harrig so—so—O dear."

"Was it the strange voice he heard?"

"The voice! my God, no. Sure, gentlemen, you didn't hear that he spoke?"

"I fear, Mrs. H., we don't understand each other; but if there's any thing we can do for you, command us, and we're at your service."

"Well, then, gentlemen," she answered, without a trace of her late nervousness visible, "make some excuse—fire—murder—earthquake, any thing—and coax my husband out of his room for only one minute, and I'll pray for you till doomsday." And so saying, she slipped off without answer.

"O ho!" said Phil, with a long low whistle, "that's the way the cat jumps, is it? But come away boys, like good knights errant, and let us rescue this distressed damsel from the dragon's tooth."

"The monster's horn, rather," added Smith.

And out we rushed, crying "fire, fire, fire!" in a chorus that shook our old domicile from the chimney to the basement.

Instantly the music came to a dead period, and twenty doors leaped open with a bang. "Fire! where is it?"

"Down stairs. All communication with the street nearly cut off! Fire, fire, fire, fire, fire."

And then such an uproar followed as never was seen before out of Pandemonium! Innumerable undressed, half-dressed, and whole dressed gentlemen, rushed into the lobby; and at the first dash, nearly half a score of them went heels over head down the stairs, each trying to be first, by holding the others back, and all hallooing and roaring like blue murder. The German prince, thinking that all legitimate escape from the garret was cut off, made mince-meat of his bed clothes, and let himself down from the window to the roof of the next house, where he arrived without any baggage to recommend him but his shirt, small clothes, and one boot. The landlady, in her fury to get out, rushed foul of a *sans culotte* quack doctor, who, in his zeal not to see which way he was going, was careering in the opposite direction, when both went down counterwise, and rolled several paces backwards from the force of the shock. Two fellows, both tipsy, and each flattering himself into the notion that he was carrying the other, tumbled out of one little cubby hole, and then down stairs, bringing up at the bottom in a huge tub of water which some humane individuals were fetching along to extinguish the fire. In short, nearly every person in the house was running, roaring, tumbling, swearing, disjuncting his bones, falling down stairs, dragging his front-rank man back in order to get before him—and at intervals crying fire, fire, fire, at the high top gallant of his voice—so that, to a person who knew how the land lay, and had a tolerably tough conscience, the whole affair was the choicest sport imaginable—even better than my friend Sandy's Prince's Bay oysters.





But here let me mention an incident of a painful nature. As I was rushing into O'Hara's room to smother my laughter, I heard, or thought I heard, a short wild laugh of the most awful character—the very mockery of mirth—and then a feeble voice exclaiming, "Thank God—thank God, my sufferings will soon cease!" These words fell on my ears like an avalanche, and naturally suppressed every feeling of enjoyment—at least for a time; but as I heard no more of the voice, my spirits soon retrieved themselves, and I began to apprehend—the more so, as my legs seemed inclined to play truant—that there might be some degree of relationship between the mysterious words and the potency of Phil's whisky.

But I am before my story. When we first gave the alarm, myself and comrades proceeded to Harrig's apartment, where we found the worthy proprietor himself seated on a large box, with his feet stretched out on the back of a chair, and he drinking raw rum (by the smell of it) out of a black bottle, unaided by a glass, and puffing deep clouds through a huge Dutch meerschaum—while his good lady was endeavoring to appear to be in the most violent hurry imaginable, to throw herself into her cloak and bonnet—or out of the window if necessary—to the end of making her escape from the fire.

"Fire, fire, fire!" cried Phil, popping his head in.  
 "Let it fire and be d—d," returned Harrig—"it isn't as hot as hell, where we're all going to."  
 "Yes—but it's in the room under you. Quick, quick, man, or you're lost!"  
 "To blazes with you—whose afraid," growled the ruffian.  
 "Do, dear Jo," cried Mrs. Harrig, "save yourself."  
 "Not a toe, Poll; for the devil might discharge me if I couldn't stand fire."

"The man is mad," exclaimed Phil.  
 "Beware of his teeth, then," retorted Harrig.  
 But here the lodgers began to return by the run—that is, such of them as had no broken bones to carry along with them—and all cursing like troopers or grumbling like bears with sore heads, as if they felt highly disappointed and mortified that they hadn't the chance of proving their agility by a series of ground and lofty tumbling among falling stairs, crackling floors and blazing rafters.

"I trust the rascals may have fire enough when they die, damn them!" exclaimed a fellow, as he rushed by with one of the skirts of his coat among the missing.

"Ha mon dieu! I me an evare so much killed, an' de dam fire no burn von leetle bit at all!" groaned a poor French dentist, who was returning to his hammock, hopping on his right foot, and with his left doubled up in his hand, as if for the purpose of making a deposit of it in his waistcoat pocket.

"From this out I'll stand and burn, rather than run and break my neck," cried a chap who had been among the foremost of those that had performed the first sunset down stairs.

"Oh, Jaiziz, me eye!—Ooh, murther, is there any chance for killing the baists!" ejaculated a stout Emerald.

"A coat of tar and feathers would be just the thing for them," simpered one of the cracked flutists, as he hurried past, buried alive in a bed quilt.

"A halter without the benefit of clergy, damn them, would be better," added a gruff voice, which belonged to the quack doctor, who came creeping along with his nose muffled up in his night cap.

"Dunder and teefels, dis am do pad," growled a lump of a Hollander, "for mine Got, I have loshd mine preeches."

"Watch! watch! thieves! murder! robbery!"—rang out the screech-owl treble of our fair landlady, who began to perceive she had been hoaxed, and to burn with a desire to revenge her much injured nose.

Those last sounds called me to my senses, and inspired me with the notion that if the truth were discovered, O'Hara, Smith and myself might soon be ruralizing in the city prison—proving the disadvantage of gravitation out of the most convenient window—or ornamenting three several suits of tar and feathers.

"Come, Phil, you devil," said I, "there's no time to be lost."  
 "Pooh," returned Phil, "can't we swear as loud as any of them that we are all kilt, and join in a reward for the alarmists?"

"And with that he began to mimic a sprained ankle. Smith put his hip out of joint; I flourished a dislocated shoulder, and thus protected from the eye and lip of slander and suspicion, we limped back to O'Hara's room, well pleased with our adventure, but regretting that it had been attended with such little advantage to the cause of poor Mrs. Harrig.

## CHAPTER V.

It was now rather late to go out; and what, with our fire adventure, and the anticipation of a second visit from Mrs. Harrig, we were in too high a state of excitement and wakefulness to think of going to bed; therefore, it was resolved to stay where we were—rouse up the fire—venture another mild assault on the punch-jug—season it with a little chit-chat—and (if subjects failed, and the spirit moved us,) kill time with a song or two.

In about fifteen minutes, by a well organized division of labor, every thing was in apple-pie order, and down we sat—the ruddy glow of our peach-orchard fire—the fragrant dispensations of our big-bellied pitcher—a clean hearth—and our own cheerful looks, contrasted with a devilish, dark, drizzling, and howling sort of a night without—inspiring in us a sense of enjoyment that was very like happiness; and probably as adjacent to the neighborhood of that notable castle in the air as humanity in the flesh is permitted to intrude itself.

"Let's see—I sung last," said O'Hara. "Come, Tom, give us something sentimental, with wine in it,—Fill the goblet, high, Boy," for instance.

"We may disturb some of our neighbors, Phil."

"O, devil a matter. I hope it will give them the night-mare; I could find it in my heart to sing three-fourths of them into the middle of next week with a chorus of rusty hinges."

"Ditto repeated," exclaimed Smith.  
"Well, here goes, but mind the chorus."

### "FILL THE GOBLET HIGH, BOY."

Air—*Peas upon a trencher.*

O, fill the goblet high, boy,  
And fearless drain it dry, boy;  
For ruby wine  
Makes souls divine,  
And fits them for the sky, boy!  
Shall mortals dare upbraid it,  
And say that sins pervade it,  
When holy writ,  
And all admit,  
That He who saved us made it!  
So fill the goblet high, boy,  
And fearless drain it dry, boy;  
For ruby wine  
Makes souls divine,  
And fits them for the sky, boy.  
What, tho' it leads to shame, boy,  
The wine is not to blame, boy;  
Even great excess,  
In holiness,  
May often do the same, boy.  
So bigot bores may blunder,  
And hurl their wordy thunder;  
Do they know more  
Than He who tore  
The gates of death asunder?  
So fill the goblet high, boy,  
And fearless drain it dry, boy;  
For ruby wine  
Makes souls divine,  
And fits them for the sky, boy!  
When round the wine victorious,  
Our souls become so glorious,  
They seem to hold  
Communion bold,  
With festive angels o'er us;  
So doubt we not the story,  
Of Turkish sages hoary,  
That saints divine  
Delight in wine,  
And quaff their cups in glory!  
So fill the goblet high, boy,  
And fearless drain it dry, boy;  
For ruby wine,  
Makes souls divine,  
And fits them for the sky, boy!

"Well done, Tom; but your song is rather out of place in these days of abstemiousness, when they even talk of abolishing wine at the communion table."

"O, Phil, that's a libel."

"Divil a bit of it—seeing's believing; though it seems like an improvement that might be dispensed with; for what was pure enough for the God, it strikes me, might go down with the worm."

"Let us change the theme," remarked Smith. "It's hardly a fit one to trifle with at a drinking board."

"That's as true as though an angel spoke it," said O'Hara, "for if any thing especially vulgarizes the mind, and marks the dollard, it is an irreverence of holy matters! For myself I can empty a bottle, play with the petticoats, or draw on my wits for a living with any man; but these are my limits; my Hercules pillars; and will, I apprehend, be enough to answer for without coupling them with an affectation of infidelity."

"But these may be enough to damn you, Phil, without the other," said I.

"Never believe it!" he replied. "The gods drink wine—love the ladies—and patronize good fun and good fellowship; but who ever read of the devils enjoying themselves?"

"That's an easy and comfortable kind of creed, Phil."

"It's the creed of conscience, Tom—the soul's true index; which is often as independent of reason as the sun of the moon. I know I am considered a rattling, rambling, devil-may-care Jeremy Diddler sort of fellow myself; but for all that I think I may be in as fair a road to heaven as many of those easy-going, sleek, rosy-gilled fellows, who denounce laughing as one of the seven deadly sins—kissing a girl as utter damnation—and step through the streets as if they were keeping time to a psalm tune, or the Dead March in Saul. Many things are abominable in law and society, Tom, which are not very bad in true religion. For instance, a little *amour*, not exactly after the banns,—or an extra bottle with a fight for good-fellowship at the end of it—are set down as open rebellion in the church—while apathy to human suffering, occasions no long faces, and excites no man's indignation. But, for my part, I'd rather stand accused at

the bar of Minos, of drinking Bachus under the table—making love to Diana—and knocking down a bishop, than of refusing a penny to a pauper. No, Tom, whatever a decent fellow can reconcile to his conscience, trust me, won't do him a great deal of harm *up stairs*. But in regard of scepticism, I would further remark, that I have many potent reasons for being a true believer; and one of them is, that in all my experience I never knew an infidel who had any sentiment, or could drink his wine with an intellectual relish."

"Phil, I can perceive by the length of your wind that you are over your fifth tumbler."

"Why, man, I have spoken like an oracle."

"And mixed up religion and profanity like a Musselman. But, hark!"

Here a modest tap at the door interrupted our conversation, and we were joined by one of our fellow-lodgers from the floor above, who was in the occasional habit of passing a pleasant half hour with us.

This was the French Baron. Such at least was the rank assigned to him, and I believe not groundlessly; but he himself disclaimed any title superior to that of Monsieur Lavar. He was a venerable old man, sixty or upwards, of a very dignified appearance—which was not to be disguised by his modest mien or thread-bare garment. By the high polish, suavity, and unaffected elegance of his manners, it was evident that the most exalted society had been his natural element; he had seen much of the world, and knew it well; though alas! without any practical advantage to himself; and he was accomplished and even talented. But he made no parade of all this, or any thing else; on the contrary, he was modest and retiring to a fault; and kept himself so much a recluse, that his excursions abroad were confined to a quiet walk on the Battery every evening; and his acquaintanceship in New York, I believe, to myself, Smith and O'Hara. Indeed, he was a good and gentle creature—had a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness—and was in all particulars made so perfect by the hands of nature, education—and perhaps I might add—misfortune, that it was impossible to know and not to respect and love him. The mystery involved in the sojournment of Monsieur Lavar amongst the gross and tumultuous spirits of 202 Broadway, found its solution in his decayed and thread-bare garb—for ours was the only lodging house in the city devoted to the wants and habits of "young men about town," which combined cheapness with "gentility;" and *we three* were indebted for our intercourse with him, to a broken head which my friend O'Hara had brought home from a row, and which the kind old Frenchman had volunteered to patch up for him. From that time he had frequently been a most welcome guest at our little convivial suppers, and used to enter into the spirit of them with all the vivacity of boyhood, adding to them a fresh zest by his gentle manners and broken English; for, like all other Frenchmen, past or present, who have made trial of the matter, he found the straight-forward, matter-of-fact, guttural Teutonic, a great deal more than his match.—As I, Phil, and Smith, were all tolerably good—or more properly speaking—shockingly bad French scholars, our guest, whenever he felt himself much puzzled, used to interlard his conversation with a considerable sprinkling of his native tongue, which we would translate to each other; and frequently so freely as to give it a meaning nearly opposite to that intended, and thus produce a good deal of amusement at our combined expense. I will not undertake, in the dialogue that follows, to give our worthy friend's mode of expressing himself verbatim, but will merely scatter as much broken English among his sentences as may preserve his identity.

We all arose at his entrance to welcome him, and give him the post of honor.

"O Monsieur Lavar!" exclaimed O'Hara, advancing to receive him with outstretched hand, "we are so happy to see you. Sit down and make yourself at home till cock-crow. We were afraid you had either left or grown tired of us!"

"Ah my *bon ami*, den you sall have done me some injustice. I would not tink for go without taking my leave; and could not ave grow tire of such *bon compaigns*. Ha, Monsieur Smith, I ave de pleasure to be your ver humble servant. Monsieur Stapleton too! my *jolli garson*—*comment vous, portez vous?* Je suis tres glad, mes-sieurs, to see you all so happy."

"Come, take your old seat, Monsieur Lavar. Tom, you villain, you have turned my fourth and last tumbler into a candlestick. Run in for one to your own hencoop."

"Ha! not for me, my friend," exclaimed the Frenchman, with something of a start, and a very peculiar smile, that had a dash of the grin in it, "not for me, my dear friend. I ave only come for hear von leetle song, and ave von leetle chit-chat; but I vill not drink of de pounch. *Mon Dieu!* I dare not drink of de pounch!"

The singular emphasis laid on a matter comparatively unimportant, surprised us; but not into a resignation of our point.

"What, not pledge 'us in one glass! O nonsense, monsieur. Faith, you shall—and in two to the back of that. Quick, Tom—in with the vessel; and don't make a mistake, and bring your shav-ing cup."

The glass was accordingly provided, and put on duty, and our friend took his seat beside the fire, which he cowered over with the

eagerness of a traveller of Saint Bernard found half famished among the snows, and just brought into the hospitable convent.

"Now boys," said O'Hara, "renew, and let it be a bumper. Monsieur Lavar, we have the pleasure of drinking your health."

"Thank you, thank you, my friends. My health—ha ha—thank you, thank you, my friends... You are good—ver good!"

We all perceived that our visitor was in an unusual mood, and thought he might be in bad health; the more especially as he looked more pale and haggard than we had ever seen him before.

"Monsieur Lavar, you are not in good spirits to night—I fear you are unwell."

"No, no, my friends, I am ver well—too well! Yes, my *bon amis*. I am too well!—ha, ha!"

"And long may you continue so," said O'Hara.

The Frenchman smiled faintly, and shook his head.

"My dear sir, you really don't seem happy to night, I remarked; come, cheer up. Pledge us in a bumper, and you'll feel better!"

"*Qu'est ce que cela veut dire?*" he answered, with an absent distracted sort of glance at me—and all of us—and then added, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "O! oui, *Je suis tres heureux*—ver happy! True, I ave some trouble—some ver leetle trouble here—(laying his hands on his heart) but, *Mon Dieu!* I ave de hope it vill soon be ovare."

"But, Monsieur Lavar," said Phil, "your glass stands untasted—you don't drink!"

"Ah, pray Monsieur O'Hara, excuse a moi."

"Not an inch, Monsieur—murder! any thing but that."

"Vell den, my friend, so be it," returned Monsieur Lavar—to which he added in a whisper, meant doubtlessly to be only heard by the being to whom it was addressed—"Ah, *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* *renforcer mon cœur!*"

The conversation then became general, and in a few minutes the Frenchman recovered his spirits, and was his former self—laughing—and joking—and driving dull care away, as well as the best of us. I could not help noticing, however, an unusual restlessness in his eye, and hollowness and puckering up, about the corners of his mouth; as also that he frequently threw a short, sharp glance at Phil's *table a manger*, whereon was located the remnants of our late feast, and a plate full of ham sandwiches. Phil had likewise perceived this; and thinking that his friend's appetite might perhaps be in a better tone for solids than liquids; he himself affected to be attacked with a sudden fit of ferocity, as an excuse for introducing his viands. But no—Monsieur Lavar could not eat!—"He was," he said, "a little indisposed, and his complaint was of a nature that required abstemiousness." Nevertheless he threw some intense glances at the sandwiches; and it seemed to me—for his unusual appearance and manner had induced me to keep my eye on him after a fashion not strictly in accordance with good breeding—that he looked a little agitated, and mortified when they were removed. I also remarked that he did not drink his punch, but watched his opportunities when he thought he was unperceived, and emptied it from time to time over the fender. However, when looked at critically, there was nothing very mysterious in all this; indisposition was a sufficient apology for not eating or drinking; and the sharp glances, et cetera, might have been only matters of wonderment seen through the camera obscura of my imagination.

Again Monsieur rallied and laughed, and cracked his jokes, and seemed to enjoy himself as of old, and even favored us with a little song; but still, if I were to die for it, I could not help thinking that he threw an occasional hungry glance in the direction of the *table a manger*.

"*Allons gai! monsieur Stapleton!*" he said to me, after a time, as he saw me looking at him thoughtfully, *Allons gai*—time is short—let us enjoy ourselves!—Come, my friend Monsieur O'Hara, vout you sing us von leetle song before we part.

"Certainly, Monsieur—with pleasure. But let's see—yes, its your turn first; you are a song in our debt."

"Ha—am I so? Vell den I shall pay him now, as I might not ave de chance again so soon as ve may tink! I sall sing you von leetle affair I ave compose myself in de French, and den traduced into my own ver bad Engleesh. It is ver dull and foolish; but I am so myself, and cannot tink to make my song mooch of de better."

The old gentleman then pitched his voice into a low and mournful key, and sang the following simple words to a little French air:

#### YOUTH IS THE SEASON FOR LIFE.

Youth is the season for life;

Age is the season for tears;

I'd rather have youth and strife,

Than all the world and years.

Were all men early just,

Then all would early die;

When the mind is free from rust

It is ta'en to its home in the sky.

Whom the gods love die young;

Old age is merely given,

That sometime the heart may be wrung,

To prepare the soul for heaven.

Earth should not bear an old limb;

Were the mind such as mercy might save,

Ere the heart had grown cold, or eye dim,

They would go to their native grave.

My friends you are youthful and bold;

O! may you be happy and blest;

Yet I trust you may never grow old,

But pass from your youth to your rest.

Youth is the season for life;

Age is the season for tears;

I would rather have youth and strife,

Than all the world and years.

"Thank you, Monsieur, thank you; but your song is one of the saddest, and broaches a strange argument."

"Vot is dat my bon friend?"

"Why, that a man lives no longer after he is prepared to die. By that rule, we are all left here until we have fitted ourselves for a better world."

Ah no, Monsieur O'Hara, my song does not say so; unless my Engleesh—which is ver likely—has not been true to my meaning. I mean for say that ven men are good young, they die young, before the warra soul is entombed in the cold heart and the creeping frame; but ven sinful as me—half in anger but all in mercy—the period of their probotion is extended, and they are left to the vexations and worryings of old age, either to repent of their wickedness and be happy, or to live out the days of their privilege, despising the forbearance of him who is all and all—until mercy has to give place to justice. But I fear dat you sall be yet more tire of my philosophy in prose, den in song."

"Dear Sir, we are delighted with both," I answered, "but we are sorry to see you so down-hearted."

"Ah it is best so!—I ave been merry—I know I ave had *de bon cœur*—hail, rain, or blow, like all of my brave compatriots. But it is time dis vas change—old jester, old fool; and I have been both dis twenty years."

"O Monsieur," said O'Hara, "why you are only a boy to some men in my country, who feel themselves scarcely out of their teens. There was Tom Bell, for instance, who put the ball in at the brace in a hurling match, at eighty—cudgelled a brace of excisemen that wanted to seize a keg of pottene whisky from him at eighty-five; and danced at his own fifth wedding, at the age of ninety and two."

"Den he sall ave been of de men who do not make mooch by growing old. Old age vas not de service to him, no more as to myself, for which he vas intend."

"Tom didn't think so himself," replied O'Hara. "It was his notion that every additional year was an increase of wealth and strength to him. But as it's my turn I'll give you an idea as to what sort of a fellow Tom Bell was in a song, which is merely some extracts from a note book kept by himself. His confessions, which I may give to the public some day, were found among other papers shortly after his death;—an event, by the way, which was brought about by a fall he had from a horse that balked at a stone fence as he was following a fox hunt—at the age of ninety-four. So at least say the chronicles of his native village, which wouldn't be likely to flatter him; as prophets you know, or men of genius, never get much credit in their own country. The air of my song is "*Tully Maguire*," which, by the way, has been recently stolen by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and attached as original to his beautiful verses commencing "*Birds of the Wilderness*, blythesome and cumberless." But in order to stop my prosing, I'll give you the song of

#### OLD TOM BELL, THE HIGHWAYMAN.

Here I am footing it over the mountain,

As drunk as an owl, yet as gay as a lark;

My spirits are fresh as the foam on the fountain—

My wits just as sharp as the teeth of a shark.

A stone is my pillow—my bed is the heather,

And so could I march from Bersheba to Dan,

For jolly old time has encased me in leather;

I wouldn't for any thing be a young man!

I'm seventy years old, yet so frisky and hearty,

I jump, fight, make love, run, ride, wrestle and swig;

If he'd only stand out, I could trounce Bonaparty,

And beat any harlequin dancing a jig.

A young man has hopes, fears, contritions and passions;

He's up like a bubble, or down like a stone;

An old man has none of your whimsical fashions,

He knows when to take things, and leave them alone.

With the girls I'm the devil for playing oppossum,

Peg, Bridget and Sal, are at present enthralld;—

If my hair is grown white, it is only in blossom;

In fifty years more it will scarcely be bald.

I live as I can;—sometimes cadge on the bye way,

Play rackets for wagers—fight, fiddle, or sing;

But lately I've taken to rob on the highway,

And stopping the Mail is a treat for a king!

I only take booties from those who have plenty,  
Which I give to the poor from the pounds to the pins;  
And so I'll live on till a hundred and twenty,  
And then I'll begin to repent of my sins!

Now my name is Tom Bell—but they call me the Frisky;  
And if you would know how I get on so well,  
Why, the half of my blood is the best of good whisky!  
Don't water your malt, and you'll rival Tom Bell."

"Bravo, Monsieur Tom Bell!" exclaimed Lavar, who seemed to have forgotten all his troubles, whatever they might be, while O'Hara was singing. But in a few moments the restlessness returned to his eye, and he took his leave. "Adieu, my good—my dear friends," he sighed, after he had shaken each of us warmly by the hand—"I ave de hope ve sall yet meet in a place vere even an old man may be happy as vell as merry!"

"The cheek may be lit by a warm sunny smile,  
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while!"

exclaimed Phil, when our guest had departed.

"I fear it is even so with our poor friend," I added. "But good morning—it can't be very far from honest men's breakfast time, and I swear I'll have a nap before I have another adventure."

"I was disappointed. In proceeding to my own room, I perceived by the dim rays of the flickering hall lamp, which appeared to be winking with drowsiness like myself—three men in earnest conversation on the lobby leading to the rear building. Two of them were short, stout, fellows, dressed like sailors;—the third was a tall and powerfully built man. This latter had his back towards me; but instantly as he heard my footsteps, he turned about, when our eyes met, and I must confess that I was somewhat startled by discovering that he and the ruffian I had knocked down with my boot-jack, and subsequently seen in the watch-house, were one and the same person. I say startled, principally because I did not know but that he might have been aware of the favor he owed me, and was meditating with the aid of his two gentle friends, some mode of redress—such, perhaps, as cropping my ears off, or smothering me with my own bolster—for all three had countenances suggestive of killing and maiming;—and also by reason that now, as before, I was struck with an expression in the tall scoundrel's face that I had been at some time or other intimately familiar with; but when, where, or how, I could not comprehend the least idea of.

"If it's me your after, gentlemen," thought I, "it's no go; you can't catch a weezel asleep; for savage as you look, I and my friends Phil and Jack, could whip a dozen of you any night in the week in a good cause."

With this comfortable reliance on me and mine, I went into my room in quest of a favorite hickory splinter, which, as the honest Irishman of the Sixth Ward, from whom I had bought it, assured me—while a glow of political patriotism lit up his republican face—had the principal means of saving three hotly contested elections—and the last by nearly killing the "tory" candidate for aldermen, and thereby preventing him from going round to purchase up votes. Having possessed myself of this interesting relic of Sixth Ward patriotism, I was preparing to return to Phil's room, but on popping my head out of the window to see what the prospects were for a fine morning, I saw the tall form of my mysterious friend evolving itself out at the hall door, and making long and hasty tracks towards the Park; and, therefore, I presumed that my alarm might be groundless—and that my hickory splinter might be left in the corner, to be-moan itself in a yet further advent of inglorious idleness.

Returning to the door, and finding that the two short fellows were still on the lobby, I made up my mind to question them:

"A fine morning, neighbors," said I.

"Well, it may be in your room!" returned one of them gruffly, "but it's raining like blazes in the street." Which, by the way, was a fact.

"O, comrade, you are too hasty—I mean it's a fine morning for young ducks. But who is your tall friend—he that left you a minute since? I somehow think he's an old friend of mine."

"The devil you do!" replied the fellow who had spoken before, and the men exchanged significant glances.

"Yes I do—is that any thing singular? But what's his name?"

The same man answered again, "We know nothing of him. He only came in, seeing the front door open, and the lamp burning, to light his cigar. But, I believe he's a Custom House Officer, or some such sort of a land shark."

"Humph" I saw the fellow lied, and was more persuaded than ever that he and his comrade were there for no good purpose.

"What are you waiting for, friends," said I.

"O! we're old friends of yours, too, are we?" returned my colloquist.

"You are sharper, neighbor," said I, growing a little tigerish at the rascal's impudence, "than good manners may warrant. But, to be plain with you, I don't like your looks, and must know why you are lurking about this house at such an unreasonable hour in the morning; or give you in charge to the watch."

"You be damn'd!" growled the ruffian, accompanying the polite request with a motion of his dexter-hand towards his trousers pocket,

indicative of pistol and Bowie knives; but, at the same moment, his comrade interfered, and prevented any belligerent demonstration, if such was intended.

"Blast you, Bob," he muttered, "What do you mean by growling at the gentleman in that way. Bob's no nice young man for a small tea-party," he continued, glancing at me with a sly wink, as if the rascal meant to insinuate that I was, "but so be as you want to know what we're a doing of here, fact is we're come to help the mate's baggage on board, as we're off by day-break."

"The mate—what's his name?"

"Well, now, that is coming it a leetle too strong. Will I give you his parentage, christening, and so on, or do you merely want his name and the loan of a shilling?"

"To buy lay overs for meddlers, and crutches for lame ducks," added his companion.

"Damn you," I exclaimed, flourishing my hickory, "if you give me another word of your ruffian insolence, I'll fall foul of you."

"Come on, then," hissed the first speaker between his teeth, and at the same time drawing a sailor's rigging knife from his belt.

"Hush, Bob," said the less ferocious fellow of the two, perceiving that various doors began to open, and night cap noddies to pop out. "Hush! Bob, we are to blame, and not the gentleman. Our mate is one Joe Harrig, captain, and we're only waiting till he bundles up his toggery, and put's us afloat with it."

"Why, the devil, couldn't you tell me that at first," I exclaimed, as if the explanation had thoroughly extinguished my curiosity, whereas it had excited it to a much higher pitch, because I felt persuaded there was some connecting link between Mrs. Harrig's mysterious conduct last night, and her gentle good-man's hurry to be off with himself this morning. "But, good night, boys, a pleasant voyage to you! And, thereon, I slipped unperceived into O'Hara's apartment, determined by his aid to resolve the riddle, if possible."

Phil was still in his clothes, but sleeping like a humming top—sound and melodious—when I entered. However I immediately relieved Dan Morpheus of his charge, and possessed my friend of the facts of my latest adventure.

"It's plain the devil has a finger in the fire, someway or other," said O'Hara, "but what can we do?"

"I trusted to your genius to tell me that."

"Well, then, let us dog the fellows when they go, and beat the secret out of them."

"That might be easier said than done," said I. "However, we'll dog them, and act according to circumstances."

We now kept watch, and in about ten minutes Mrs. Harrig made her appearance, and beckoned the two sailors into her husband's room.

"Foon!" said I, "as the lady herself seems a party concerned, the mystery of the voyage may be a mere fiddle-stick after all."

"I'm thinking so myself," said Phil; "but hush! here they come."

As he spoke, the sailors reappeared from the room, carrying a blue deal sea chest between them by the rope handle, and accompanied by Mrs. Harrig, who appeared to be in excellent humor, and said in a tolerably loud voice—"Leave the box carefully in the room, and I'll be there myself in a few minutes."

"Aye, aye, marm," replied the men, with a slight chuckle, and down stairs they went.

"Is it worth following them, Phil?"

"Is it after that mysterious grin of the villains. By the powers, I'd follow them from this to the Rocky Mountains to know what it meant. I smell a rat, Tom!—Come."

Phil having provided himself with a wattle like a weaver's beam, off we started. The rain had ceased and the morning was dimly breaking, when we reached the door, and we saw the sailors with their burden about thirty paces ahead, apparently bound towards the Hudson River, by way of Fulton street. In a minute we were along side of them.

"Hullo, messmate, what have you got in the box?" cried O'Hara.

"Clothing and sea stores of course," growled the most loquacious of the two fellows, while a stream of lurid fire seemed to shoot from his vindictive eyes.

"Now," whispered Phil to me, "see if I'm good at a guess"—and then he added aloud, "Clothing and sea stores? You lie, damn you, for didn't I hear Mr. and Mrs. Harrig telling you to throw it in the North River?"

"Ha—fire—fire—murder—thieves—let me out!" shouted a half suffocated sort of a voice somewhere.

Immediately the sailors dropped the box, and drew their knives.

"Hell swallow you, take that!" roared my especial friend, making a plunge at me with the ferocity of a fiend—But whew!—Pat's noble hickory, grateful for the opportunity, I verily believe, went at the fellow of its own accord; for when I was beginning to wonder as to the size of the passage for daylight that had been made through my body, lo! I perceived the sailor rolling in the channel, and the Sixth ward election phenomenon walking into his affections as if it mistook him for an alderman. Phil was equally busy; but he polished off his job with the air of a master; for immediately as he had his rascal howling in the channel, he lifted him up with the strength of a cyclops, and hung him by the waistband of his unwhisperables upon one of the rails of St. Paul's Church.





Meanwhile the half-smothered voice kept hollowing out, "Fire! fire! murdare!—break open de box—O dam, I'll die!—fire, fire—murdare! misericordi!—O dam!" &c.

"Hold your tongue! all's safe," said I, continuing to lay my Andrew Jackson on the sailor, who, game to the last was gnashing his teeth and kicking at me.

"Ha—vot you say!—murdare! Am I not in de river, all among de fish—murdare! I'm dead—I'm evare so kilt!—O dam!

By this time several watchmen, loafers, and others, came running up, and I thought I could see among them a fellow who looked mighty like Mr. Joe Harrig muffled up in a huge boat cloak. Without waiting to satisfy myself on this point, however, I gave my man in charge to a couple of the guardians of the night, and began to aid Phil in breaking up the lid of the box, which was no sooner done, than—lo! and behold, who should pop up his head from the contracted bunk, but the valorous and exquisite Count Delauney, who, without tarrying to thank us, established the fact of his liberty by running away.

As a finish to this long drawn out chapter, I will add that the sailor's chest was carried off by the loafers for fire wood; that the two prisoners were left in charge of the watchmen, to be taken to the lock-up—but (the genius of bribery and corruption could perhaps tell how) effected their escape by the way; that from that night Harrig nor his wife were never seen at 202—and that Count Delauney never returned to it, but trusted the removal of his baggage to the care of a deputy. Touching Phil and myself, we tumbled into our hammocks about six in the morning—and the sun was full two hours to the west of the zenith, before we got up again.

## CHAPTER VI.

The Livingston's were an opulent and fashionable family. That is, Old Anthony, the head of the house, had retired from the wholesale auction business on a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars or so, which rumor readily augmented to half a million; and Mrs. Livingston affected a *boudoir*, late dinner hours, a coat of arms, and livery servants. She had also a *penchant* for feasting foreign lions; and thus Fanny Kemble, Hamilton, Fiddler, and Company, have frequently tested her hospitality; and subsequently sneered at her rather awkward affectations of the *haut ton*.

Lucy, their only daughter, already spoken of, was as pretty a girl as any moderate man might care to look at; and taking her in connection with her reputed dowry of fifty thousand dollars, she might perhaps have been classed among the superlatives. To a person who has been in the city of New York, and made use of his eyes withal, I cannot describe her better than by saying that she was one of those blue eyed, intellectual, airy, and graceful creatures, with purer complexions than ever poets dreamt of, and the very prettiest little feet in the world, who delight to go trippingly (for their street movements are something between a hop and a dance,) up and down Broadway, as if they were almost as independent of terra firma as zephyrs or humming birds. This style of beauty, I should say, is peculiar to

New York. In the British Islands there is nothing of the character. In Paris there may be approaches to it; as also in Philadelphia, Boston, and perhaps other places; but I maintain that it is only to be found in a full state of perfection in New York; and when perfect, it is my *beau ideal* of female loveliness. It must be confessed there was nothing about Lucy in the way of bust and hips to wrap a muselman, or an enthusiast in *antique* statuary up in Elysium; but then she was so faultless a model of her class, that, had the gods been commissioned to grace her with another personal charm, it would have puzzled them to find out where to have placed it. Lucy's countenance was not precisely classic—it was too joyous—too full of heart for that; but there was a perfect little heaven of pouting lips, laughing eyes, and roguish glances in it, that were worth all the classic beauty in the world! Her form was of the medium height, but was made to appear taller by its slightness. And to finish the portrait, her beautiful and luxuriant tresses were of a deep chestnut, and had so much of the elements of conquest in them, that it is a thing to be wondered at that Master Cupid did not turn hair-cutter, and steal them for bowstrings.

My acquaintance with the Livingston's was only of a few months' duration at the time from which I date my autobiography; and it commenced at one of those man traps called watering places, and under somewhat peculiar circumstances. But of that anon.

My friend O'Hara was a marrying man; at least, he was on the lookout for a wife with a plentiful dowry; and, to do justice to his talents, he might have entered the brigade of Hymen a dozen times, to my certain knowledge, if fortunes of from ten to twenty thousand dollars had been sufficient inducement. His lowest mark, however, was thirty; and he even aspired to a hundred; nor was the fellow a whit more reasonable touching matters of beauty than money; but was determined that Mrs. O'Hara should be as unexceptionable in point of person, as of purse. Now Phil had no means whereby to secure such a prize, but his impudence and his fine manly stalwart figure; the one unqualified, and the other a thing to distinguish itself in any crowd. His face was rough hewn, but full of courage and good humor; his character was not quite the thing to pass current in fastidious society; and his education was nearly confined to the knowledge of men and things which he had picked up among the highways and byways of a wandering existence. As for money, he had not a doit in the world, but such as he could screw out of a tight-fisted public by the fair dint of his wits; and as he had no regular profession, and was a decided exquisite (chiefly trusting indeed to the cut of his coat for his success in life), the necessity of making a fair turn-out often put him to the pin of his collar. I can't say that this ever reduced him to any thing fearfully wrong in morals or honesty; he would have scorned to pick pockets, turn blackleg, or pass counterfeit money; but it must be confessed that if there was anything to be done in the way of hoaxing, or rather of joking the world, out of a living, by upper class Jeremy Diddlerism, my worthy chum Phil was always ripe and ready for it. He was, nevertheless, honest; but his honesty was of a peculiar sort. Had he lived in

times gone by, he would probably have emulated Robin Hood, or his own countryman, Redmond O'Hanlon; as it was, he was compelled to humor the genius of the age, by adopting some other method of making out the cause; but still as near to that of those illustrious freebooters as circumstances would permit. But perhaps I am libelling my friend; for had he been initiated into the mysteries of any legitimate profession, it is possible, nay very likely, he would have abided by it; and, indeed, even as it was, the anecdote I am about to record will show that he was capable of making considerable sacrifices at the altar of Honest Industry.

Phil had been for some time domiciled at 202 Broadway, before my induction into that celebrated institution for Jeremy Diddlers, and I soon remarked that he appeared to have the advantage of the great majority of his fellow lodgers, in the matter of ways and means. He occupied one of the first class rooms; i. e. the three dollars a week chambers of the aristocracy. There was nothing of the well brushed threadbare—or of the second-hand, Chatham-street, Jew cut, in his wardrobe—His air was free, bold and confident, perhaps indeed, a little disdainful whenever he came in contact with certain of the foreign nobles, who were voted down by common opinion as the meanest occupants of the house—the only ones, indeed, who were suspected of washing their own dickies. In short, than Mr. Philip O'Hara I had never seen a more dashing, fashionable or well-dressed fellow, exercising his judgment in horseflesh at Tattersals, or lounging along the fashionable side of Broadway. Judging by these facts, as also the fact that he never seemed to do any thing for a living, I presumed that he might be a man of small private fortune, or, at least, the recipient of a comfortable yearly allowance from friends in the country. An accident showed me otherwise. One day I had dined at a political festival; it was one of those awful drinking affairs at which Cornelius Lawrence presided, and Garry Gilbert sung; and from which no man could retire a thimblefull less than half seas over, without incurring the charge of want of patriotism and bad fellowship. Being at that time sufficiently careful of my character in those respects, I remained until all was blue in the most definitive sense of the term; so that by the time I got home it was past two in the morning, and I found the bannisters a most agreeable auxiliary to my limbs in mounting the stairs. While I was thus ascending, I was aware that some one above me was doing the reverse; and on looking up I perceived a tall figure muffled up in a great old camlet cloak, and with the worst possible sort of a broad-brimmed, shocking bad hat, slouched over his face, coming towards me. Decidedly tipsey as I was, this figure interested me. I began to speculate on the probability that he might have been robbing the house; which seemed the more likely as there was the appearance of a large bundle under the cloak. Meanwhile the man descended, and as he passed, struck me slightly with a hard, trunk-like substance on the leg. This, and his increasing his pace without offering an apology, decided me, so I let go my necessary hold on the bannisters, and turned suddenly round for the purpose of grasping at him; when my feet, being unequal to the exertion, gave way, and I went straight down, carrying my friend in the camlet cloak, head foremost along with me, to the bottom of the flight. Here we lay sprawling for about five seconds, during which time I made the pleasant discovery that I was fairly inundated with a wet gluey substance; and on regaining my feet I made the yet further discovery that the suspected burglar was no less a person than Master O'Hara. It is only to be added that a huge bundle of "wall advertisements," had rolled about the hall in the scuffle; that the substance I had taken for a concealed trunk was a bucket of paste; and that the Broadway exquisite, who was the admired of all admirers by day, was, by night, *an humble Bill-sticker!*

Subsequently I learned from Phil, who from this night became my companion in arms; that he was officiating on the bills for a learned M. D., who had previously befriended himself in the same manner. "You see, Tom," said he, "we take it in turns!" Some time since I invented an infallible cure for corns, (made, by the way, out of hogslard and duckweed,) and my late worthy employer who was then a superannuated billiard marker, stuck up the bills. By and by arrived quarter-day, a most trying season in this city, let me tell you, for medical geniuses, and I became bankrupt—or at least, my agent for me, for I took care to fight shy in the matter myself."

"Well, but how did that make a doctor of your assistant?"

"O that was natural enough! Three-fourths of the most stirring of our faculty, you must know, are graduated bill posters; so Dick Dempsy, who took the *nom de guerre* of *Monsieur Delarec*, immediately on my prostration, brought out a miraculous remedy for consumption, hydrophobia, and the King's Evil, and set up for himself!"

"And quarter day, I presume, ruined him also."

"Not it, faith; for though Dick scarcely knew the difference between glauber salts and Prussic acid, he succeeded in curing an ancient widow lady of an imagined cancer in the stomach; and his fee was the lady herself, and a whole country side of a plantation, with a legion of negroes, in Virginia. In fact he is now one of the magnates of the land! So you see, Tom, virtue is sure of its reward in this country."

"I suppose" said I, "that you sometimes find your wealthy friend useful to you in your emergencies."

"No," returned O'Hara, "not thus far, but I hope to make him so one day. When Dick was poor," he continued, "he was sufficiently generous; but now that his coffers are full, he is as griping (at least to his old friends) as a sucker fish; and even refuses to pay a hundred dollars and upwards which he owes me on our last settlement. But never mind—"All's not lost that's in danger."

It was now towards the close of the summer, and half the city were off ruralising; but Phil and I, by reason of the state of our finances, were compelled to remain in 202 at the tender mercies of the mosquitoes. One day the former young gentleman burst into my apartment in a glow of excitement.

"Come, Tom—bustle, bustle, boy, and let's be off to Rockaway, for I learn there's first rate bidding for handsome young bachelors in that neighborhood."

"Hang it, O'Hara, how you talk, when you know we're both run dry!"

"Never mind—leave that to me!"

"Well, I see by your eye that you have made a raise. But if you're determined on an excursion, why not try the Springs?"

"Because they're worn out for such as us, Tom. Fact is, so many cockney pickpockets, and French *vale de chambres*, have walked off fortunes from Saratoga, that its fair convalescents fight as shy as woodcocks, and remain at the temperature of an icicle! unless you can warm them into a glow of disinterested affection by the production of a rent roll as long as my arm. Besides I have another reason for deciding on Rockaway. But come bustle, Tom, for the wagon will be at the door in less than no time."

O'Hara was one of those characters who always lead or drive in every thing; and who also inspire a confidence in their nudertaking they go through them so dashingly. Had the invitation come from any one else I might have begun to argue the point; but with him I knew this to be useless; and accordingly I threw a razor at my face, whipped all my *lady-killers* into a portmanteau, and in two hours afterwards we were whirling along the road for Rockaway in a handsome buggy and pair, driving tandem fashion, which, however, but little surprised me, as Phil was always in good odor with the keepers of livery stables. I may fairly add, and not without reason too, for at least a third of his income, (and on the whole Phil made both ends meet marvellously well,) went into their pockets.

When we got down upon the beach, and I felt the city languor dissipating from my system, and my heart exulting and bounding under the glorious influence of the sea-breeze, I rejoiced that my companion had chosen Rockaway for our advent in preference to the Springs. The reader has probably been at Rockaway—if not, he or she have yet to behold the most beautiful sea-beach in all this world; moreover, it is the very perfection of a bathing place; for there you have no mounds or gullies—no mouldering clayey hills to labor up or fall over, but all is a beautifully inclined plane covered with pebbles, white as the driven snow, close to the ocean's brim, so that, as in most other places where people go to luxuriate in briny ablutions—one has no vortex of muddy sand to wade through between the bath and the bathing house; and consequently escapes that improvement on the worst of the plagues of Egypt, a pedestrian pilgrimage in boots and stockings, half full of sea and sand, back to the hotel on the brow of the bluff.

We, of course, put up at the principal hotel; for when men have no money to lose, economy is of no use to them; and by dint of coaxing, flattering, and almost fighting, Phil succeeded in getting the promise (which was duly performed) of a couple of beds; though, as I subsequently learned, there were many that had been there before us who remained unprovided for in this respect, and had to content themselves with a "shake down" in the dining-room. The house indeed, was liberally crowded with visitors, principally from the south; and my worthy chum was thrown into an ecstasy by learning, that some of the heaviest heiresses in the States were amongst them.

"And now, Stapleton," said Phil as we were discussing a julap, "what is the exact state of your finances?"

"Why damn it, man, sure you know I'm almost penniless!"

"Ditto by Jupiter! Another julap leaves my purse as empty as a kettle drum!"

"The devil, O'Hara! and how came you to bring us into such a confounded scrape without telling me of your circumstances?"

"Because, Tom, if I had told you of them, you're so devilish fastidious and chicken-hearted, that I couldn't have got you into it at all!"

"But what are you up to, Phil? Nothing, I hope, that will get us into the States Prison?"

"Not if it's properly managed! Though, certainly, it might make some men feel a little nervous!"

I stared at my companion in quest of an elucidation of his mystery.

"Don't be alarmed, Tom, for I'm fearful I may have no opportunity of running any risk! But hush! it's he! No, it isn't. Yes, by the Lord Harry, it is. And now, Tom, be mad, be merry, or go hang yourself, for the game's in view and will soon be bagged!"

At this moment a number of gentlemen passed into the bar-room, and we, at a suggestion from Phil, passed out.

By and by that "tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell," assemble

the company in the great saloon, and O'Hara, who seemed unusually excited, kept his eye on a group of four or five persons, who seemed to be a family party, and secured seats for us both in close proximity with them, towards the head of the table.

"The little purblind rascal don't know me," whispered Phil.

"What rascal?" I enquired.

"Never mind, you'll know by and by, when I have opened his eyes a bit."

O'Hara sat on my left. On my right, was a pert, conceited, and rather vulgar-looking little personage. Opposite to him sat a large, fat, slobby lady, with a great pale face, and on her right hand was seated a tall, muscular and good-looking man, between youth and middle age. This latter had the countenance of a person of high breeding; but withal there seemed a sort of sleeping ferocity in it; and when he tried to smile, he could never get further than a sneer, which appeared to have more in it of bitterness than of pleasure. Besides these, there were two or three others who apparently belonged to the same "set."

During the dinner, my diminutive right hand man made a great fuss, and displayed a great deal of ignorant pomposity. He summoned a waiter every fifth or sixth second, somewhat after the fashion that one might whistle at a loafer dog. He pronounced everything on the table uneatable. He declared that Anthony Dey's veritable Madeira, twenty years old and five dollars a bottle, was mere vinegar in comparison with the worst he had at home in his own cellar. And he even ventured some general criticisms on the company present.

"Here, you fellow, (to a waiter) I asked for chicken, and you have brought me, I should say, the wing of a carrion crow! My dear, (to the fat lady,) you're not eating; but I don't wonder, for there's nothing half cooked, and every thing on the table's as tough as an old boot! Suppose you try a little fish my love! Here you, (to a flying waiter,) attend that lady! Sir John, (to the tall fierce looking animal,) I'll drink with you, though I wish the wine were more tolerable."

"It might be better," returned Sir John, but nevertheless, he tossed off his glass with an apparent relish.

"If he wasn't a baronet," whispered Phil to me, "I'd have set him down for a cut-throat."

"Sir John," continued the little man, "I suppose you have no such barbarous imitation of wine as this in England."

"Oh! yes, occasionally."

"Dear me, I'm astonished! I thought the Kings, Lords, and Commons wouldn't allow it. You should only taste my wine, Sir John, buried fifty years ago in one of my Southern estates! Ah! that's the stuff for trousers!"

The pale lady blushed and hung her head, Sir John sneered, Phil gave my unfortunate self a knuckle in the ribs, and my loquacious neighbor chattered away.

"I like a republican government in some things, Sir John; but in other things I can't say as I do. It aint the thing for men of property, Sir John! it mixes the classes so, and ruins good society! Ireland is something of a republic—isn't it, Sir John?"

"Not exactly, but it tends that way, I believe."

"Yes, yes, I've heard no kings live in it; and the common people, as I'm told, hang up all the upper classes. Ah, Sir John! I wish they would tolerate titles here, so as to separate the chaff from the corn. And so we will yet—see if we don't, Sir John!"

"God forbid!" said I, with an involuntary start.

"As things now are, Sir John," continued the little gentleman, not pretending to notice me, "one meets with such low people in one's travels, that it is quite disgusting. At watering places, or public hotels, for instance, families of fashion and distinction may have to sit in company with young men who probably shave or dance the tight-rope for a living!"

"Or mark billiards," muttered O'Hara under his teeth.

"Shall I slap him in the face, Phil?" said I.

"Be cool, Tom, and I'll give you your revenge in a moment."

"However, Sir John," said the little man, "it is only in the North one runs the risk of vulgar associations! In the South—in Virginia, for instance, where I principally reside on the largest of my plantations—every degree keeps by itself."

"Speaking of Virginia, sir," said O'Hara, in a counterfeited tone of voice, and keeping his face out of sight, "perhaps you know something of the celebrated Dr. Delaree, who lately emigrated to that State?"

The little man, who was at this moment conveying a tit-bit of nut-ton to his mouth, fairly thrust it into his eye, and crimsoned all over; while the pale lady who had blushed before, now became cadaverous.

"Sir, if it is me you are addressing," returned my friend on the right, "I would say that I am acquainted with no such person."

"That's singular, rejoined O'Hara, "for he made a powerful sensation in the North; and something better than that again, by his peculiar mode of treating cancers in the stomach!—to say nothing touching his genius in the mysterious art of bill sticking!"

The fat lady barely suppressed a scream; the little man sat stock still for a couple of minutes, as if my comrade's words had convert-

ed him into a pillar of salt; and then perceiving the people were beginning to leave the table, he made a brief apology to his wife and Sir John, and retired, nudging O'Hara in the back as he passed.

Phil was soon after him, and I, by request, after Phil; until O'Hara brought up the Doctor with a slap on the back, when I stopped within ear shot distance.

"We're far enough, now," said O'Hara, "what do you want with me?"

"I don't want you at all," returned the Doctor.

"You lie, Dick Dempsey—you want to beg of me not to expose you! and if you don't confess it at once, I'll return to the table and sing your adventures in a ballad."

"Don't—don't, O'Hara, for heaven's sake: I was only joking.—How are you, my dear fellow? Why, I'm so happy to see you!"

"I know you are, Dick; just about as happy to see me, as you'd be to see the devil! Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"Let me think. No, Phil—not a word, that I know of!"

"Let me refresh your memory! What do you think of disbursing those hundred dollars you owe me?"

"A hundred was it—surely that's a mistake—when—how!"

"When and how?" exclaimed O'Hara. "Why, when you were selling Dr. Delaree's infallible specific for the cure of Liver Com—"

"Hush! hush! for mercy's sake, and I'll pay it once," groaned the little man, clapping his hand on Phil's mouth; and the following instant a well lined wallet was produced, and O'Hara deposited something in his vest pocket.

"Now, my dear old friend," recommenced O'Hara, "I'm going to place myself under an everlasting obligation to you."

"Fo—fo—fo—for what, O'Hara?" returned the Doctor.

"For the loan of four hundred dollars, my dear sir, which I'm sadly in want of, for a month or two!"

"Po—po—pon my honor, O'Hara, I haven't got the half of it with me."

"Well, Dick, I tell you what I'll do—I'll take the half of what you have in your wallet, and cry quits!"

"Mr. O'Hara!" exclaimed the little man, stamping on the ground and looking fierce, "I won't be imposed on."

"Here's gratitude," retorted Phil, "when if I only told what I know among your matrimonial relations, so sure as they'd catch you in the state of Virginia, so sure they'd ride you out again on a rail."

"Let the loan be two, O'Hara!"

"Not a penny less than four! And sure won't I pay you with interest in a month or two, when I've married an heiress that's preparing to run off with me!"

"I swear I won't advance another dollar."

"Faith you will, Dick," answered the tormenter; "and if it were four thousand instead of four hundred, you'd advance it rather than that the bone of your bone should know any thing about the bill sticking."

"D—n you, O'Hara, there they are, and let me have your note at six months!" exclaimed poor Dempsey, making another disbursement from his wallet; "but," he continued, in the bitterness of his spirit, "I have a mind to tell my friend Sir John, who would know how to revenge this insult."

"I tell you what I'll do," said Phil, smiling, "add another hundred to make the note the lucky five, and as big and fierce looking as is your worthy friend Sir John, I'll engage, or forfeit all, to pull his nose for him before he's five minutes older. And indeed, even as the case stands, I have a mind to do it on my own account, for some of those hang-gallows sneers the fellow favored me with at the dinner table."

At this point, O'Hara wrote a promissory note with a pencil, and presented it to his victim.

"Here, Dick, if I marry the heiress, I'll pay you. If not, I'm afraid you will have to increase the loan. And now go and congratulate yourself on your efforts to cheat an old friend out of a hundred dollars!"

"One word more," said the doctor. "You'll keep my secret—at least, while I'm here."

"And henceforth and forever."

"Will you swear it?"

"When did you every know me to break my word?"

"I'm satisfied," said the doctor, and he vanished.

"I attempted when the learned M. D. had made himself scarce to remonstrate with O'Hara on his want of conscience; but, as the phrase goes, I might as well have whistled a jig to a milestone, under the idea that it would get up and dance to it."

"Conscience, and the rascal worth ten thousand a year!" exclaimed Phil, "while I have scarcely a feather to fly with! Conscience with a fellow that metamorphized me into a bill sticker, and never disbursed the price of the paste! By Jove I think I would have let him off light at a cent less than five thousand. Besides, you know he owes me every thing! Had I not dubbed him doctor, he could never have cured that cancer in the stomach, and would now, forty to one, be digging out stone on Blackwell's Island!"

O'Hara was now death on the fortunes and heiresses, and it was wonderful to see how well he got on among them. Before the close



of the first day he was all in all with a brisk young widow from Louisiana; on the following morning he began to divide his attention between her and a bouncing full-blooded girl from Kentucky;—an, a little blue-eyed sylph from the West secured a corner in his affections; and before noon he had compelled his friend, the doctor, to introduce him as a young man of high birth and expectations, to a blooming Virginian who was reputed to have a dowry worth a king's ransom. Thus, in less than twenty-four hours from our arrival, Master Phil had provided himself with no less than four golden strings to his bow!

I am here going to record an incident which will doubtlessly be remembered by many readers. Leaving Phil between the Virginian and the widow, who seemed to be fighting for him, I took a stroll before dinner back into the country. The day was bright, warm, and glorious, but sufficiently breezy to be comfortable; and all the boarders were abroad, the majority sauntering in groups, but many of them *solitaires* like myself. Choosing a bye-road, I proceeded briskly along, and soon distanced all my fellow-ruralists by nearly half a furlong, with the exception of a young lady, who was still a little a-head, and reading as she walked. Now, this young lady was formed like a fountain nymph, and had a remarkably handsome foot and ankle—things than which there is nothing more attractive to a bachelor's eye under the broad heavens. I lingered in my step to the end of gazing my full on Nature's masterpiece, in one of the most perfect of its specimens; but still I gained on the fair wanderer until

I was within a very few paces of her, when she obliqued from the right-hand toe-path, for the purpose, apparently, of entering a green lane which opened from the left. As I was in the centre of the road this increased our proximity; but the lady continued her course without appearing to notice my presence. Scarcely, however, had she came in front of the lane than she uttered a shriek of terror, and stood stock still, while at the same instant a huge mastiff dog, foaming with hydrophobia, rushed at her with a howl of agony. Had I a moment for reflection, or any weapon about me, the lady might have become a victim. As it was, I had nothing for it but to rush madly forward in the headlong career of a natural impulse, and to throw myself astride of the monster, grasping him like grim death by the throat. By this time his hideous muzzle was within half a foot of the fair stranger, and her dress was even bespattered by the foam of his madness. But how shall I describe the exertions of the tortured brute to free himself from his manacle. Even now my flesh creeps with the memory of them. At one moment he felt as if he were swelling, and about to burst under me; anon, it would seem as if he were actually turning in his skin. The strength of his raging madness, indeed, was equal to that of a wild bull. But what may not a weak man do in a strong necessity. My nerves had become iron—my grasp that of a giant; and I even exulted in my position as I felt confident of being able to maintain the advantage. Meanwhile, the lady remained motionless for a few moments, and then tottered backwards, as if about to faint; but instantly, her eye brightened, and



flashed fire—the blood which had retreated to her heart rushed into her pallid cheek, and she again advanced.

"For God's sake, madam," I exclaimed, "keep back!"

"Not so, most opportune knight errant," she returned, at the same time withdrawing a filmy scarf from her shoulders, "for I think I can help you."

And thereon, and in spite of my entreaties—for I trembled for her sake—the brave girl began to wind the scarf around the dog's neck. This additional resistance increased his exertions and his strength, while apprehension for the stranger's safety seemed to reduce mine. My confidence was shaken. I glanced around to see if succor was near, when mine eyes caught sight of a gully of salt water within half a perch. This at once resolved me what to do; so, dragging the writhing monster to the edge of the gully, I leaped in, increasing the deadly clutch of my fingers in the descent; but notwithstanding, the cry of terror sent forth by the poor animal at sight of the hated element, was heard almost at the distance of a furlong. Gods, then in earnest commenced the struggle for life and death. The exertions and the rabid pangs of the drowning wretch were tremendous. He fairly twisted himself from under my legs, and brought me to my knee; nay, at one instant I felt his foamy lip upon my wrist—and, notwithstanding the excitement of the moment, my heart stood still with horror. But the struggle was soon over. After the last fearful effort to free himself his strength declined apace, and in another minute his agonies were over, and he lay dead in my

grasp. He died so suddenly indeed, that I think that in his writhings he had burst some important blood vessel.

When I extricated myself from the ditch, I discovered that several persons had arrived, and that the fair stranger was in a swoon. I enquired her name, and was informed that it was Lucy Livingston.

## CHAPTER VII.

My comrade did not show himself in our mutual bedchamber until past two o'clock in the morning; yet when I awoke at seven, and after about as many hours' sleep, he was among the missing. In a few minutes, however, he entered with a jug of milk punch in his hand, and muttering half aloud,

"It's awful what a man has to suffer for his sins in this wicked world! I had to turn half highwayman in order to coax a fair loan out of an old friend; and here, I couldn't even get a pint of pure milk, without kissing a dutch dairy maid that's as soft and as shapeless as a tub of her own butter!"

"Why, you might have had milk at the bar, man," said I.

"Ha!—you awake, master Fortunatus! Yes, Tom, I might have had milk at the bar, but not without a certain artificial embellishment which I never patronize myself, and a cow in the neighborhood! In all conscience there's water enough in the brandy."

"And so you kiss'd it first proof out of the dairy maid."

"Kiss'd! By the lord! The kissing was only the priming; I hadn't I to promise to go bundling with her after the regular Dutc

fashion before she'd disburse a drop of it! But tell us, Tom, now that I have you a moment to myself from old Livingston and the rest of the mock nobility, was that affair of yesterday a real, downright accidental adventure? or did you, in the first place, bring it about by setting the dog at the lady?"

"Why now, Phil, sure you couldnt suspect me?"

"No, Tom, in troth I couldn't, for you're too great a booby to think of any thing so gloriously original! Gads! what a hay-making time it would be for bachelors were all the dogs to take the hydrophobia, and proper opportunities for running at wealthy young heiresses."

"You speak of the affair, O'Hara, as if I might derive any personal advantage from it."

"Hear the fellow! Why, man, she's the prettiest girl at Rockaway by a score to a dozen; has a gold mine or two for a dowry; and is only waiting for you to whistle her out of the Spinster's Brigade."

"Pooh, man! she's above my mark!"

"And so she ought to be, or any girl of spirit, after making such a plebian admission! Above your mark! If I were only in your boots, I'd hunt up a parson and marry her before sun-down."

"And what would the girl be doing, Phil?"

"Just whatever I'd like to ask her! Jupiter, boy, how deep she's in love with you! and how she did keep stealing side-long looks of 'O, Tom, won't you ask me to marry you?' at that Miss-in-her-teens phiz of yours all the afternoon! In fact, man, there's nothing in the way but the old woman; for if you only tell Anthony, that you're a true Democrat, on the true Jeffersonian principles, he'll give you Lucy in less than no time, if it was only for the purpose of increasing the stock!"

"For shame, Phil, to speak so of Miss Livingston!"

"Nay, ohum, I forgot your position, and that henceforth Lucy Livingston is Tom Stapleton's battle cry! But as I was saying, the mother's the devil incarnate after the *haut ton*;—especially if its transatlantic; so that I had to manage my cards accordingly, or we'd have lost the game. After a little conversation about titles, dignities, and so forth, says she to me, 'The O'Hara's, I believe, are an Irish family of distinction!' 'Second to none in the kingdom, Madam,' said I. 'Were you acquainted with any of the titles, sir?' said she. 'With at least two-thirds of the whole of them, Madam,' said I. 'Indeed?' said she, looking honey-combs at me. 'Yes, Madam,' said I, 'though I must confess the honor came to me rather second hand, as I was introduced to them while making a tour of the empire, with my Uncle, the Earl of Mount-Cashel!' You should only have seen her, Tom, when I spoke of my noble relative! I was really afraid the old lady was going down on her marrow bones to worship me!"

"O Phil! Phil! you are too bad."

"Too bad! Why, Tom Stapleton, would you have had me say or do any thing that was suggestive of *bill-sticking*, and Antony's Champagne, scarcely a whit inferior to the nectar of the gods? to say nothing of you and the heiress? But even that was not the worst of it, for when I had established my own character, the old lady asked me about yours."

"And you told her the truth I hope and trust!"

"I'd have seen you both hanged first! What! the Earl of Mount-Cashel's nephew playing high fellow well met, with the beggarly denizen of a hole in the wall three stories up!—a fellow who cleans his own boots, and is sometimes suspected of not paying for them! Not I, faith—I knew a trick worth two of it—I had more respect, boy, for the excellent old proverb which informs us that 'a man is known by his company!'"

"Well, well—but hang it, Phil, I trust you gave me no title!"

"At all events! I haven't as yet; though I certainly was on the point of announcing you as my uncle's son and heir—Lord Mount-Cashel by courtesy! However, on reflection, I acknowledged you merely as a brief steamboat acquaintance; but fatimated that I believed you were a scion of the noble house of Pembroke."

"The devil Pembroke you!"

"Amen! if he'll throw in the fortune of the family. But come, here's to Lucy, not forgetting the dairy maid! And now, Tom, let's brush up for breakfast."

"And accordingly I fell too at my toilet, and somehow I found it more than usually difficult to bring it to a conclusion. I tried one waist-coat, then another, then another, and returned to the first, pettishly. I tortured my unfortunate hair into half a dozen fashions, and concluded by letting it take the bent of its own genius; and I practised as many attitudes at the glass as if I had been preparing to appear at old Drury as one of the Gladiators."

"I see you're in for it, spooney," observed my friend.

"In for what?"

"The heart's cholic, boy—the shaft of the blind markman that sets one's brains a wool gathering, and leaves a poisoned puncture behind it, which men call love!"

"No such thing, Phil; devil a bit of it."

"Tut, man! don't I see and hear it! The corner of your eyes, Tom, have caught the verdigrass fever already; and the way your heart goes thumping against your ribs is proof sufficient that you

blood is at fever heat, and raging about like the seven tides in the Bay of Biscay!"

"Well, have it your own way. But say, Phil, how do I show off?"

"Just like a stuffed figure in a tailor's showcase. Had you sacrificed as much to the graces, yesterday, Tom, you'd never have conquered the mastiff!"

"Hang it," said I, "I believe I do look too stiff!"

"Not a jot," returned Phil, "I was only joking. In fact, Tom, you look so much like a gentleman that a casual observer might suspect you had paid for your very coat! By the way, is it a Frost or a Wheeler?"

"A Wheeler."

"I might have known as much by the force of sympathy. Ah, Tom, that Wheeler's the common father and patron of half the young men about town; though we sometimes serve him scurvily enough. Did you ever hear how he was treated by our friend P?"

"No."

"Why, after dunning P. by proxy for a couple of years he called himself with the bill, and found the delinquent on the City Hotel steps, among a number of his cronies. 'Mr. P.," said Wheeler, 'I'm astonished that you give me so much trouble about that little account. Pray when do you mean to settle it?' 'Hah!' returned P., looking enquiringly at the intruder, 'You are Mr. — Mr. — Hang me if I can remember for the life of me! Pray, sir, will you be so kind as to favor me with your name?' 'My name!' exclaimed the astonished Prince of Coat Cutters, 'you knew it well enough once Mr. P. My name, sir, is Wheeler!' 'Wheeler!—Wheeler!' drawled forth P., reflectively, and proceeding very leisurely to pick his teeth by way of assisting his recollection. 'Ah, now I believe I remember! You are, if I mistake not, a confectioner, or a tailor, or something of that sort?' 'Sir, I am Wheeler, the tailor; the unfortunate individual who made the coat you've got on your back!' 'For the which,' answered P., 'I have no doubt it is at this moment laughing in its sleeve at you! But jesting apart, the fact is, my dear sir, that whenever I am prepared to commence the labors of liquidation, I intend to go through the roll alphabetically, and as Wheeler is unfortunately among the W's, it is apparent that some time must elapse before it will come to your turn!' Such a cool affront naturally froze up the hinges of poor Wheeler's tongue, and compelled him to an inglorious retreat. But tradition says that on his return home he laughed himself into such a good humor on the strength of his adventure, that he sent a polite note to P., and trusted him with another suit for the joke sake."

I have spared the reader any account of the abundance of the thanks and tears that were showered and shed on me by the elder Livingstons on the day previous; and which were this morning renewed in a milder form. Such scenes are, I should say, interesting to no one; and least of all to the honored individual who chances to be the unhappy victim of them. Saving a beautiful girl from the fangs of a rabid dog is, doubtlessly, a very pleasant pastime, especially to an unmarried man—and yet more especially if the girl be an heiress—but Heavens help the deliver, if he finds himself immediately afterwards in the hands of her fond parents, and enduring the hugs and tears—kisses inclusive—of half-a-score of fat aunts, blubbery nurses, and snuff-taking grandmothers. To add to my torments, my worthy chum stood laughing at me as I was passing through the gauntlet. But, nevertheless, I bore every thing with the fortitude of a martyr, and came out of the excruciating ordeal covered with laurels.

My new made acquaintances had formed themselves with others of the boarders into a set of exclusives, who walked together, talked together, bathed together, sat together at table, and affected to treat all the other sojourners of the house with coolness, if not with actual contempt. Into this set Dempsy and his wife had wormed themselves, through the interest of the baronet, and O'Hara and myself were admitted as honorary members; but less, I am thinking, because of the dog adventure, than in reference to "our noble relatives," the Mount Cashels, and Pembrokes. Apart however, from the pleasure of being near Miss Livingston, this society had no charm for me. It had all the assumptions of a privileged aristocracy, without any of its ease or confidence. Its members, conscious of the a smell of the shop, and wishing to disguise it, were mostly mounted on stilts, from which they rarely descended. Neither was their affectation of high life redeemed by wit, education, or knowledge of the world; for, in the main, they were silly, stupid, and ignorant, whether of books or things; albeit their conversation was liberally embellished with slip slop allusion to the fine arts, poetry, the drama, et cetera, which, as I subsequently learned, was to be attributed to a practice they had of schooling themselves in certain fashionable foreign novels, that ridiculously enough assume to be the mirrors and models of the *haut ton*. In their favor be it remarked, that it was this bungling imitation of an unnatural and tottering class which made them show forth to so little advantage; for I found several of my elite friends, whom I had set down as hopeless simpletons in the *coterie*, persons of much shrewdness and general intelligence when out of it, and off their guard. I say off their guard—because this general intelligence—as it might seem to indicate commercial pursuits—was, unless by accident, sedulously kept in the back ground. I have frequently heard it charged against Americans, that they never leave the shop behind

but only let any of our enemies get among a *coterie* of our retired merchants and their wives and daughters, at one of our fashionable watering places, and if he hears them allude to the shop, I will give him full permission to filip Tom Stapleton with a three man beetle. In fact, as a general rule, they hate the shop—despise the shop—cannot endure the least allusion to the shop; the ladder which they mounted to fortune on is not only kicked down, but carefully buried from their sight; and if there is any one thing in the world which troubles them more than another, it is the glorious fact that in our republican country the practical man of business is, to say the least of him, as influential and honorable a member of society as any of themselves.

"Our set" consisted of about twenty persons; but there were different grades in it—each family occupying a station in accordance with its reputed wealth—which left two middle-aged virgins—not quite as ugly as sin, but certainly as consequential as Lucifer—in possession of the throne. These two vestals were enormously wealthy, and they let every one know it. They were the daughters of a retired and deceased crockery merchant, who in his early days had carried his stock in trade in a hand basket; but this they let nobody know; and would not, I am persuaded, have done so of their own accord, if the information were to have exalted their departed progenitor from the prison-house mentioned by the ghost in Hamlet, up to the apex of the seventh heaven. Our set entertained a general contempt for Americans, as the word seemed to them to be associated with an idea of agrarianism; but on foreigners they were as sweet as honey; indeed, if any foreigner chanced, unfortunately for himself, to have the slightest aristocratic appendage to his name, he was instantly made prisoner of war, and installed in the seat of honor, there to be imitated and worshipped by the whole group.

Hence, Sir John was a great man with the *clique*, which I could see he laughed at in his sleeve; but the principal victim was a young spooney-looking Cockney, with pea-green eyes, and yellow moustaches, who called himself the Honorable Arthur Fitz Roy.

As for myself, I believe I managed my cards tolerably well amongst my fashionable friends; but Phil soon ceased to be a favorite; which was principally owing to the villain's propensity for joking; for, from the moment that he discovered that the slightest allusion to the early avocations of the various members of the *coterie* was regarded with a species of horror, he seldom lost an opportunity of inflicting them. But he was held in more than common aversion by the Misses Winterbottoms—the crockery ladies—for referring to them a disputed question respecting the pattern of a China tea-pot, which annoyed them so much, that they discountenanced him altogether, and used their influence to have him ousted from the set.

It was little, however, that Phil cared for this—for what he lost in the favor of the *elite*, he amply made up for in the good graces of the rest of the company, with whom he was the "white-headed boy," and who regarded the exclusives with feelings of jealousy and dislike, and gloried in any thing that tended to their mortification. The Misses Winterbottoms, too, by reason of their great wealth, and ridiculous assumptions, were their particular antipathies; so that O'Hara's affair with these golden vestals regarding the tea-pot, had exalted him to an enviable pitch in the estimation of the republican party. Besides, he had his hands full with certain fair ladies already mentioned, each of whom he wooed after her own humor. For instance, with the buxom Widow he was all life and manhood, taking care to bring the faultless turn of his leg, and the powerful action of his nerves and his muscles under her notice on all favorable occasions. With the bouncing Kentucky girl he romped, and jumped, and succeeded to a nicety in showing off a half horse, half alligator. To the blue-eyed Western Sylph, who was a votaress of the muses, he lisped quotations from the amatory poets, and discoursed of bowers and zephyrs, and love among the roses. And thus, he suited the tastes of each, and was an object of devotion—nearly of cap-pulling to all of them for his pains.

I may as well remark here *en passant*, that O'Hara soon discovered—perhaps by sympathy, or, as it might now be called, animal magnetism—that Mr. Dempsey's protegee, the Virginian heiress, was herself on a matrimonial speculation, and had no fortune other than her nerve and her beauty, assisted by the worthy physician's well digested insinuations. It is to be added that she made no Benedict at Rockaway, but succeeded in so doing at a later period and another place, the particulars of which may be given hereafter.

One afternoon, we "the exclusives" were at desert and small talk; the former excellent, the latter just about as silly as language and a plentiful lack of ideas, &c. could make it—notwithstanding even my comrade's occasional shots between wind and water. But as sorrow loves company, I will inflict my gentle readers with a specimen, so that they may judge for themselves.

"Oh! Henrietta!" said the elder Miss Winterbottom, in a tolerably loud voice so that every person in the neighborhood might be aware of the important fact that she was conversing with an "Honorable." "Oh! Henrietta! what do you think?—the honorable Mr. Fitzroy informs me that he has waltzed with the queen of England!"

"Dear me, how delightful; how I should like to have been there," returned Henrietta.

"Her majesty's waltzing's quite peccoler," lisped the sprig of no-

than Windsor Castle.

"I have heard that she was a very peccoler woman," replied Miss Winterbottom, who now took it for granted that such was the aristocratic method of pronouncing the italicized word.

"Quite so; but still a chawming person," rejoined Fitzroy. "Fitz Woy," said she to me after we had gone the wound of the woom twenty times, 'you're a most hawbylle kweature to dwag me about in such a hawful manner.' 'You made me feel as if I was flying, your majesty,' said I, 'for you waltz with the gwace of a faiwey.' 'O! Fitzwoy,' said she, 'that's too good; but let's go to the weweshment woom.' So in we went, and her majesty ate an ice kweam, and dwank a little weak bwandy and water."

"Why, does the queen drink brandy and water?"

"Always after waltzing. It's recommended by her physician!"

"I have heard so before," observed Henrietta.

And on the same evening, in the heat of the "Hop," for we had a dance, so called, twice or three times a week at Rockaway, both ladies evidenced their approbation of the royal taste, by preferring a dash of Cogniac in a glass of the liquid element, to wine negus.

"Sir," said O'Hara, "it is popularly reported that the difference between the 'blood royal' and all the other blood is, that the former is of a deep purple, while the latter is red. Is that a fact?"

"I have never heard contwadieted—and pwesume it's the case!" answered Fitzroy.

"Who is your favorite poet, Mr. Shipley?" enquired Mrs. Livingston of a starch'd up, smockedfaced exquisite on my left, who had his eye fixed sentimentally on the ceiling, as if he were sitting for his picture, and wished to be taken in an intellectual attitude.

"Lord Beeron, meedem," answered Smockface, in a voice that made one suppose he might be slightly affected with the lockjaw, and thereby unable to give his words full measure.

"O! Mr. Shipley, and he such a ferocious character!"

"Meedem, that's why I glory in him. I like ferocity, and living among high mountains, and being hated by the world and all that! In fact, my friends tell me that my whole nature is decidedly Beeronic."

"Bywon was a great witer, no doubt," observed Fitzroy; "bu give me Pierce Egan. That's the wemarkable man."

"Beeron for me!" exclaimed Smockface.

"And Pierce Egan for me," simpered Miss Winterbottom, to which she added, "I think, Mr. Fitzroy, he writes chiefly for the annuals."

"You are vewy cowect, madam," returned the honorable, though at the same time he looked as if he wasn't very clear as to what the annuals meant.

"O! I remember the name now—he's a sweet poet," observed Henrietta, whose leading characteristic it was never to admit ignorance in any thing.

"And vewy gwand and womantic, especially in hoss waces, and the pwize wing," added Fitzroy.

"He's not the author of the House that Jack Built, as was rumored!—is he, sir?" enquired O'Hara.

"Can't say exactly, but have heard it attwibuted to him," replied the erudite scion of a noble house.

"I must continue to advocate the claims of my Beeron," said Smockface; "he fills one's soul with such extatic visions of gloom and horror! Beside, his noble sentiments, and pathetic abhorrence of mankind, keeps one so much apart from the vulgar!"

"There is certainly some advantage in that," remarked Lucy's mamma. "Don't you think so, Mr. O'Hara?"

"Decidedly, madam," returned Phil, "more particularly as there appears to be no mode of avoiding the connection! For instance, I recently met, and made a companion of a fashionable looking young fellow at the springs, whom I subsequently discovered to be a common bill poster!"

Mrs. Livingston, (in a species of scream)—"a what?"

"A bill poster, madam!—a sticker-up of placards against dead walls and such places."

"O! shocking!"

"It's awful madam—but the truth nevertheless, and my friend Mr. Dempsey can bear witness to it."

Poor Dempsey, however, instead of putting himself forward to bear witness to it, thrust half an apple down his throat, as if with suicidal intentions, and almost took the road after his forefathers in a mingled fit of suffocation, and mental horror.

"It's a shame there is no law to punish such audacious scoundrelism," advanced a rather antiquated, stiff, and vulgar-looking, but extremely dandified person, who sat opposite Phil, and who in early life had been eminent as a tailor, and made a fortune by three successful failures. This person had rendered himself rather obnoxious to myself, and Phil, by reason of sundry sly hints, which we understood he had ventured to the effect that we were a couple of Jeremy Diddlers; "It's a pity there is no law to punish such audacious scoundrelism," advanced this person.

"They almost deserve hanging, sir," said Phil.

"I entirely agree with you, sir," returned the tailor, for by "edging themselves, accidentally or otherwise, into our best society, they make it, as it were, a sort of heterogeneous mass."

"Like a many colored bunch of tailor's leavings, in fact," said O'Hara.

The deadly enemy of all the Jeremys having been in no very good humor before, this wicked allusion stirred him into wrath, and he replied tartly,

"For myself, I suspect all strangers, sir,—all! But more especially those whom I meet at places of public resort!"

"It's well and wisely done," retorted Phil, "as at such places one runs the risk of being thrown into occasional colloquies with persons who may have made one's breeches, or even plundered their creditors!"

The tailor's only reply was a verdigris blush that passed rapidly over his sallow visage; but Phil, whom he had deeply nettled by some malignant insinuations, determined he should not escape so easily: therefore after the lapse of a minute or so, he addressed him,

"Sir, you may pride yourself on wearing the best fitted coat in the company. May I be so presumptuous as to ask you who made it?"

"Darley, sir! Darley of Broad street!" answered the would-be aristocrat, in a tone of much pomposity.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Phil, "and the wager is mine."

"What wager, sir, if I may in inquire?" said the retired tailor.

"Why, sir," returned O'Hara, in a tolerably loud voice, "my friend Stapleton and I have had a dispute about your coat! I pronounced it a Darley, or a St. John; but he, strong in his ignorance, wagered me a Leary hat that it was one of *your own cut*!"

The effect on the poor tailor was prodigious; but it was brief. He sprang from his chair, seized his plate with the full intention of hurling it at O'Hara's head, but instantly again changed his mind, laid down his weapon, and left the table.

"That will be a match of 'pistols and coffee for two,' thought I; but I was mistaken; for on getting out into the open air, the worthy tailor gave vent to his indignation by kicking his black servant. And so begun and ended the quarrel.

Let no member of the craft so ungraciously dealt with above, imagine that myself or my friend intended to insult it. Far be the suspicion from us. Indeed we were both marvellously indebted to it; and one of the greatest offences which Mr. — had committed in our sight, was his affected contempt of an honorable fraternity, for which we, as in duty bound, entertained feelings of sincere respect, gratitude and admiration.

Meanwhile the general conversation progressed.

"Mr. Stapleton," said Mr. Livingston, as the latter luckless individual was stealing a three corner glance at Lucy, who, for her part, appeared to have no eyes for any thing but a plate of almonds and raisins, which she was discussing with a great deal of apparent interest. "Mr. Stapleton, the time has arrived when every man, sir, must be a politician; must buckle on the armor of his country, sir, and fight for its institutions! And as I have always said and maintained, when called upon to express my opinions on the subject, the principles of a Jefferson, sir, is the only rock wherein the stripes and stars and the American eagle can find a safe anchorage."

"Your argument amounts to an axiom, sir," said I, at the same time wondering what Jefferson's opinions happened to be about, and admiring Mr. L.'s original figure touching the anchorage of a "banner and a bird." He continued:

"Sir, the great fiscal institution of our country is a many-headed hydra, always on the watch with its thousand mouths for whom it may devour. Its eyes, sir, are the eyes of a rattlesnake or a bazilisk, and the people are the little birds that are fascinated. Its tail, sir, is the flail of destruction that is thrashing the people out of their substance, and leaving nothing but chaff behind it. And, sir, its stomach, its very bowels, is the maelstrom of the people's substance, and will soon be the grave of the people's liberties; if, with the aid of the principles of a Jefferson, we do not crush him under our heel."

Here the worthy orator closed his eyes and fell back in his chair; apparently wondering why such an outburst of eloquence was not greeted with three rounds of enthusiastic applause.

"Tom," whispered O'Hara to me, "I see you're in a purgatory; but never mind, Lucy's the redemption; so go it strong on the Jefferson principle."

"Poetry is a passion with me," observed Smockface, "but statuary and the fine arts are also objects of my fond idolatry."

"And of mine," said Henrietta.

"And of mine, too, and of all persons of polish," exclaimed Miss Winterbottom in a rhapsody, "Don't you think so, Mr. Fitzroy?"

"Most religiously, madam!"

"They flourish in England of course, sir?"

"Yes, madam, in a most remarkable and triumphant degree!"

"Which is your favorite sculptor, sir?" inquired O'Hara. "Canova or Paganini?"

"Paganini, I should wather say, though public opinion is divided!" replied the cockney at a venture.

"I thought Paganini was only a fiddler!" remarked Mrs. Livingston.

"Oh, he is equally celebated in both bwanches, madam," returned the Honorable Mr. Fitzroy, with infinite coolness.

Now it so happened that there was one thing, and one thing alone, about the Hotel at Rockaway that was open to censure, and this was

the table service; which, owing doubtlessly to breakages from time to time, consisted of the remnants of a great number of sets, so that, (I mention the case by way of illustration of the sufferings thus imposed on us,) I might be dining off a blue plate, and my right or left hand neighbor on a brown or green one. I cannot say that any loss of appetite was the consequence; nor had I heard any censorious remarks made on the subject, even by the aristocracy, previous to those I am about to note. Perceiving that his American friends were very hard on their own country, the Honorable Arthur Fitz Roy occasionally indulged himself in a witty rap or two at our habits and manners, which were sure to be responded to by Smockface, the Winterbottoms, and two or three others. He had already, on the present day, been very pleasant on our absurd customs of eating eggs out of tumblers—driving on the right side of the road, and so forth, when he remarked with a sneer—"And here is another thing that wouldn't be tollewated in any hinn or otel in 'ne hiles of Gweat Bwitamin: this here placing of plates and things of diffewent pattewens on the same table!"

"I must say it is very ungenteel and extraordinary," said Miss Winterbottom.

"Positively shameful!" simpered Henrietta.

"I have frequently said so," added Smockface.

"It would be considered outrageously widiculous and ill bwed in my countwy," continued Fitz Roy. "But then to he sure our nobility and gentry never wun any wisks, as they always make it a point to bwing their own china and silver along with them, when they go a wuralising!"

It was remarked that Miss Winterbottom gave a sudden start when she heard this announcement, and that she retired almost immediately afterwards; though it was her usual custom to sit and learn, so long as the Honorable Mr. Fitz Roy seemed willing to teach. Soon afterwards it was rumored that the scion of nobility was going to New York for a couple of days on private business, and that he would be the bearer of an epistle, from the Misses Winterbottom to their establishment in the city, directing that certain articles of silver and china ware should be sent to them at Rockaway forthwith. This was of course for display; and to the end of making all the rest of the company, not even forgetting the *clique*, hide their diminished heads!

Well, that day wore away without any other incident to distinguish it, further than that I noticed something very mysterious, and of a business character in my comrade's department. I also heard him in high conference with a countryman of his own, one Barney Murphy, a gentleman that has to flourish largely in the following pages; and who, at this stage of my autobiography, was a sort of off-and-on servant of the Livingstons; less, however, for any domestic purposes than as a political telegraph, and pioneer to old Anthony. Whatever Phil and his compatriot were about the arrangement was concluded when I entered the room, and I only heard the fag end of their conversation; which ran as follows:

"Oh, bad luck to you, Misther O'Hara, you're the divil," said Barney, "but it's the way wid all ov your name!"

"Mind you don't bungle it, Barney."

"Oh, both-rashin!—sure, Bloodinages! if it was makin an Ald-herman I wouldn't bungle it, laivin alone takin the shine out ov an owld maid."

"What about old maids?" said I, as I entered the room.

"The divil a much good any way, wherever they are!" answered Barney, and off he went, leaving Phil in a kink of laughter at the idea of some mischief a-head, the nature of which all my ingenuity could not work out of him; and, (as he never entered into an explanation,) if it does not find a solution in the sequel of this chapter, I remain ignorant as to the cause of his merriment to this day.

At ten o'clock the following morning a light wagon arrived, bearing a small crate directed to the Misses Winterbottom, and with the following injunction on a large card, "Be careful, and keep this side up." Under the directions of the Misses W., (who were dressed up as if for some peculiarly important occasion,) this crate was deposited, (for obvious reasons,) right in front of the hotel, and at least half a perch from the steps, so as to afford an unbroken view to the loiterers above. A large table and sundry baskets were then brought out, whereon, and in, to display the glittering treasures of plate and china. Meanwhile there was a great commotion in doors; a rumor (seemingly without tongues) pervaded the house, that it was worth while to go out on the balcony to see what was to be seen. No one knew where this rumor originated! or what it was about! or whether they *heard* or *felt* it! but still they followed its suggestions, so that in a few minutes, full three hundred anxious individuals were looking out; and as there was no other object to attract their attention, their eyes naturally rested on the little crate, the large table—baskets inclusive—and the two well-dressed ladies, who were in a state of great excitement as they gave directions about drawing nails, cutting cords, and other matters connected with their forthcoming triumph. And greatly did the Miss Crockerries rejoice at the sensation they were creating, and the many eyes they would dazzle; they little knew that out of the three hundred persons who were gazing down on them and their's, at least two hundred and eighty—whether out of feelings of envy, dislike, carelessness or republicanism—would have



turned from their aristocratic display, had it not been for the mysterious undefinable rumor, or rather pervasion, which seemed to promise more sport to them, than glory to the opposition.

At last the cover of the crate and a lair of straw were removed; but no treasure was visible. Another lair followed; but still nothing but straw hailed in sight. But while the third lair was in the act of being withdrawn, a slight clatter was heard. "Hold! hold! your hand," cried Miss Winterbottom to the servant, in a state of great agitation, "I fear there's something broken!" "Oh! dear, how dreadful!" exclaimed Miss Henrietta. Whereon the servant stood gaping, and holding an armfull of straw like a canopy over the grate. Then there were a few moments of immense trepidation, excitement, and suspense. Anon, as if by mutual consent, the two dexter hands of the fair ladies went down deep, deep, into the straw, and under cover of the canopy. Anon, again, they were observed to rise slowly, but with an affectation of much grace. At that instant the servant drew back to give his mistresses fair play for a flourish; and at the same moment the hands heaved into sight, each with an ap-



But how fared the poor Misses Winterbottoms? Alas, wofully enough! At the time they were raising their hands from the crate, their eyes were turned upon the multitude to see the effect—for each fondly thought she had hold of the pride of the family—the three pottle silver teapot—in her lily white fingers, and had an idea if the sun was't exactly put out of countenance by its magnificence, at least that the eyes of all and singular those present, would wink and blink, and glisten again on beholding it. Accordingly, they drew their hands forth with a flourish—and then, after the brief pause to start fair on, the roar began. The reader may well suppose that the first thing the sisters did was to drop their burdens like—as the phrase goes—hot potatoes, and run away. Not so! Whether astounded by the peals of laughter, or paralyzed by their position, or that their blood stood still with indignation, I cannot tell; but sooth to say, there they stood, for six mortal seconds, stiff and frigid, as if they had been suddenly petrified, or struck with epilepsy—and staring the while at the two "appendages" as if they took them for two ghosts. The tick of the seventh second, however, brought them to themselves—to feeling, action, and a full appreciation of the position they were in, and the figures they cut; instantly therefore, they dashed the two ghosts into a thousand pieces against the poor servant man's head, which happened to be the most convenient thing they could expend the overplus of their wrath on; and then they shot so quickly off to their rooms, that it was imagined by some that they had vanished, spirit like, in the blaze of their own indignations.

A survey of the further contents of the crate, was the occasion of another roar, for it was found to contain nothing but four more of the "what you call ems" and a number of very unaristocratic paving stones thrown in for a make-weight.

pendage clutched firmly by the handle in its fingers. But such an appendage! O, shade of the departed crockery merchant! O, pots and kettles!

There was an instant's pause on the part of the three hundred spectators, when they saw the *hardware*; and then a very yell of laughter—fierce, wild, and fiendlike—that rose and fell—and stopped—and began again—and then went down to a chuckle—and anon went up to kink—and from that to a roar—and so on—up and down, until the risible faculties of every man, woman, and child present, were thoroughly jaded out, exploded, or otherwise rendered unfit for further action. It is true that in the beginning the aristocracy endeavored to look grave; but it wouldn't do—the epidemic was too catching; so away they went, as well as the worst of them; and even poor Smockface's attempt to gag himself with his cambric handkerchief was a decided failure; for before the fun was half over his cachinatory exertions made him as red in the soul's index as a beetroot pudding.

The poor Miss Bottoms had another, but a lesser mortification (however it involved greater loss) to suffer. The Honorable Arthur Fitz Roy presented their note, and introduction, at their town establishment, and kindly volunteered, with the aid of his servant, to take charge of the plate on his return to Rockaway. Accordingly, a number of most imposing looking pieces, to the value of several hundred dollars, were put in his charge, and he took his leave. But alas!—he so effectually forgot the road by which he was to return to Rockaway, that neither himself or the plate have been heard from since.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The last two chapters it may be remembered, were episodic, chiefly introduced for the purpose of explaining the nature of my position with the Livingstons. I now resume the "thread of my discourse," commencing with the day following that of my adventure with the Frenchman in the box. This day was a blank page in the history of my life. The next ditto. And so also the next.

On night the fourth, I and Washington Irving, were whirling away the nights together; that is, myself in *propria persona*, and the gentlest of Knickerbockers as represented by his unrivalled Sketch Book.

I had puff'd, and read, and sipt; and sipt, and read and puff'd again, until it was long after midnight, and had once or twice committed a species of profanity by nodding over the delightful pages of "Sleepy Hollow," when I heard a hurried step on the lobby, and immediately the door was thrown open, and O'Hara, all pale and trembling, burst into my room.

"In heaven's name, Phil, what's the matter?"

"I don't exactly know, Tom; but this I do know, that it has frightened me into a pa'sy!"

"You've heard that scream again!"

"No, not the scream, but something yet more fearful."

"What was it like, Phil?"

"Like nothing earthly, Tom. It was a voice that made my hair stand upright with horror, and chilled the very marrow in my bones."

"O'Hara, I suppose you think it was a spirit?"

"I believe I do, Tom; for surely nothing human could have made such a coward of me!"

"You saw nothing?"

"No; but I think I would rather have seen than heard it, whatever it is."

"Let us go and listen together."

"Give me some wine first! Now I'm with you; but I wouldn't have gone by myself for the Astor Estates."

Accordingly we went to O'Hara's room, where I found every thing as comfortable as in my own, and nothing more spiritual-looking than a half-finished tumbler of brandy and water.

"You're sure it's not the brandy, O'Hara?"

"I was never quite so sober in my life, comrade."

"Well, let us sit down awhile, and—"

"Hush! there it is!" said O'Hara, speaking under his breath.

"I hear nothing," said I.

"Good God!" exclaimed O'Hara, "A thought that's too dreadful comes over me! Doesn't Lavar occupy the room overhead?"

"He does."

"Tom, I had a horrid dream, which I have been unable to remember until this minute, but still I trust in heaven it was only a phantasy, produced by an occurrence the other night."

"What was it about, Phil?"

"It was—But hush! heard you nothing then?"

"Nothing."

"Stand where I am and put your ear close against the wall."

I did as O'Hara directed me, and presently heard a low continuous wail, of an undefinable character—but still suggestive of deep agony.

"The sounds proceed from a human being," said I—"most probably from poor Lavar."

"Pray God!" ejaculated Phil, "that my dream may take the old way of explaining itself, in contraries—but, I fear he is *starving himself to death*!"

We at once proceeded to Monsieur Lavar's door, but found it locked. A series of knocks brought no answer. We looked through the key-hole, but all was darkness within. We listened, but could hear nothing.

"What had we best do?" said I. But while I was yet speaking, O'Hara, who usually acted and thought together, put his giant strength against the door, which, by drawing it towards him at the same time, he forced open without noise; and in we went.

As I intimated, all was silence and darkness within. Presently, however, we heard a dismal *whispered howl*, which assured us, as we suspected, that there was a third person in the room.

"Monsieur Lavar!"

No answer.

"For God's sake speak! What ails you?"

"Here we heard a dry husky whisper, as if a reply was intended, but it found no word."

"The sound is familiar to me," said O'Hara, "I have heard it before. It is the bloodless voice of a human being dying for the want of food!"

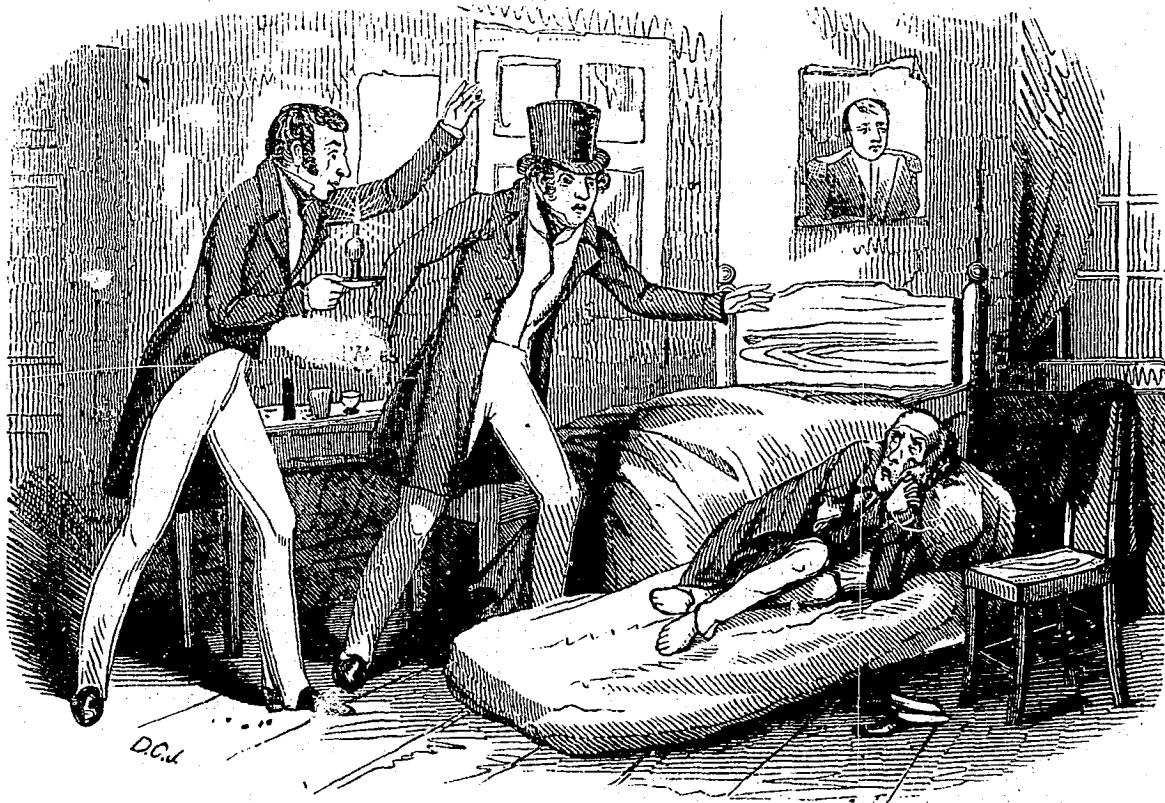
"I dread to look at him," said I.

"I dread it more than you," returned O'Hara, "for I've seen such sights before, Tom. But hush!"

As he spoke the subdued moaning was renewed, and seemed to syllable itself into the words "water," "water," "water."

"It is ever the last thing they call for," whispered my friend, who thereon slipped out and brought the lamp from the lobby.

Whether or not the gloom of my heart obscured my vision, I am unable to say; but certainly, even under the influence of a well-trimmed lamp, the Frenchman's bed-chamber seemed to me like a dark and dimly lighted sepulchral vault. Fire it contained none; but though the night was chilly, a heavy, oppressive, yellow, foggy atmosphere, appeared to pervade it, and to form a sickly halo around the light. I glanced at the bed, and my heart stood still with indefinable alarm on perceiving that it was empty. The mystery, however, was soon explained; for in another corner lay the mattress which had been withdrawn from the stead, and doubled together at the head of it was a human figure, which a moment's examination proved to be that of the unfortunate Monsieur Lavar. He was lying on his right side with his face tending downwards, and his knees fairly drawn up to his chin. His arms were shrivelled up (not folded) on his breast; and his hands were clasped as if in supplication.



He was dressed as I had last seen him; but still it was evident that he was shrunk into a mere anatomy; and when I put my hand on his limbs I started back with an involuntary shudder, on finding them "rattley" and cold, and lifeless, like those of a fleshless skeleton. But who shall describe the face? What pen or pencil can do justice to the attenuated countenance, which had worked itself into an expression of the grimmest misery, and so remained—stone! staring! bloodless! and horrible!

"He must be dead, O'Hara."

"No, no, Tom!—he sees us—his lips move!—Hush!"

"Water!"—"water!"—murmured the wretched man in a voice scarcely human or audible; but anon a moan escaped him, not loud, but so peculiar, and intense with agony, that it seemed to ring in my ears, and haunted me in my dreams for many a long day after.—And then he continued the dry, husky, whispered wail of "water!"—"water!"—"water!"

Water being given him, he drank greedily—madly—for about a second, when the stoney unspeculative glare of his eyes, gave place

to an expression of wonder, and then of anger—even ferocity; and he raised himself on his hands and stared at us.

"Speak—dear sir—one word for the love of sweet Heaven," exclaimed O'Hara.

The wretched Frenchman continued to gaze on us for some time, as if endeavoring to recollect who we were, and replied, while a feeble smile played upon his features.

"Ah! yes,—now I know—Monsieur Stapleton!—Monsieur O'Hara! But I forgive you, my *bon amis*, for you done it out of pity!"

"Now, sir, take another mouthful of water."

"Mention it not! Go! Ah, my friend, force me not to prolong my misery!"

"For God's sake, Monsieur Lavar, tell us what ails you."

"Do not ask me! Let this fleshless cheek—these boney hands, explain. But when I am at rest, that paper will tell you all," saying which he pointed to some loose sheets of foolscap that were lying on a chair beside him; and then resumed the position we had disturbed him from.

Confirmed in our suspicions that he was dying of starvation, we brought food and wine; but Lavar set his lips firmly upon his teeth, and would suffer nothing to pass them. Still it was evident that the little water he had taken had made him comparatively easy; and we trusted, when the agony came over him again, that he would suffer us to give him something yet more nourishing.

But the night—the long—long night wore away—and the grey, chill, comfortless morning arose with out realising our hope. Still and frigid lay the dying man, with his teeth clenched, his lips compressed, and his eyes closed, unless at distant intervals when he would open them for a few seconds, and display their stoney balls hardening and dimming under the operation of a lingering death. He moaned but little after we gave him the water, and his breath, and pulse, and heart scarcely gave evidence that there was a living soul within. Still he was fully conscious of his existence; for he evidently acted as if he was on his guard of us; and occasionally when we requested him to eat, or drink, his eye would assume an expression of reproach, and his thin lips close with a gesture of yet more decided fixedness.

At length, said O'Hara—"Let us take him to the City Hospital, where the physicians may understand better than us how to act with him."

We accordingly lifted him from his wretched pallet,—(alas! it was not difficult, for his weight was that of a child,) and wrapping him up in an old arm-chair, conveyed him between us, to the Hospital in Broadway; where, when we told as much of his case as we thought necessary, he was received with great kindness, and placed on a cot in one of the lower wards. All was useless, however, for he continued to resist every effort that was made to minister to his wants; and before the attendant physician arrived, he was a corpse. For nearly an hour before he died he seemed easy and painless; so much so, indeed, that we thought the suffering spirit had departed unperceived by us, and left him to his rest. However, this was not the case; his tranquility was the result of the utter prostration of the animal system, and its incapacity to suffer further torture, for after a while he opened his eyes—intense and horrible now no more, but calm and intelligent—nay, even lit up with an expression of triumph. Had I then been an infidel, the expression of that eye would instantly have dissolved all my doubts, and convinced me of the glorious truths of revelation; for, did it not prove to me while the perishing carcass was decayed, shrivelled, shrunk, bloodless, throbless, withered into a perfect anatomy—all but dead—that the immortal soul within was in a state of full activity and hope. Our dying friend faintly smiled a recognition of O'Hara and myself, and his lips trembled, as if he would have spoken; but he was beyond the power of utterance. And thus he lay, serene and smiling—seemingly in the very rapture of repose—for several minutes, when with a tranquil sigh his gentle spirit forsook its ruined tabernacle, and soared lightly to the bosom of the God that gave it.

Died that hapless stranger unwept and unhonored? No. The two friends who knew his worth, and witnessed his sufferings, shed tears of regret and friendship upon his grave. Nor did they forget to see that he was attended by those pious ceremonies that cheer the loneliness of the latest resting place; and which, if they have no effect upon the feelings or circumstances of the departed spirit, at all events mark the respect and love of those who are left behind it.

Immediately on our return from the hospital, we proceeded to the room lately occupied by poor Lavar, to see if he had left any letters behind him which it might be our duty to see forwarded; but, save the few loose sheets already alluded to, and which were directed to ourselves, we found nothing of the sort—not even so much as a memorandum from which we might infer that, besides O'Hara and myself, he had a single acquaintance in all the world. Neither had he left any property behind him, but an old empty trunk; nor any thing indicative of property, if I except a number of pawnbroker's tickets, which recorded small amounts loaned on wearing apparel, and gentlemen's trinkets; and the freshest of these, dated a few days before, had been given with twelve shillings on a gold finger ring; and his twelve shillings, (I feel assured it was the same,) O'Hara disco-

vered on the table, wrapped up in a scrap of paper, on which was written: "To the landlady; for the week's rent." It was an interesting evidence of the ruling passion strong in death—*honor* and *independence*! Subsequently I released the ring, which contained a lock of glossy raven hair—probably that of a sweetheart or a mother—at all events, it is to be presumed by the way Monsieur Lavar clung to it to the last, that it belonged to some one dear to him; and accordingly as such, and for his sake, I wore it for many a day after; and might have had it now, but that an emergency almost as imperative as that which wrung it from its former owner, parted us. Oh! the romance of agony that may be involved even with the pledging of a trinket with a pawnbroker!

The manuscript left by the poor Frenchman was generally written in a plain hand; but towards the end, the letters straggled, and were badly formed, and the last few lines were almost unintelligible. It was entitled "THE LAST DAYS OF AN OLD MAN WHILE SUFFERING BY VOLUNTARY STARVATION."

After perusing the manuscript, with a heart oppressed by gloom and sorrow, I sat lonely in my room during the remainder of that day, for business called O'Hara elsewhere. Late in the evening I threw myself on the bed, and lay for a considerable time in one of those unaccountable half waking, half sleeping states of existence when one is conscious of his position, and of every thing around him, at the same time that his dreaming principle is horrified by grim visions, which, at such times, float as palpably before it as things of flesh and blood. So distinct were those two faculties of sight on the night in question, that, while my natural eyes were marking the gathering of a shroud in the candle, I was gazing fixedly on the image of poor Lavar as he appeared to me in O'Hara's room at our last convivial meeting. The dream changed and he was writing his fearful diary! Again it changed, and he stood a corpse before me. But it was an animated corpse, for the eyes watched and recognized me—the lips opened—and at the same moment I heard—or dreamt I heard, a long, deep, dreadful moan—such a one as mortal never uttered! Whether that moan was a dream, or a reality I cannot tell to this day; but fact or fancy, it instantaneously brought me to myself, and I sprang from the bed in a state of mortal terror. Had the ghost of poor Lavar then stood before me, I would not have been surprised—nay, I wondered that it was not there! and again felt that he was before me—but invisible to my waking sight.

Thus for about a minute I stood wrapped up in superhuman fears; my hair stiffening, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly (my casement being open) I was aware of a great rush and noise in the street, and a multitude of voices crying out, "I saw it," "So did I," "And I!" "What did you see?" "Flush! there it is again!" "Look! look at the far window!" "It's a ghost!" "A ghost!" "A ghost!" And the word passed from mouth to mouth, until a legion of voices were crying out, "A ghost!" "A ghost!" "A ghost!"

The distraction of fear immediately giving place to a more active excitement, I rushed into the street, which I found to be in a state of great commotion, though it was after nine o'clock. Hundreds of people stood apposite the house, gazing intently at it in an upward direction; while continuous floods of human beings came pouring on—on—on—from all quarters, until the thoroughfare was rendered impassable. As I threw open the door without a hat, staring and wild-looking—a host of voices hailed me—"Here it is!" "No, no—that's a living man!" "Did you see it, sir?" "Who is it?" "What is it?" "See! see! it's there again!" "It's a living skeleton!"—"It's a ghost!" "A ghost!" "A ghost!"

Mingling with the crowd, I gazed as they did, and found that the focus of all eyes was the window of the room which the poor Frenchman had starved in. The object, however, whatever it might have been, that had occasioned so much excitement, was now no longer visible; though numerous persons, (many of them still residents of the city,) declare that it was seen at intervals for the three subsequent nights. Still the crowd continued to increase; and midnight came, and it was there yet; and many—very many, lingered until the dawn of the morning; and even then seemed loth to go away; while in all directions the eye witnesses (or at least persons who pretended to have been eye-witnesses,) might have been heard describing the figure they had seen—few of them harmonizing as to its exact appearance—but all agreeing that it was something most extraordinary, awful, and not of this world! Thus some asserted that it was a formless gloom, within a gloom; but still distinct, palpable and superhuman. Others maintained that it was a darkly luminous phantom—a vapoury form like a phosphoric illusion, seen through a thick, murky haze. And others again, insisted that the fearful object had a face withered into the likeness of a human skeleton, any that, as they gazed on it, it faded, rather than retired from their sight. The believers in the supernatural reconcile these discrepancies, by supposing that the unearthly visitor was seen by these various persons under different circumstances; or else by presuming that some of those witnesses were more decidedly gifted with the spirit sight than others.

Again, there was a difference of opinion as to the exact spot the phantom had appeared in. There were men who said it was in an



upper window, at number 206. There were those who would have it that it was at 204. But the majority pointed to the right hand second story window nearest to John-street. And my heart whispered me that they were right.

The next night the crowd re-assembled; and the next, and for many nights after, in gradually reduced numbers; for the fame of the mystery spread like wildfire, and the great topic of conversation all over the city—in stages, steamboats, et cetera—was the Broadway ghost! Papers spoke of it at length; some of them as was, others sneeringly; poets sung of it; I even heard that it was alluded to in the pulpit; and night after night, many of the most sedate and respectable men in the city, formed moities of the assemblages that stood opposite my window, gazing intently before them, or listening with interest to the marvellous stories that were circulating around. As well as my recollection serves me I will mention a few, most of them well known individuals, and more than one of whom, I believe, claim to have seen the mysterious appearance. These are: Philip O'Hara, General Morton, Major Noah, Joseph P. Peters, Philip Hone, William T. Porter, Fanny Kemble, Benjamin H. Day, Rev. James Hildreth, Gideon Lee, Freeman Hunt, F. L. Waddell, John McGloin, John M. Moore, Colonel Webb, Richard Adams Locke, (if I mistake not) and I believe I could add fifty others; the above, however, I am nearly certain of, at the same time that (as it behooves me) I solicit pardon for the liberty I have taken with their names. But why do I adduce individual testimony to an occurrence that must still live green in the memory of twenty thousand people? It seems like insisting that two-and-two make four, the unnecessary attempt to demonstrate to the citizens of New York the appearance of the Broadway ghost!

I have noticed the assertion of many persons, that the phantom manifested itself occasionally after the first night. This, however, I merely introduce on hearsay; my own opinion being that they may have been deceived by over excited imaginations. But everything that I have written on my own authority—the death, the diary, the dream, the scream, the crowd, the *ghost*, (as seen by others,) is authentic; and that a wondrous scene in a supernatural drama was enacted at 202 Broadway on the night in question; I am as sure of as that I am a living man.

What is the inference? However the worldly wise may laugh, or philosophers may sneer, mine is that the mysterious object seen from the street, was the spirit of Monsieur Lavar, revisiting the dreary scene of its fearful sufferings.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Availing myself of an editor's privilege, I have greatly reduced Mr. Stapleton's list of witnesses, which embraced upwards of thirty names; and am apprehensive that I may be overstepping the bounds of delicacy in admitting any of them. However, I am not to blame. If any offence is involved in the publicity, be the sin of it on the head of the culprit author.

## CHAPTER IX.

Gentle reader, granting that you are not a "young man about town," as the term is legitimately understood, you have no idea of the shifts to which that most unhappy—nay, by all the gods of romance, finance, and expediency—most *happy* order of human beings, are occasionally put to save appearances, and keep themselves well with the world, from which they are compelled, in a manner, to wring a livelihood by the skin of their teeth. I will let you into one of our secrets. You are aware that I occupied a small, out of sight, three story up hole in the wall in Broadway; but though you know it now, I would have seen you in Jericho ere I'd have edified you on the subject then; because, had it been suspected among poor Tom's polite friends that he hailed from such quarters, they would just as lief have sent him a small allowance of prussic acid as an invitation to dinner! And be it known to you, dear reader, that those same invitations to dinner, were very convenient articles—in fact, the corner stone of the building—and altogether, poor Pill Garlic's principal hope as a medium for walking into the affections of the future Mrs. Stapleton. It is true I could, by a little extra management, have made both ends meet without them—but not so well; for it is characteristic of "young men about town" to be blessed with excellent, though somewhat fastidious appetites; and hence they are great on the good things of this life, which would be like treasures in sealed caskets to the most of them, were it not for the mysterious knack they have of inspiring people of substance and fashion with the notion of asking them out.

Aldermen are generally voted down as your choicest specimens in good things cheaply come at. But this is a popular error. It is to be admitted that they are capital feeders—mighty imbibers; but then they don't eat with enthusiasm—there was no poetry commingled with their gastric affections—they go all for the meat, meat, meat—not forgetting the trimmings, and have no happiness or inspiration apart from them. Whereas, your young man about town not only enjoys the dinner, but the joke by which he obtains it; which latter so sublimates and intellectualizes his appetite, that it gives him a decided—in fact, a sort of spiritual—advantage over any other order of dinner eaters with which we chance to be ac-

quainted. I am not sufficiently learned in abstractions to account for this fact on philosophical principles;—perhaps it may be owing to the proneness of the human heart to make victims—but whenever it is, so it is; and so delightful are the reminiscences associated with it, that I feel grateful to the circumstances, or rather to the guardian genius who controlled them—for having thrown me in the days of my bachelorhood among the glorious fraternity of young men about town who are d'ners out by profession.

But to business. Though residing at 202, I hung out my banner (and the practice was a common one,) at the City Hotel, where two-thirds of my missives, amatory and otherwise, hailed from, and to which were directed all communications from my more *distinguished* acquaintances; who, of course, presumed that I was a denizen of that extensive establishment. This was effected by an arrangement with the bar-keeper—(sympathetic soul that he was)—who would no more have opened the budget on any of the *fraternity* I belonged to, than he would have actually admitted them into the privileges of the hotel without in the first place securing a certain amount of monies in advance, or else taking a bird's eye survey of the contents of their trunks and portmanteaus, to see whether they contained any thing more valuable as hostages than oat straw and paving stones. Sometimes, nevertheless, when Mammon smiled, and to give a little color to the thing, we would put up at this hotel in right down earnest for a month or so; and in this, and the passing custom we constantly threw in its way, were involved all the advantages derived from us by the establishment in question.

One morning about three weeks after the decease of poor Lavar, my friend, the bar-keeper, handed me two notes; one containing an invitation to an evening festival from a family of some distinction in the 15th Ward, with whom I was very slightly acquainted; and the other from Anthony Livingston. The latter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:—It seems an age since I saw you, and I wanted badly to have a little chat with you regarding the coming election." [By the way, I had in accordance with O'Hara's suggestion gone it so strong on the Jefferson principles, that old Anthony thought all the world of me as a politician.] "I am fearful of the result; for, sir, the enemies of the institutions of our country are here and there and everywhere, endeavoring to sacrifice the principles of the revolutionary heroes, and the republican integrity of the pilgrim fathers, at the shrine of the bloated national monster, which has been created by the people's madness and nourished by the people's substance—and which, sir, allow me to say, unless we crush it in the bud, will never be satisfied until it has swept us all back again into the dim and distant ages of despotism—anarchy, and federal fiscal institutions! I am, however, armed for the contest; and if the worst comes to the worst, will be found fighting for my country at the last tottering liberty-pole, while the star-spangled banner—yes, sir—the stars and stripes of my country, floats droopingly aloft—and the American eagle wings his way to some far off land, amid the regions of space, where foreign influence and political financiers may not be standing ready to fill every post and office with the anti-republican minions of their own party! Speaking of the election, Barney says I'll never succeed in my Ward unless I colonize it with a hundred or so of his countrymen from Harlem and thereabouts, at six dollars a head; and I'm almost disposed to profit by his suggestion; for, as you know, 'all's fair in politics,' especially when the hand of a concentrated monetary influence sweeps like a pestilence over the land, and threatens to hurl us all into the vortex of bankruptcy and foreign wiles.

"By the way, Lucy tells me that you are invited to Sutton's 'flare up,' where we are all going and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you. I regret, notwithstanding, that the ladies insist on going, for otherwise I would have been enabled to have addressed the republican anti-monster meeting, which is to assemble at headquarters this evening for the purpose of taking into consideration the best method of arousing the sleeping energies of our country, and of proving to the world at large that our hearts are still teeming with the principles of a Jefferson!

"Your's ever,

"ANTHONY LIVINGSTON."

Here were two reasons for going to the festival; the one indicated in the foregoing part of this chapter, (for fashionable balls are frequently connected with good suppers,) and the other, the pleasure of meeting the fair Lucy, for it is to be confessed in spite of my predilection for bachelorship—free and easy, goings and comings, and all that sort of thing—that I felt rather spooney whenever I began to think how rich and pretty she was, and how slight was the prospect of her throwing herself away on a young gentleman, whose estates, landed, personal, and hereditary, might have been well nigh packed in a soldier's knapsack; and whose greatest exploits in the way of fame had been his numberless brilliantly successful efforts to be among the present, whenever it chanced that a much better dinner than usual was about to be discussed!

"There was a sound of revelry by night," etcetera. I am a poor hand at describing fashionable assemblages in their general effect, as I usually single out one pretty girl from the group, and in that direction are my eyes to be found for the rest of the evening. Nevertheless, I could not help perceiving that the ball was a brilliant affair; the room gorgeous—the music entrancing—the ladies ex-

cutting—the dresses superb—and the enjoyment universal; for music and dancing softens the hearts even of the great folks of Gotham, and brings them down to the proper level of humanity. If, indeed, any thing was amiss with the scene, it was over display on the part of mine host, and his fair consort: for in this particular, taste and convenience had been somewhat sacrificed to profusion. Thus, the chandeliers mounted for the occasion, were sufficient to have illumined a space four times as large. The apartments were literally an enclosure of mirrors. Surrounding the room were tiers of couches, divans, ottomans, cushioned with crimson velvet, and looking so bright and beautiful, that it seemed like a species of profanity to sit down on them. The roof was a summer morning sky, whereon the light, many colored clouds, glowing with a golden influence towards the East, seemed to go rolling, and curling along; while here and there, through the bright interstices, the distant heavens glanced darkly down in a manner so wonderfully beautiful, that it almost rivalled earth's native canopy.\* In the lobbies and ante-rooms it was evident to a suspicious eye that all the finery in the house had been removed from their legitimate positions, and put on duty for the occasion; hence, in all possible corners were to be seen pieces of the most costly furniture, perfectly *outré*, and useless in such places; and many of them so far above my limited comprehension, that I knew neither the uses or the names of them.

However, they answered the purposes they were brought in sight for—namely, *exhibition*—for it was in the harmless vanity to prove to all whom it might concern, that they were in the possession of such magnificence, that the Suttons of Blank street, took so much pains to pile on the ornamental. They also had an idea that it savored of foreign aristocracy; not being aware of the fact, that the absence of show, and the affectation of simplicity is a distinguishing peculiarity of the transatlantic *bourgeoisie*. One might have supposed from all this that the Suttons were very wealthy. No such thing. Mr. S. simply thought he was realizing some eight or ten thousand a-year by certain speculations—on the strength of which he spent a dozen. The great fire of 1835, however, restored him to his senses, and turned him out of hours and home, but not out of hope and energy; for he who a month before was in a manner a prince, gaily set to work as a species of pedlar—his daughters, two noble and charming girls, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, began without an apparent sigh of regret, to teach music and drawing for a living; and the result of their combined efforts was, that in four years Sutton was able to renew his legitimate business; and is now, I believe, in good, if not affluent circumstances. Nor was this an isolated case. An hundred other New York merchants were dashed to the ground at the same time in the same manner, and recovered themselves by the same means; a fact, by the way, which is highly illustrative of the American character, and is, perhaps, the best characteristic that a nation can have. The circumstances, for instance, that would drive an Englishman to despair, perhaps to suicide, would only help to waken up a Yankee, and sharpen his guesses as to the best mode of navigating the storm. The great cause of the difference between them is this: ruin seems to refine the Englishman's memory; whereas the Yankee seems as if he drank the cup of lethe with every cup of misfortune; so that the one clings painfully to the past, while the other caring nothing for the past, drives merrily ahead for the future.

By one of the finest strokes of luck in the world I attended Lucy into the ball room; and by a yet finer I danced with her half the night. And ah, me! how lovely she did look! And alas! and alas! how poor Tom felt that a susceptible heart in a needy bachelor's bosom is as much out of place as a jewel in a toad's forehead.

"The Suttons are making a greater parade than usual," whispered Lucy.

"Every thing is very magnificent," said I.

"Rather overdone," said Lucy. "It reminds me of a saying I heard once which is more expressive than good natured or polished!"

"And that is?"

"Dressed to death, and the drawers empty"—since you are determined I shall be somewhat censorious."

"It is the common fault of too much anxiety—and wealth to humor it. But why are they more brilliant than common, I wonder?"

"Why, how you talk; I shall begin to think you have been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle slumber for the last fortnight!"

"In worse, Miss Lucy—a bachelor's reveries; cold, dull, and hopeless."

Didn't Lucy tremble a little? It struck me that she did; and also that she glanced along the floor, as if she felt that her eyes were saying something which she chose should remain a secret between herself and the carpet.

"Then, Mr. Stapleton, you have not heard of the two latest and greatest importations?"

"Not a word."

"And that they are expected here this evening; and hence the mounting of Pelion on Ossa."

\*Twelve hundred dollars had been expended on the painting of the ceiling.

"I am innocent of all knowledge in the premises."

"Then prepare yourself for a state of captivity, for one of the lions is a lady, and said to be a second Flora McIvor."

"But what if a Rose Bradwardine holds me in bondage already?"

Didn't Lucy tremble again? She surely did; and likewise whispered another glance at the carpet!

"But who are they, Miss Lucy?"

"Flora McIvor's prototype is a lady Cicely Manners, a scion of the great English Rutland family, as I learn; and the gentleman, who, by the way, is her cousin, is a Lord, or a Count something, from the Continent!"

Here an extraordinary buzz and bustle from without interrupted us. Presently the whole room was in a state of excitement and eagerness, and the whisper went round, "She's coming!" "She's coming!" "Lady Cicely's coming!" "Hush."

"Now, Mr. Stapleton, Cupid is drawing his bow for you," whispered Lucy.

"The shaft is sped, and feathered in the heart already," I returned, I believe, at the same time slightly pressing a beautiful arm which was hanging gracefully on my own; but however this may be, just at the moment the gentle demonstration is supposed to have been made, the door opened, and in walked the most majestic looking and splendidly attired female figure I have ever laid eyes on. She was, perhaps, a little too tall; but her form was magnificently proportioned, and her countenance almost startling in its excess of beauty!

An involuntary buzz of admiration followed her appearance in the room.

"For once rumor has not done justice to its subject," said Miss Livingston.

I heard the remark, but continued to gaze on the newly-arrived queen of beauty, without answering.

"Hah, Mr. Stapleton, I knew how it would be!" added Lucy. "The last arrow, I should think, by the way you gaze at Lady Cicely, has gone through your heart, feather and all!"

Still I continued to gaze, and said nothing, until a motion made by Miss Livingston to withdraw her arm apprised me of my duty, when I found her cheek in a glow—and something like a flash of fire leaving her eyes.

"Excuse me, dear Miss Livingston!" (I said dear in the hurry—but it was a capital spontaneous hit.) "Excuse me, dear Miss Livingston—but there is something in the fair stranger's countenance that surprises me—that almost partakes of the marvellous."

"You mean its beauty!"

"No, miss; but I think I have seen it before; but looking so different, and under such peculiar circumstances, that it seems as if it must have been a dream?"

"Where and when do you think you saw her?"

"In this city, some five or six weeks since?"

"O! you must be under some delusion, for she is scarcely a fortnight on the shores of America."

"The similitude is most wonderful," I exclaimed, half abstractedly.

"I did not think we had any thing half so lovely in Manhattan, before her," added Lucy.

This observation seemed to call for a compliment, and I paid it, though not without a slight compunction of conscience.

"Miss Livingston has but to look in her glass any day to see an object far more lovely!"

Lucy did not believe me, but she looked pleased nevertheless; so true is it that the words of flattery cannot be overdone, if there is no apparent irony in the method of pronouncing them!

"Besides," remarked Miss L., "had you seen such a face and form as these a few weeks since, you could not be in doubt as to their identity now."

"It may be—nay it must be that I'm in error!" said I. "But come, Miss L., for see the dance is being formed;" which was a fact. So we fell in with our party, and submerged all thoughts for the next ten minutes in our efforts to witch the world with noble leg-manship.

The next set but one, Lucy danced with her cousin, a fellow with an acre of space between his upper lip and his nostrils, and a pair of eyes that converged to a point on the tip of his nose, so that I felt as secure as if she were listening to a lecture on moral philosophy in an ice house.

This time I danced with no one, and would not have gone through a figure with the original of the mountain sylph herself, and Lucy in the room; especially after the thrills, blushes, flashes and glances, recorded above, which made me feel as if I didn't know whether to go wild with triumph, or to take an early jump into the Hudson to avoid the mortification of a defeat.

I was musing on this matter, when another buzz of admiration ran through the assembly, which I instantly perceived was occasioned by the dancing of Lady Cicely, who floated through the figure as if her form was as independent of this world's gravitation, as her beauty seemed superior to this world's beauty. Willis says, speaking of Tagliani, that she appears to ascend from the earth like a smoke curl;



but his beautiful simile would have applied with equal justice to the motions of the magnificent stranger. However, there was nothing theatrical in her gestures; but she swam through the figure, somewhat like the manner in which Miss Phillips acquitted herself in the country dance in the Mock Duke some years ago, at the Park Theatre, whereby she so electrified the house, that having applauded with a very madness of enthusiasm, for full five minutes, they insisted on a repetition of the whole scene. But though the method was alike, Lady Cicely was by much the most faultless artist. Miss Phillips, in the country dance, looked like a beautiful woman, as she was; Lady Cicely resembled, as she sailed through the mazes of the cotillion, every thing that a poet might imagine of a goddess.

The more I gazed on her, the more I was certain I had seen her before, and yet the more absurd the idea seemed to me. At length our eyes encountered, and mutual recognition was the result. I no longer doubted the identity.

The dancing had ceased. Miss Livingston had attended her mother to another apartment, and I was pondering over the mystery of the stranger, when my name was whispered by a familiar voice; and glancing downwards, I perceived my "Jack in the box" friend, Count Delauney, at my side.

"Monsieur Stapleton, von leetle vord si rou plait. You save my life, ha! ha? Don't say von leetle vord about him so, an I shall be so thankful, as ven you shall save my life two times!"

"Honor, Count, honor—you know we understand each other's secret too well for that."

"True, true, I shall not forget him, ha, ha! De leetle room up—ver fine, and de moosic—an Monsieur O'Hara crying out with a ver loud voice, come, Tom, *le dejeuner est pret*—an if you have some of de loaf, fetch him along vit you."

"You are quite merry on the strength of our domestic arrangements, Monsieur."

"Begar, sare, dey are so ver fine, I always cannot help him. Oh it vos so grand, von Monsieur Stapleton lost his only von pair of white breeches out of de yard, an ven it is afterwards found out as Baron Von Quenandon stole him. Ha! ha! ha!—it was ver grand, by gar!"

"Not quite so grand as your trip in the box, all among the fishes, Count. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Yes, by gar, dat vas grand too. But ven I shall catch Monsieur Harrig. Diable, I shall make him swallow his own boots!"

"And you won't hide in a box from him. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Arretez! hold! But no, it's ver good—dam fine. Ha! ha! ha! But tout bien, Monsieur. Now ve know each von's leetle affairs, ve shall keep dem to ourselves. And so I shall ave de pleasure of introduce you to my fair cousin, de lady Cicely Manners."

"Oh, ho!" thought I, "the skein is becoming disentangled!—Her cousin—her jackall, kumph!" To which I added aloud—"Does the lady wish the introduction?"

"O sie, monsieur—shall you vish to make my lady Manner von suitaro?"

In a minute afterwards I was conversing with lady Cicely, in the recess of a window.

Looking at me with a calm searching eye, and an unruffled brow she said—

"You have seen me before."

"Madam, I don't know. The person I saw was as like you, as like can be, and yet far more unlike than like."

"She was ragged—destitute—hideous with want,—perhaps."

"She was, madam!"

"And I am attired like a princess—wealthy and beautiful!"

"You are, madam!"

"And yet you believe us to be the same person?"

"I dare not believe so, madam."

"But you do believe so, nevertheless, for I see it through your eye, which has no will of its own, but is the mere window of the brain. But where was it that you saw my prototype?"

"First under my window in Broadway—and then in a place I would fain not mention."

"I will guess—the watch-house?"

"It was."

"And you struck a ruffian to the ground from your window."

"I did."

"Now, sir, listen. You, like myself, are not so good as you pretend to be, and neither are we so bad as we would appear to the purblind public, were our present disguises removed. Judge me not. Though bad enough, I am better than the thing you take me for; and I tell you so, because I am about to require a pledge."

"To what effect, madam?"

"Simply to the effect that the past shall be forgotten—that for at least five years you will never allude, by word, gesture, or any other method, to the two wretched scenes of which I was the heroine; for I need not tell you, as you know it already, that Mary Anson and Lady Cicely Manners, though differing in name, are one in person."

"Is it possible?—and yet I felt it could not be otherwise!"

"Listen! I have confessed to you in the spirit of wariness, because I knew no other mode of closing your lips on the past. Look in my eye—you see there is no deceit in it. Now, on my soul's hope, I am not that thing which my position might incline you to take me for! And now pledge me on your soul's hope that you will not divulge my secret within the term of five years, or interfere with any future plans which my necessities may compel me to adopt for a living!"

"On my soul's hopes, I pledge you neither to divulge your secrets, or to interfere with your plans!"

Reader, how could I do less, and the party who required the bond more beautiful, and at worst not so guilty as Helen of Troy?

"I am satisfied," returned Lady Cicely, who thereon took the Count's arm and mingled with the festive throng.

Albeit, Mrs. Livingston went it so strong in the cause of the aristocracy, my friend Anthony was a thorough going republican, who loved his country, and thought every thing in the world of the stripes and stars, and the American Eagle. But though, as a politician, perfectly honest in the main, yet he occasionally felt it "due to his family" to sacrifice general principles to personal profit; which, by the way, is a thing perfectly well understood in this, and I fear I might add, in all other communities. Thus Anthony was aware that the levelling and grading of a certain district in the city, would be a severe tax and a hardship, in the shape of heavy assessments, on the inhabitants thereaways; and hence his better nature revolted at the idea of being the instigator or promoter of such a measure; but then he also knew that it would put a good many thousand dollars in his own coffers, (a consummation which Mrs. L.'s aristocratic demonstrations rendered very necessary,) and, accordingly, he was determined that, if possible, the certain district aforesaid, should be levelled and graded. For several years Mr. Livingston had been laboring to this end, but in vain: and chiefly because each successive alderman of the ward wherein lay the district, was opposed to the improvement; so that at the suggestion of Barney Murphy, and as the *dernier resort*, he came to the conclusion to run for the ward himself. But, alas! the ward was a republican one, and in spite of Anthony's predilections that way, he was unpopular, owing to the exclusive assumptions of other members of his family. Nevertheless, it was determined among his friends that he should give battle for a nomination; and failing in that, that, under the guidance and generalship of Mr. Murphy, he should "*run stump*." His lady was opposed to the movement in any shape, as she felt that it committed her dignity; but then she had to give way, on the grounds of necessity, while Lucy gave herself but little concern on the subject, pro or con. As for myself, a happy knack I had of throwing off patriotic squibs and paragraphs, for the newspapers, made me invaluable to the aspirant after city dignities. And as for Barney Murphy, he was the life and soul of the whole plot, without whose assistance it could not have moved a single muscle.

Seated in Livingston's parlor one night were Mrs. L., Lucy, Anthony, myself, and three or four small orators and general office seekers (favored visitors for the nonce) discussing an important question. Soon after, there was a confidential knock—a familiar turn of the handle—and Barney Murphy made his appearance. Barney was a short, broad shouldered and athletic looking customer, with a shrewd, honest face, and not a little good natured devilment playing about his lips and eyes. His dress was the holiday suit of a working man; and he gave evidence by his manners on entering, that he was on perfectly easy terms with "the master, and the family."

Well, Barney, any thing to be done to-night?" asked Livingston. "Faix, an' there is, sir, as I towld you; an' if it's only managed nait, the day's our own!"

"And what is it, Barney?"

"Don't ax me till I drill yees abit, for I have a part for all ov you; but more especially for the Misthress an' Miss Lucy."

"For me, Barney!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingston.

"Yes, in troth, mam; an' you're wan ov me strongest positions!"

"And what in the name of wonder, Barney, am I to do?"

"I'm not so sure as yet mam; but if you'll dance a jig, with Mickey Dooley, the cooper, for instance, it'll be the making ov us!"

"Dance a jig with Mickey Dooley the cooper!"

"Yes, mam; for Mick's mighty consaited ov his performances in that line; and whatever he says is law wid the Clare min. An' thin, it would be a mighty stroke ov janius intirely, if you wor to observe to him that your grandfather was wan ov the O'Fogarty's, of Nenagh, an' could drink more whiskey puuch nor any two min in Ireland!"

Poor Mrs. Livingston didn't exactly faint; but she looked as if she felt herself knocked half way into the middle of next week.

"And me, Barney—what's my part?" enquired Lucy.

"It isn't a part, but parts, Miss, that I'm goin' to give you; for you must play the piany to us; an' dance wid us; an' sing for us; an' just be the way ov not mainin' any thing, throw a few sheeps' eyes at Dinny Mangan, the only bachelor that 'ill be amongst us!"

"Any thing else, Barney?"

"Nothing, only wan thing that I'm amost afeard to mintion, Miss."

"Well?"

"Well, Miss, I was just goin' to ax you, supposin' in the hoith ov their glory, wan ov the boys was to make so bowld as to kiss you be mistake, would you muráher him for it?"

"Not I, Barney!"

"And what would you be after doin' to him, Miss?"

"Why, I'd let him have his kiss with as good a grace as I could, in part payment of my father's promotion!"

"Beautiful! beautiful! intirely beautiful!" exclaimed Barney, with a skip and a flourish. "Be the Hill ov Howth, Miss, you're a darlint! As for you, Sir," continued Murphy, addressing Mr. Livingston, "I have given you your instructions before. Nait a word about pollytics, remember; but welkim us, as if it was out ov pure friendship; and if you could only throw in a verse ov a song or so, it might be a grait help."

"But you know, Murphy, I can only turn one or two psalm tunes," said Mr. Livingston.

"Oh, murdher, don't mintion thim! Well, it's no mattar about the song; but just have the hot wather an' thrimmins convaynient, an' laive the rest to me an' the ladies."

"But what is all this about, Barney? and who are coming here?" enquired Mrs. Livingston.

"Well, mam, there's four ov thim, if I can only manage to get thim into me net. There's Mickey Dooley, and Jack Tinpinny, that 'ill be the delegates to Tammany Hall to make the nominations for Aldermen. There's Dinny Mangan that carries the Connaught interest. And there's a namesako ov me own, wan Barney McCann, that hires out the Colonizers?"

"And pray who are the Colonizers?"

"Whin the daicent party ov a ward expects to be bet, man, they mostly bring in a few nait boys from distant parts to fight or vote for thim as may be considered most convaynient. An' thim's what we call the Colonizers. Be the way, mam, if it comes to the worst, it's likely we'll have to billet a few ov thim on yourself, when maybe you'll larn a few more of their saycrets!"

Have you invited them to come, Barney?" asked Mr. Livingston.

"Tareinages! no, sir; sure it would'n't do to ax thim fair up an' down, lest they'd see what we wor driving at, an' fight shy!"

"How shall we get them here, then?"

"Why, Sir, wid the help ov a frind, an' a little managemint, I'll have thim assimbled at Mrs. Ryan's, below here, in half an hour or so; an' I think I can settle the rest ov the business be a way ov me own."

"Well Barney, we'll be ready for you," said Mr. Livingston.

"Well, I see you're all perfect; but I have just wan word more to say to you. I know every throeb of an Irishman's heart just as well as if it was baitin' on my hand before me. Now it's mad; now it's merry; and fifty other ways; but it's never so happy as whin it's frettin' about poor *Grannu Wale*. Thrait an Irishman well, an' he'll love you; but show him that you love an' pity Green Erin, an' he'll fight an' die for you! An' now what I was a goin' to say is this: whin we're nearly through, Miss Lucy darlint, just sind thim home, breakin' their hearts wid that mournful little song ov Misher O'Hara's, "*O Erin, why art thou so fair, love?*" an' nothin' can bait us."

And so saying, Mr. Murphy made his exit.

Lest the reader should marvel that Barney and the Livingstons chatted so unceremoniously in the presence of myself, Starkey, and the other parties, it may be as well to remark that we were all working in concert to the desired end, and had no political secrets apart from each other.

Arrived at Ryan's, he found the four gentlemen already treated of, discussing politics over four sober glasses of beer. "Now," thought Barney, "I'll not say a word until I see a chance of slipping in a clincher, as if by accident, and with that he called for a glass of the liquid which seemed most popular on the occasion; and having drunk about the half of it, appeared to fall into a partial doze over the other half; but still hearkening to what he could hear with all the ears in his head.

"Alderman Stubbs is a good man, and must be returned again," observed Mangan."

"He is, in troth, a good man, and the best of good min," said McCann, "for he not only pod the Colonizers four dollars a head last election, but, be gorra, he drank an' fought as hard as any ov us."

"I fear, though," remarked Dooley, "that for all his blarney, he only loves Irishmin over the left."

"Is it," said Mangan, "after callin' his youngest son Pat?" George Washington Patrick Stubbs, Esquire?"

"Oh, faix, I believe he's true blue, meself," said Tenpenny.

"Well he may be," returned Dooley, "but whether or no, he hardly threatened me fair in regard of the Street Inspectorship."

"He didn't in troth, Mick, that's a fact," said Tenpenny, "but thin we must forget an' forgive; an' besides, if we don't nominate him, who the devil else could we get?"

"Do you know," remarked McCann, "I heard it rumored that owld Livingston had an eye on the ward."

"Oh murdher! is it the fellow that rides in his carriage an' keeps livery servants?" exclaimed Mangan.

"Be all accounts he's the very essence ov an aristocrat; or, at all events his wife is—that wears the breeches," said Tenpenny.

"I beg pardon, neighbors," observed Barney, who thought this a good opening for a wedge, "I beg pardon, neighbors, but I think yees are all intirely mistaken in regard of the Livingstons, if it's them that lives round the corner yees main!"

"Ah, Barney, is it there you are?" How are you avic?" cried Dooley, who now, as well as his comrades, with whom Barney was on general terms of intimacy, recognized our friend Murphy for the first time since his entrance.

"But what do you know about the Livingstons, Barney?" (Murphy's connection with Anthony, by the way, was *sub rosa*.)

"Why, I know this ov him," returned Barney, "That he *don't* want to be alderman—that he's a sound demycrat—an' that he's one of the graitest Irishmen that ever was born ov Ireland—an' so is his wife an' daughter!"



Moore, John M

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"You don't main to thrapes all that on us, Barney Murphy," said Tenpenny.

"It's the truth if I was dyin', any way," answered Barney. "An' sure I could have no motive for sayin' it, if it wasn't!"

"That's thrue enough for you, Barney," observed McCann, "but I don't believe it for all that."

"Nor I," added the other three.

"He's nothing but an aristocrat, an can't bear the sight ov a poor man, especially if he be an Irishman," continued McCann.

"Well, gentlemine, have it your own way," said Barney. "But answer me wan question: Amn't I a poor man, and an Irishman?"

"Yes faix, we believe you have the honor ov being both."

"Well, thin, I know the Livingstons love Ireland, bekase its meself that hears thim spaiking about it as if they wor all first cousins to Daniel O'Connell; an I know they can bear the sight ov a poor man, bekase its meself they asks to drink tay wid thim in the grait parlor about wanst a fortnight."

"Oh hould me boys till I faint!" exclaimed McCann, "Only think on it—Barney Murphy drink tay with the Livingstons!"

"O bad luck to me if it isn't pure gospei," cried Barney.

"Then you will have bad luck, barrin you main the divils own gospei," said Dooley.

"Aftther that, Barney, it isnt a triffe would choke you," remarked Mangan.

"Bring me the book, an I'll swair it!" cried Murphy.

"If you wor to swear the leg off an iron pot, man, we wouldnt believe you," retorted Tenpenny.

"I wish it wasnt aftther tay time, an be the powers I'd prove it!" said Barney.

"How would you prove it?"

"Be goin in to show yees how they'd ax me to stay and take pot luck wid thim."

"Oh! Barney be aisy!"

"Yes, and even as it is, if I was to show me face at the door I darnt stir from it again without drinking a glass ov wine wid the ladies."

"Barney, you're mad."

"You've been steaming it, Barney."

"All the wine you'd get from the Livingston's, Barney, you might shove in your eye with an awl blade."

"Boys!" exclaimed Barney, "yees have touched me honor, an I have a mind to wager yees a thrait for all hands, that I'll go there this minute, an be ax'd to sit in the parlor like a gentleman."

"But how would we know it wasnt in the kitchen you were sitting aric?"

"Bekase won ov yees might come along wid me; for they always thrait me friends as daicintly as meself."

"Well, Barney, on those terms I'll take up your wager," said McCann.

"I'm afeard they might be engaged with company, or faix I'd stand it," said Barney.

"Ha! ha! ha! Murphy, you're caught in your own trap!" exclaimed Tenpenny.

And then all the others ha, ha, haad, and began to make fun of poor Barney.

"Hit or miss," cried our particular friend, "I can't stand that any way—so there, boys, cover that dollar, if yees dare, and I'll thry me luck!"

And accordingly the dollar was covered, and Barney, accompanied by one friend as a witness, and the others as a body guard, proceeded to try his luck.

Tripping up the marble stoop of Livingston's mansion (by the way a very large antiquated building, but a little modernized in front,) as he were the man of the house, Barney gave a full blooded double pull at the bell.

"Divil burn you, Barney," whispered McCann, who had been chosen as witness, "they'll think its the lord mayor that's comin'."

"They'd rather see wan daicent Irishman nor two lord mayors," returned Barney. And as he spoke the door was opened and he passed in, giving a familiar nod, which was familiarly returned, to the servant.

I need scarcely say that Barney was welcomed with enthusiasm, and requested to seat himself.

"I would, ladies and gentlemen," he answered, "but I have a frind at the door that's waitin for me,"—for during Barney's debut, McCann all blushing, trembling and marveling at the unanticipated reception his comrade had met with, stood peeping in from the hall side ways through the crack of the door.

"And how came you to leave your friend at the door, Mr. Murphy?" asked Mr. Livingston, as he advanced and ushered poor McCann (who appeared as if he was left minus of three or four of his seven senses by the fair dint of bashfulness, conscience pricking, and astonishment) into the splendid apartment, where he was also received with a great show of kindness; but judiciously administered, so as (to quote from the vulgar) not to "let the cat out of the bag," by overdoing the thing.

"Why, Murphy, how comes it that you are such a stranger?" enquired Livingston. "It must be nearly a month since we saw you!"

"No, sir, it's only three weeks since I had the pleasure ov drinkin tay with you an' the ladies!" returned Barney.

"Well," rejoined Mr. Livingston, who could leave the grandiloquent style aside whenever he had a mind to. "Well, at all events, you and your friend Mr. McCann (he had been formally introduced) must spend the remainder of the evening with us—that we insist on."

"Praise Misther Livingston, excuse us!"

"No," said Mr. Livingston, "by no means—certainly not!—And by the way, you have just dropt in in time to pledge the ladies in a glass of whisky punch, made, boys, out of the real *potteen*."

Here Barney again excused himself and friend, stating that he had merely called to enquire after the health of the family, and that three other friends were outside waiting for him to join them. This, however, as may be expected, only obtained for him another mild scolding, and a declaration that he could never be forgiven on this side of the grave, unless he introduced the outsiders instanter; and accordingly in a few seconds after Mickey Dooley, Jack Tenpenny, and Dennis Mangan, were standing in the centre of the Brussels, ducking their heads here, and there, and every where, in a series of bows, and looking as bewildered as if they had just dropt out of the lunar regions!

However, a little sommon place small talk, seasoned with a first rate glass of punch, brewed on the O'Hara principle, soon restored them to their equilibrium, and they began to feel comfortable. Then Anthony enquired how they liked the punch, when they answered him that it was "Great intirely!"

Anon said Barney to Lucy, "Might I be so bowld as to ax you for a small taste of a song, Miss?"

"After you, Mr. Murphy, if you please," answered Lucy, who in her woman's wit, adopted Barney's mode of expression as best suited to the occasion.

"You're fairly caught, sir," said Mr. Livingston.

"Faith, Barney, you're naitly in for it," added Mr. McCann.

"Well, if I must, I must!" exclaimed Barney. "An' I know I'll have to sing about Ireland, or Mrs. Livingston will kill me; so here's a ditty from the pin ov a friend ov mine."

# "THE BIRTH OF GREEN ERIN."

AIR—It's all botheration from bottom to top.

Wid all condiscinsion

I'd call your attintion

To what I would mintion of Erin so green;

An' without hesitation

I'll show how that nation

Became of creation, the gem an' the queen;

It happened wan mornin'

Withou' any warnin'

That Vayneous was born in the beautiful say;

An' be the same token,

An' sure 'twas provokin',

Her pinions wor soakin', and wouldn't give play.

So Neptune, who knew her,

Begun to pursue her,

In orther to woo her, the wicked owld Jew;

An' he very nigh caught her,

A top ov the water

Great Jupiter's daughter—who roar'd "*pulaloo*!"

But Jove, the great jayneous

Look'd down an' saw Vayneous

An' Neptune, so hayneous, pursuin' her wild;

So he roar'd out in thunder,

He'd tair him asunder,

An' sure 'twas no wondher, for taisin his child;

So a star that was flying,

Around him espying,

He seiz'd without sighin', an' hurl'd it below;

Where it tumbled like winking,

While Neptune was sinking,

An' gave him, I'm thinking, a broth ov a blow;

An' that star sure was dryland,

Both lowland an' highland,

An' form'd a sweet Island, the land ov my birth;

Thus plain is the story,

Kase sent down from glory,

That Erin so hoary's a heaven upon earth!

Then Vayneous jump'd naitly

On Erin so stately,

But fainted, 'kase lately so bothered an' prest;

Which her much did bewilder

But ere it had kill'd her,

Her father distill'd her a glass of the best;

An' that glass, so victorious,

It made her feel glorious,—

A little uproarious, I fear I might prove:

Hence how can yees blame us

That Erin's so famous

For beauty, an' murder, an' whisky an' love?

"Ireland's a delandic country!" ejaculated Lawyer Starkey.

"Decidedly so, sir," observed Mr. Livingston; "and the day will come, when the green banner will float triumphantly over the boundless waves, and the Irish harp be heard pealing its strains of victory throughout the civilized globe."

"I regret much that I wasn't born in Ireland," said Starkey.

"Why, sir, Ameriky's a very good country to be born in," returned Dooley.

"I grant it—I grant it," said Starkey; "but then, sir, look at your constitutions—your genius—your muscles. No, sir, you mustn't tell me—Ireland's the greatest country in the world to be born in."

"Well, in thim respects I believe you may be right, sir," answered Dooley, who though an exceedingly small pattern of a man, taking him up and down, had a great idea of his wit, and his constitution, and looked upon his two legs as the most perfect things of the kind in all creation.

"It's well for me I have some Irish blood in my veins, then," remarked Lucy.

"And have you, Miss? but be gorra any wan might know you had," cried Mangan, "be the baim ov your eye, an the blush ov your cheek. Ah *Granu Wale!*" he continued, in a more subdued voice, as if in a whisper to the ceiling, "it's yourself that's the grait place intirely for turnin' out purty girls!"

"I wasn't exactly born in Ireland," replied Lucy, to a subsequent question—"but am connected with it through one of my mother's ancestors, Fogarty O'Fogarty of Nenagh."

"The O'Fogartys ov Nenagh assell," ejaculated Dooley, with an electric start, "be the mortal, it's the graitest blood in Tipperary,"—(to Mrs. Livingston.) "Ma'am, it's your health I wish, an' it's meself that's proud to become acquainted wid wan ov the Nenagh O'Fogarties!" and down went a red hot bumper to the health of the lady of the mansion, who bowed, and smiled, and returned a shower of thanks; but I think I may venture to say that she was at the same time wishing her fair daughter in the moon for throwing her in the way of the compliment.

"The O'Fogarty's were princees ov the blood in the goolden days ov owld Ireland," continued Dooley.

"Ma says that her grandfather was a remarkable man," observed Lucy, "and could drink more whiskey punch than any two men in the country."

"An' true it's for her, Miss," said Barney—"and he was equally famous for race horses an hurlin', to say nothing ov all the Englishmin he killed off in duels."

"Yes, Mr. Murphy," chimed in Lucy, the vixen, "and ma says he hadn't a rival in the country at dancing an Irish jig."

"Irishmin are all great at that," said Dooley, "looking the while as if he felt that in such matters he himself could take the conceit out of the redoubted Fogarty O'Fogarty."

"And Irish ladies too, sir," said Lucy, who was in her element, and determined her lady mother should not escape any part of the task assigned her—"And Irish ladies too, sir. Ma there, for instance, though only half-bred, prides herself on her jig steps, and never misses a dance, whenever she can find a partner."

"I was considered grait at it meself, whin I was at home," simulated Dooley, with another affectionate glance at his trotters.

"Then," said Lucy, "ma will never forgive you if you leave us without askin' her out."

"If I thought so, miss, an that it wouldn't be makin' too bowld—"

"Too bowld!—O, she'll be so delighted! and all of us."

And up jumped little mischief-maker to put things in training for the dance; which being completed, down she sat to her piano, and rattled off "Shelah's Jig" in a manner that would have done honor to a Munster piper.

It boots not to enter into a description of the bows, and scrapes, and smirks, and smiles performed by little Mickey Dooley (then after his third tumbler,) as he advanced to ask the grand-daughter of the great O'Fogarty to dance with him. Suffice it to say that the lady (who, throwing aside her mannerism, had really entered into the fun of the business, and, as she afterwards confessed, enjoyed it exceedingly,) consented with a good grace, and even immortalised herself by her subsequent performance. Still she was no touch to Micky, who soon made it apparent that he was the very prince of jig dancers, as he snapped his fingers—jumped—slapped the soles of his shoes together—came the pushing step—the kissing step—the sailor's bend—the gipsy's twirl, &c., and threw his head, legs and arms about, as if each individual part of him was perfectly independent of all others. This brilliant execution evidently carried Mrs. Livingston along with it, for she certainly did lay her feet at it with all her might; and to heighten the effect of the dance, Mrs. L. was a tall, full, large made, dowager-looking woman, who if cut into quarters would have made just about four of her brisk little partner.

During this display such remarks as these were flying about in whispers between Murphy, Mangan, Tenpenny and McCann.

"Divil the like ov thim ever I saw out ov Ireland. Glory be to God that there's some ov the true breed left yet!"

"The whiskey's grait—I'll go bail its sent out to thim from wan

ov their frinds that has a still-head-an' worm on the sly in Nenagh!"

"Barney, is Livingston an Irish name?"

"Ov coorse it is! Pure. But they wor dhruv away be King Billy, bad luck t<sup>o</sup> him!"

"Boys, honey, don't she foot it nait?" She's a match for Mickey any day."

"An' the young lady, she's a purty craythur, aint she, Jack?"

"Divil the like ov her I've seen in a month ov Sundays."

Meanwhile Lucy went from fast to furious. This was more than Mangan could patiently bear, so his feet began to keep time to the music; McCann and Tenpenny followed suit. This suggested a new idea to Barney, who, jumping up, seized Mangan, and away they went into the paroxysm of the jig. McCann and Tenpenny, of course, were scarcely a second behind them. The epidemic spread, and the lawyer and his friends went at it. Then old Anthony and myself, not to be idle, entered the arena, and fired away. And thus, with the exception of the fair, but wicked musician, we were all footing it, partly for fun, and partly because we couldn't help it; for beyond question there is some charm about an Irish jig, played with spirit, that sets one's legs in motion whether they will or no.

At length Mrs. Livingston broke down, and the dancing ceased. Soon after a motion for adjournment, suggested by Barney, was awkwardly put, and reluctantly carried. "But stay," said Barney, "before we go I have wan grait favor to ax! Miss Lucy darlint, you know you owe me a song, an' if you'll pay it now, if it was only a single verse by way of a *dach-a-dhorus*, (stirrur-up) we'll all pray for you."

"Well, Mr. Murphy," returned Lucy, "so far as a poor voice may do it, I'll earn your benedictions at once! But what shall I sing?"

"Any thing, Miss—Highland Mary, for instance."

"No, no," returned Miss Livingston, "I don't like Scotch airs, and never practice them; but if you'll accept of a little Irish melody instead."

"Oh, be all mains, Miss."

"With tin thousand thanks, Miss."

"Heavens bless your purty face, Miss, an' sure it's Irishmen an' Irish melodies that may be proud ov you."

"Well then," continued Lucy, with a face full of beams and smiles, "I'll sing you an old melody with new words, entitled, '*O Erin, why art thou so fair Love.*'" Saying which, she sung the following verses in a voice like a nightingale:

"OH! ERIN, WHY ART THOU SO FAIR, LOVE."

Air—"Colin the Scrutheen a Moe."

On! Erin, why art thou so fair, love!

Thy brow should be dark as the tomb;

For since we must leave thee for e'er, love,

Thy beauties add pangs to our doom!

Oh yes, 'tis a curse to us, dearest,

As exiles we move from thy shore,

That thou all so heavenly appearest,

Since we may not stay to adore!

Oh! how we must hate the fell stranger—

The *sashnash* from o'er the dark sea,

Who drives us to want and to dango,

From such a dear country as thee!

We measure our hate by thy beauty,

Hence soon it flows over the brim;

And revenge seems imposed as a duty—

Revenge on the *Sashnash* so grim!

How monstrous the doom that hangs o'er thee!

Thy foemen are welcomed and blest;

While the children who own and adore thee,

Must starve on thy bountiful breast!

But for this, our loved home we'd abide in,

Tho' treated as victims or slaves;

So the green sod, our hearts took such pride in,

Might bloom o'er our beautiful graves!

As Barney had predicted, I saw that the warmest feelings of my Irish friends were stirred up from their deepest depths by this plaintive little melody. As it proceeded, each countenance became intense; the mention of the "*sashnash*" caused their brows to knit and their eyes to flash; and the conclusion found them subdued almost to weeping. So potent are the effects of his national music on the heart of the poor Irish exile.

After discussing another glass of punch to Lucy's everlasting health and happiness, and well nigh shaking all our hands off, Meers, Murphy and company took their leave. Barney, however, returned in a few minutes to congratulate us on our night's performance.

"Be gorra, Miss Lucy," he exclaimed, as he entered, "you're the Field Marshal of politicians, an' deserve to marry the President."

"Why, what are the prospects, Barney?" inquired Mr. Livingston.

"Prospects!" ejaculated Barney disdainfully, "don't be talking ov prospects whin the thing is done. Be dad, we have put a nail in owld Stubbs' coffin in spite ov his son Pat."



## CHAPTER XI.

Some sixty and odd miles from the city of New York, and adjacent to the Hudson River, stands a huge old Dutch building, a glance at which immediately conjures up visions of Christmas holidays, blazing hickory or green ash fires, and groups of stout, comfortable, grave-looking "yaw mynheers," enjoying themselves over their "meershaums" and home-brewed ale. It is a fine old weather-beaten, weather-despising establishment, which, in times gone by, may have been inhabited by a line of old governors; and which does not look very much unlike a jolly old governor itself, with a three-cocked hat on his head, and built on the popular Dutch principle of two breadths to a length.

On a fine breezy morning, several years ago, a merry looking old black man was seated at the door of a little out house which adjoins this venerable building. He was cleaning a well-bespattered side-saddle, and humoring his work the while with a variety of negro melodies, from which I select the following, promising that he sang it to the popular air of "Zip Koon," with embellishments and variations probably added by himself:—

### SAMBO ON A SUNDAY SWINGING ON A GATE.

Sambo on a Sunday swinging on a gate,  
Sambo on a Sunday swinging on a gate,  
Sambo on a Sunday swinging on a gate,  
An' thinkin he wor President ob dese United State.  
O! dat de time o'day, boy, habn't he de nack,  
For lickin' 'lasses candy an' drinkin' apple jack.

Bossy hab de rhino, Sambo hab de fun,  
Bossy hab de rhino, Sambo hab de fun,  
Bossy hab de rhino, Sambo hab de fun,  
A swingin' on de gate when dere's nuffin to be done!  
O! dat do time a-day, boy, habn't he de nack,  
For lickin' 'lasses candy an' drinkin' apple jack.

When bossy see him sweetheart, he dassent be uncibbel,  
When bossy see him sweetheart, he dassent be uncibbel,  
When bossy see him sweetheart, he dassent be uncibbel,  
But when Sambo catch him lady lub him kiss her like de dibbel.

O! dat de time a-day, boy, habn't he de nack,  
For lickin' 'lasses candy an' drinkin' apple jack.

While the merry old negro was thus amusing himself, and serving his mistress, whoever she might be, a tall, powerful looking figure muffled up in a Spanish cloak, approached stealthily from behind, and ensconcing itself in the rear of the little out-house, exclaimed in a loud whisper,

"Pompey!"

"Who dat dar?" returned Pompey, pausing in his operations on the saddle.

"Come hero for a moment, Pompey," said the figure.

"Who de dibbel are you fust?"

"A friend."

"No you don't—dibbel a friend Pompey hab dat's asfared to show hisself!"

O! dat de time a-day, boy, habn't he de nack,  
For lickin' 'lasses candy, and drinkin' apple jack."

And away went Pompey at the saddle.

"I'm the stranger, then," said the figure, after a pause, "do you know me now?"

"De stranger!" ejaculated Pompey, throwing down the saddle, and running behind the house. "Do I know you?—Gosh! I guess do, bossy, know you like ebery ting!" Whereon Pompey struck up a banjo lilt, and went off in a figure of Jim Crow.

"How are all the family, Pompey?"

"Fust rate, bossy, all but massa David; an' him dam bad!"

"Ha! what ails David?"

"Golly! I tort ebery one know'd dat dar! Why Miss Flora ails him—what keeps him runnin' and jumpin' and ridin' here an' dar, an' ebery whar, till he habn't a leg to stand on. Gosh dough, if Miss Flora don't make a dibbel ob a time when she sees you, den say dat dis here child don't know nuffin about him!"

"Is Miss Flora at home?" asked the stranger,

"O! dibbel, no!" said Pompey, "she's nebber at home, no time; an' she's neber no whar else in ginral, but here, an' dar, an' ebery whar, in particular."

After a little further conversation, the stranger learned that notwithstanding the weather was at least twenty degrees too cold for ruralizing, Miss Flora, accompanied by the unfortunate David, and several persons hunted up expressly for the occasion, had proceeded about an hour before on an excursion to a certain almost inaccessible mountain in the immediate neighborhood of West Point, for the sake and comfortable purpose of climbing to the top of it.

"I see," observed the stranger, "that she continues to make them pay for mewing her up in the country."

"Don't she, dough? Dat's a fac she do, bossy," returned Pompey. "An' 'tween you an' I, an' de wall, when Massa David hab marry her, she'll make him pay him for more yet; cos, bossy, he! he! he!—he'll tink he hab married de berry debbel."

Giving Pompey a half a-dollar for his information, which inspired him with another fit of the banjo, and Jim Crow, the stranger put himself in an extremely rapid order of pedestrian locomotion, and was soon out of sight.

I forget the name of a certain mountain which overhangs West Point, and is said next to Catskill to hold a loftier head than any other eminence in the State of New York. It is also remarkable for its steepness, especially near the summit, which but few mortal men have ever attained, and by all accounts only two mortal women—the one Fanny Kemble—the other a lady who will be introduced to the reader by and by. On the morning I am writing of, a party of five or six persons might be seen to labor up this hill, all of them,

with the exception of one who was in advance of the rest, looking as if they were praying in their hearts that it might fall down and cover them. This one, at a distance, might be taken for a man—a dashing devil-may-care swaggering blade, who had partially disguised himself in female attire for the fun of the thing—but on coming to close quarters, it was easy to perceive that she was a very handsome woman. Her face was of the animated, irregular, glowing, wicked kind of beauty, which artists, as a common rule, give to the houris of Mahomet's paradise. Her dark hazle eye fairly flashed with animation, courage, and decision, and a thousand smiles played constantly around her lips—a thousand roguish, merry, scornful smiles, that were evidently rather those of a joyous and independent, than of a susceptible nature. She was considerably sunburnt, but every freckle was a beauty spot; and her dancing brown ringlets escaping here and there from under her bewitching little, though “shocking bad” Gipsy hat, were somewhat dishevelled; but they were more attractive and dangerous so, than any toilet machinations could make them. Her form was about the medium height, and a little *en bon point*, but full of grace and agility. Her appointments consisted of the aforesaid little Gipsy hat, of black beaver—a close cloth walking habit—stout laced boots, buckskin gloves, and a heavy horsewhip, which were all that was visible, as shawl, scarf, reticule, or such like feminine gew-gaws and vanities she had none.—This lady tripped up the hill as nimbly as if it were a Macadamised road—cracked her whip as she went, and apparently rejoiced at the prospect of labor a-head. Next to her came a tall, stout, pappy looking, well dressed young gentleman, of twenty-five or so; who appeared to be very much fatigued, very much out of humor, and not a little frightened. And then followed the remainder of the party.

Glancing back and finding her companions so much in the rear of her, the beautiful pioneer cried out in a voice very sweet as to tone, but somewhat masculine as to volume:

“Why, Dave, what a fine fellow you are to assist a young lady up a hill! Run, man, run, and I’ll show you something worth looking at.”

“Run!” returned David, who, instead of running, stopped to speak to the fair colloquist, as otherwise he would have been unable to speak to her at all. “Run! How you talk, Flora, as if I was a goat or a playactor to run up a perpendicular.”

“I’m neither a goat or a playactor, am I Dave?”

“Well, I know you’re not, Flora—but—but—”

“But I’m the devil—at least for getting over a high hill!—I guess that’s what you’d say, cousin Dave.”

“I don’t know what I’d say, coz,” returned cousin Dave, “but I know I wish we were well up this confounded hill and down again!”

“It will be easy to get well down, Dave,” said the lady, “just miss your foot when you get up at the ‘Crow’s nest,’—which I intend you shall rob for me—and the way you’ll go down will be a caution to hoop-rolling.”

This comfortable assurance had no very soothing effect on poor Dave, but nevertheless he renewed his journey, and was soon beside his fair tormentor, who had waited for him.

“Now, Flora, ain’t we high enough?”

“High enough; I’m determined not to return until we have a tete-a-tete on the tip-top. It will be romantic—won’t it?” inquired Flora.

“Very romantic, but not quite so romantic as frantie,” answered David.

“Lu, Dave! I declare if you hav’nt said something smart,” exclaimed the young lady, “I must get you to write it in my Album. Who’ll say after that, that sublime heights don’t inspire sublime ideas?”

Well, quiz away, Flo—but what is it you have to show me?”

Something, Dave, that I trust will make your limbs as nimble as your poetical faculties. Look around you, to the right, and see what’s to be seen.”

David, as directed, looked around him to the right, and there saw a figure pushing up the hill with marvellously rapid strides, considering the character of the “toe path.” The figure was winding round the hill in a place that was particularly steep and dangerous, but he seemed to dance over the ground as lightly as if it were a sloping meadow.

“He’s either mad or bewitched, or the devil himself,” exclaimed David.

“He may be somewhat of a devil, but he’s more of a man,” said Flora. “Just such a man as a woman loves to look at. Oh! Heavens, David, how I wish that you were me, and I such a fellow as that yonder!”

David opened his eyes at the fair enthusiast, but said nothing.

Flora continued, “See, see, how he plays with the danger.—Heavens, David, do look where he leans over the very precipice!—Oh! Coz, if you were only such a man as that:—”

David tried to get up a scornful curl of the lip, but he was too much fatigued, and it was a failure; he then fixed his eye grimly on the stranger, in the fond hope of seeing him perform a series of somersets in the direction of gravitation; failing in this, and feeling

the spirit of emulation growing strong within him, he again put his breast against the mountain with desperate efforts, and succeeded for several minutes in keeping side by side with the fair Flora, who now looked vicious, and determined, as if she had made up her mind that nothing born of a woman should pass her on the road.

There was, however, no need of alarm on this score, for the stranger soon passed round to the other side of the hill, and was out of sight, leaving Flora to wonder what could be his object in coming up there at all; and David to hope, whatever might have been his object in coming up, that he had gone down again head foremost.

Now the party had achieved by far the greatest portion of their task, but the only dangerous part, the very inspiration of it, was still before them, and seemed to all eyes with the exception of Flora’s, as secure from trespass on their part, as though it lay in the moon. Thus far they had managed the ascent, with the occasional aid of their hands; anon they were nearly as useful as their feet; and anon again they were indispensable, not only in lifting them up, but in preventing them from falling down. Consequently the senior of the party very prudently called a halt, and proposed a return.

“I’ll not return a step until I have been in the crow’s nest,” said Flora.

“But, my dear Flora,” returned the speaker, “it is utter madness to think of it.”

“Madness or no madness, up I go,” answered the invincible Flora; “So come along David!”

Meanwhile, she continued her line of march right upwards—now scrambling—now slipping—now trusting half her weight to some tiny shrub—until she arrived at the dangerous pinnacle of her ambition, over which she flung herself with an exulting shout, and disappeared from her companions; all of whom, by the way, had given up the ascension as soon as they heard poor David announcing his arrival at cape of forlorn hope.

“Paint heart never won fair lady, and poor David has a heart like a rabbit,” soliloquized Flora, when she found herself on slim footing.

“But, heaven’s, what’s that?”

This exclamation was occasioned by a moderately musical voice, proceeding from the other side of a little hillock, which syllabled itself into the following verse of a song, the whole of which appeared in one of the earlier chapters.

She smiles not, she sighs not, she studies no grace,  
She hunts and she drives, but she never makes lace;  
She swims the blue lake, where no bottom is found,  
And she mounts her good steed with a warrior’s bound.

And when the voice ceased, the stranger, who had surprised Pompey a few hours before, made his appearance with a low how.

“Miss Willoughby, your most obedient.”

Another female, under the circumstances, might have blushed, or started. Flora, however, being like few, perhaps no other female, herself excepted, did neither, but welcomed the intruder with a merry laugh of recognition, and extended her hand, which was immediately warmly squeezed, and tenderly kissed, without in the least appearing to disconcert its fair owner.

“And so, Master O’Hara,” she said, “it was you we saw flying over the hill like a feathered Mercury.”

“Fly or climb, Miss Willoughby,” returned our old friend Phil, for it was his own six feet of good fellowship that stood in the stranger’s shoe leather. “Fly or climb, Miss Willoughby, I am most happy to be able to say that it was no one else.”

“Then you have had some pleasant object in your excursion!” said Flora, archly.

“The pleasantest in all this world,” returned O’Hara.

“To woo the muses, eh?” rejoined Miss Willoughby.

“To woo the only muse that ever inspired me,” answered Phil, going down, the while gracefully on his dexter marrow, and doing farther lip-service on the lady’s lilly-white hand.

“Now may I be hanged,” exclaimed Flora, “if the man’s not making love to me!”

“And would deserve,” added O’Hara, “to be cleft in twain with the spear of Mars, instead of the bolt of Cupid, if, under the circumstances, he did any thing else.”

“Spirits of Mount Plummery, which I take to be the nine muses!” exclaimed Flora, with a slight curl of her haughty little lip—“how extremely poetical, and devoted.”

“Faith, Miss Willoughby,” returned Phil, “I believe I may be open to suspicion, sure enough; but nevertheless, I swear to you by the constancy of the mountain we stand on, that I love you as truly as ever man loved woman.”

“O! for shame, Mr. O’Hara,” said the provoking girl—“and no fan convenient to hide my blushes!”

“Heigh ho!” exclaimed Phil, “I see that I might as well be making love to a Colonel of Cossacks!”

“Only for one thing, O’Hara,” said the maiden, with a sly look, and an impressive shake of her fore-finger, as though she’d say, “I know you, boy”—“Only for one thing, O’Hara.”

“And that?” queried her companion, looking the interrogative.

“Is simply,” replied Miss Willoughby, “because a Colonel of Cossacks might not chance to have five thousand dollars per annum in the folds of his saddle-bags.”



"You certainly have an advantage over the Colonel there, lady," said O'Hara, with as much of a blush as my worthy chum was capable of mounting for modesty sake.

"A slight one, I should say," returned Flora, with a wicked laugh, "but of course you don't care for that!—you are as disinterested as the fox who eulogized the crow with the piece of cheese in her mouth, and merely make love to me for the sake of my sweet self."

"By heavens, Flora Willoughby, your insinuation does me wrong," returned O'Hara, while something like an expression of honest indignation, half felt, and half got up for the occasion, passed rapidly over his countenance. "But, at the same time," he continued, "it is to be confessed that those some thousands a year you have been speaking of, might be worth a little extra devotion!"

"Then Mr. O'Hara is no fortune hunter—no mere squanderer of Cupid's arrows, with mammon for a target," insinuated Flora. "His coffers, no doubt, are teeming already!"

"Full to the brim, Miss Willoughby, of—emptiness," said Phil stoutly. But what of that, when you have money enough for us both?"

"Else had you never climbed into the crow's nest to make love to me—ph, most disinterested of cavaliers!" said Flora.

"To be candid, then, I would not, thou most perplexing of mountain sylphs," replied O'Hara. "Partly, inasmuch as I have but little faith in domestic felicity, and all that sort of thing—and the wolf on the lobby; but more especially because considerable second-hand experience has made me a convert to the opinion of the old proverb, that 'when poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window.'"

"And so, Master Moneytrap," observed Flora, coloring slightly, "to quote from another ancient authority—

"You're the false and the landless knight  
That stopp'd at fair Elenor's bower,  
Who cared not a mite for that lady bright,  
But only made love to her dower."

"There you wrong me," said O'Hara; "I woo with motives of a purer principle."

"Not forgetting the interest, Sir Knight of the 'light heart and the thin pair of breeches,' as the song has it," added Miss Willoughby, who thereon went into a kind of laughter that startled the echoes of the mountain.

"Decidedly not forgetting the interest," returned Phil.

"I think none the less of you," resumed Miss Willoughby, "that your Cupid is not one of those blind simpletons of antiquity, who brought down their game at hap-hazard; but a modern sharp-sighted Yankee fellow with a rich dower in his eye. Mine indeed is a bird of the same feather."

"But nevertheless," interrupted O'Hara, "you'd rather hit one true man, though his rent roll might be somewhat of the smallest, than a dozen rich manikins."

"I don't know that," said Flora. "I'm an advocate for damages in the way of heavy pin money—broad acres—dashing equipages—and such matters; and were I so foolish as to be otherwise, such a wooer as you would soon restore me to reason."

"If I deserve to be everlastingly eschewed by Hymen, for any especial error in my nature," said O'Hara, placing his right hand tenderly in the region of his heart; "it is for my disinterestedness in love."

"A riddle!—the true man's a riddle!" cried Miss Willoughby.

"And will instantly resolve himself with another quotation from the ancients," added O'Hara, who thus continued—

"Were I a king and one maiden fair,  
The poorest that ever was seen;  
By heavens, I'd give her my crown to wear,  
If she'd only consent to be queen."

"Were that maid wealthy as fair to view,  
And sorrow and poverty mine,  
I'd go to her still with my heart so true,  
And offer my heart at her shrine."

"But were the maid landless, and I so too,  
O rather than add to her care,  
I'd leave her some wealthier swain to woo,  
And bury my hope in despair."

Now, Maid of the Mist, what do you think of my philosophy?"

"Why, Knight of the Mountain, that, according to received notions, it is rather more honest than poetical. But as it's my turn to be candid now, I must tell you that I'm not in the market."

"If you were," answered O'Hara, "and commanded a fair price, a king couldn't purchase you."

"And yet," retorted Flora, "you want such an invaluable creature to be knocked down to a Sir Dowermad Lackland, who has scarcely by his own confession, a dollar to bid for her."

"But a heart worth all the mines of Pluto!" exclaimed O'Hara, "a heart impervious to the shaft of Cupid until thy bright image—"

"Tut, tut, tut," replied Miss Willoughby, putting her hand on the enthusiast's mouth, "Don't you know better than to be wasting your precious ammunition on a conquered citadel? I tell you again that

I'm not available!—that I'm out of the blind god's calendar!—In fact that I'm signed, sealed and all but delivered."

"Pooh!" returned the invincible Philip, "I know all about that—you speak in reference to Van Tassel—Cousin Dave, as you call him,—to whose anti-climbing-up-n-mountain faculties, by the way, be all honor, glory, and gratitude."

"I do—I mean David," said Flora.

"I knew it, and my mind's at ease so far," resumed O'Hara bluntly, "for you'll never marry him!"

"Never!" and wherefore not, dread seer of the crow's nest?"

"The reasons," answered O'Hara, "are legion. One is, that you'd pair about as well together as a nobby and a falcon. A second, because you don't love him otherwise than cousins may love. A third, because he don't know how to love you. A fourth, because you'll never swear to honor and obey, unless under circumstances where you may entertain some slight impression that the oath don't involve a perjury; and a fifth, which being a conclusive one, is all I shall enumerate at present—because it is more than probable you may marry myself!"

"I knew what was coming," said Miss Willoughby, "but nevertheless think it improbable that I shall ever write myself Mrs. Philip O'Hara."

"It's a dashing name notwithstanding," suggested Phil.

"Is it?" exclaimed Flora; "let's see—Mrs. Philip O'Hara's coach! Mrs. Philip O'Hara, the charming hostess! Eloped last week, with a Captain of Dragons, the beautiful and bewitching Mrs. Philip O'Hara! Humph! Yes, the name might do for want of a better, but it will never be mine!"

"Stranger things have come to pass," said Phil; "even that item in favor of the Captain of Dragons inclusive; and if you'll only give me a hope as faint as the ray of one of Jupiter's satellites, I'll be satisfied."

"Hear him, for his cause is great!" ejaculated Miss Willoughby, "and I wooed, won—and all but wedded and worn."

"Then I'll hope against hope," said O'Hara, "for, as you say yourself, 'faint heart never won a fair lady.'"

"So be it," returned Miss Willoughby, with a smile which seemed like one of encouragement. At least such was my friend O'Hara's construction of it, and his excitement was so great in consequence, that forsaking the tiny hand till then held gently in his own, he clasped the merry maiden to his heart with a most unqualified embrace, and impressed "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," upon her cherry ripe lips.

"Well," said Flora, after affecting to pout a little, "I suppose I must forgive you, the more especially as cousin Dave deserves no better for trusting such a jewel of a prize as I am so long out of his sight. But now I must be off, or those poor people below will think I have taken a leap for life, or else eloped with some gentle spirit of the mist or wizard of the mountain."

And ere the lapse of another minute, Miss Willoughby was descending the hill to join her impatient companions.

## CHAPTER XII.

No. 202 Broadway—Time, 10 o'clock.—Tom, *solus*. "O, Tom Stapleton, thou art a bright youth—an incontinent nice young man for a small tea party; and ought, by all means, to make a pilgrimage to some romantic peak that overhangs the sea, and throw an immortal somerset into eternity. Spirit of vexation, here's an invitation to tea at Livingston's, and my face tattooed all over like a New Zealander's, to say nothing of an eye fancifully mosaiced in red, and deeply imbedded in a frame of ebony. And then my wallet!—forty-eight dollars!—three receipted accounts, for the show of the thing;—a score or upwards of pawnbroker's tickets!—a little museum of love-locks, clipped from some of the fairest heads in Christendom!"

I'm a very merry fellow,  
Take me out and out,  
Ay, and fond of getting mellow,  
'Tis beyond a doubt,  
Dull care I can smother too  
With all my ease,  
And fight, or sing—do any thing  
The girls to please!

And up jumped the reader's humble servant, and began to go through the figures of the Highland Reel, with an energy that might have astonished a Glasgow piper. Now, my shaving mirror, standing over a bureau at the end of the room opposite the door, I figured towards it, to see how I came the flourishes under the influence of a black eye and other trifles to match, and got into such an ecstasy at my appearance, that I shouted again, and so continued, until some curious demonstration in the rear startled me; and faith, if the sound startled me, the sight I experienced on turning round, almost sent me after my head out of the window; for there, between me and the door, was the oddest figure in all creation, footing it away for the bare life, at the Highland Reel! [He was a ragged customer who had, the preceding day, attempted to steal my hat while I lay nearly senseless in the street—having been knocked down and robbed by three villains—and although caught in the act, he was let off, with the promise of a reward if he would discover the robbers.]



"For the moiety of a second I thought I had raised a spirit; but before the second was out, I perceived that my ragged acquaintance of the preceding day was the intruder.

"Ha!—why—what the devil! it's you, is it," said I, not a little surprised at the fellow's impudence, and yet ready to burst with laughter at the marvellously ludicrous figure he cut."

"Yes, bossy, it's I; but keep it up, for it goes fust rate—Whoop!" And away he went at the figure of eight.

"Now," said I, when my visitor had finished his flourish, "let me hear what news you have brought about those highwaymen."

"Maaning those ere covies vot hook'd your vallet?" returned he of the motley garment.

"Of course," said I, "who else?"

"Vell, then, bossy," he answered, "feet is, if it's them ere covies you're a haxin' for, I can't tell, being as how I don't know nothing about them."

"What the devil brings you here, then?"

"My heyes vot a question! Vy, the hample revard you promised for keeping a bright look out."

"Clear out," said I, waxing angry, "or I'll kick you down stairs."

"Vell, then, bossy," returned my guest, in a perfect tone of good humor, and without any trace of anger or irony on his countenance, "kick away in welcome, for as I haint got no browns to vake the people up, an' as the veather's a days' journey below every thing, I'm blow'd if a fust rate kicking wouldn't be a wery valuable harticle!"

"What reward did you expect from me?" said I, somewhat taken by the fellow's philosophy.

"Three cents for a *hinsider* at the Hall, he returned, "an' may be two for a *go down*, if you vos any vays flush."

"And what," I inquired, "is an *insider* at the hall, and a *go down*?"

"A *hinsider* at the hall," he answered, "is bed, fire, an' the run of the room, at Clooney's in Vashington street, at night; an' a *go down* is a glass of his fust chop; cos that as he sells for a penny ve calls his *belly wengeance*."

"You are speaking about the celebrated Loafers' Hall in Washington street now," said I.

"Vell, I knows I is," answered my visitor, "and a fust-rate hall it is, too; beds fust-rate—fire fust-rate—lush fust-rate—and every thing fust-rate, but the vay as they has of making fellers pay for them."

I was suddenly smitten with a curiosity to see this celebrated loafers' Paradise, which I had often heard of, and it struck me I might never have a better opportunity than the present, when my black eye and bruised countenance might be taken as a species of passport, not to mention my friend of the shocking bad hat, by way of body-guard and cicerone. Besides, I had an idea that by going I might find the fellows who robbed me, or some cue to them; and again,—in consequence of the state of nervous excitement I was in, owing to my inability to visit the Livingstons, as per invitation—I was unable to read or sleep, and therefore ripe and ready for any ad-

venture, not involving an appearance in respectable company, which promised a fair prospect of killing time pleasantly.

I suggested my views on the subject to my loafer acquaintance, who strongly approved of them, and declared that if "I vent a *hinsider* at the Hall vonce, I'd continue to go as a *hinsider* at it agin, every night as long as I might be left in this vicked world, and could raise the ready."

Therefore, equipping myself in a regular Robert Macaire uniform of threadbare and patches, kept apart for "larks" in general, and finishing off with my friend Phillip's slouched hat and old camlet cloak, spoken of elsewhere, I placed myself under the surveillance of my new acquaintance, and set off for Loafer's Hall.

"My name," said my companion, on his way down, "is Bill Childs, but they calls me the Babe in the Wood for shortness. Vot's yourn for the row?" "John Smith." "Vot?" "John Smith."

"Vell, it's a hard un, as all our John Smiths—and vo has sixteen on em—left their reglar handles up at the Hisland, and has been afeard to use 'em ever since. But never mind, it's a fust rate man's case to go to the Hisland; and I'm blowed, if it wasn't for the stone-breaking, if I wouldn't as lieve be there as any vore else."

Subsequent to this dialogue, we moved on in silence, until we arrived at what had the appearance of being a small public house in Washington street. Behind the bar stood a stout, ruffianly looking man, and a stout, ruffianly looking woman, who appeared to be the most masculine brute of the two. The Babe in the Wood having whispered something in the female's ear, the gentle creature threw a full searching glance at my humble self; but feeling assured by the ornamental state of my soul's index that all was right, her face relaxed into something like an expression of satisfaction, and she held out her hand.

"Poney over, there's no tick here, chum," said the Babe, with a wink, addressed between me and mine hostess.

"Tick be d—d, and all that take it!" retorted that gentle creature, "for we're too old in the horn to stand any such like gum games now-a-days."

"Vy, in coorse you is, for it's human natur," said the Babe, "an' I know of no vumman as has half so much human natur in her buz-zom as you, Nance."

A grim smile was the answer, which grew rather softer, as I handed out my two shilling piece, and requested that two "*insiders*" and a couple of "*go downs*" should be taken out of it.

The liquor was poured out into large muddy-looking tumblers, holding, I should say, as much as two wine glasses, but was of so fiery a nature that it almost blistered my lip when I tasted it; hence I slyly emptied it on the floor; but the Babe holding back his head, let it trickle down his throat, as if it were so much of the Nectar of Wodin; and then licked his lips, and threw a mournful glance at the decanter, as though he should say—"It's a pity to divide us, and we agreeing so beautifully together." We then passed through a side door and descended a flight of steps, which the Babe whispered, as he rubbed his hands with glee, was the high road to Loafer's Hall.

(Continued on page 29, Library Edition.)

***The Chess-Player's Chronicle. Volume I.***

**THIS** is a weekly publication, bound up in its first annual volume. It begins with an account of the celebrated Automaton Chess-Player; but the weekly matter consists chiefly of correspondence on the subject of the book, with a multitude of drafts of games, either derived from sources not accessible to the general reader—as the rarer works of the old chess-players, and unpublished manuscripts—or describing games played during the progress of the work. There are several cuts, illustrating ingenious positions. To the amateur, such a collection of games cannot but prove interesting; to the student, profitable; for, though we have not had time to play over any of the games in the present volume, it may be generally pronounced impossible to retrace the movements of skilful players without entertainment and advantage. -1b.

## **THE DAGUERREOTYPE.**

*The New - York Mirror: a Weekly Gazette of Literature and the Fine Arts (1823-1842); Jan 1, 1842; 20, 1;*  
American Periodicals  
pg. 6

### **THE DAGUERREOTYPE.**

The admirers of this wonderful art will be pleased to learn that the ingenious Mr. H. Chilton has opened rooms at the corner of John-street and Broadway, for the purpose of taking Photographic likenesses. The rapidity with which these miniatures are executed, their fidelity to nature, and the soft tone which pervades them, are inducements which cannot fail to make this mode of copying the human face very popular with the public. We would advise them to visit Mr. C.'s rooms and examine his specimens: and those who have a desire to "see themselves as others see them" perhaps cannot do better than try the skill of this successful operator. Query, Would not this style of likenesses make capital New-Year's presents?

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## THE DAUGHTERS OF DR. BYLES.

## A SKETCH OF REALITY.

BY MISS LESLIE.

On my first visit to Boston, about nine years since, I was offered, by a lady of that kind and hospitable city, (the paradise of strangers,) an introduction to the two daughters of the celebrated Mather Byles: and I gladly availed myself of this opportunity of becoming acquainted with these singular women, whom, I had been told, were classed among the curiosities of the place.

Their father, a native Bostonian, (born in 1706, during the reign of Queen Anne,) was connected with the family of Cotton Mather. His education was completed in England, where he studied theology at Cambridge, and was afterwards ordained a minister of the gospel according to the Episcopal faith. On his return to Boston, Mather Byles was inducted into the first pastor-ship of Hollis street church, then a newly-erected edifice, constructed entirely of wood, as were most American churches of that period. He became proprietor of a house and a small piece of ground near the junction of Tremont and Nassau streets. In this house all his children were born, and here the two that survived were still living. His wife was a daughter of Governor Taylor.

The position of Dr. Byles as a clergyman, his literary acquirements, his shrewd sense, and his ready wit, caused him to be highly popular at home, and brought him into personal acquaintance or epistolary correspondence with many of the principal men of his time, on both sides of the Atlantic. He frequently exchanged letters with Pope and with Dr. Watts: and among the visitors at his "modest mansion" might be enumerated some of the most distinguished persons of his native province—while strangers of note eagerly sought his acquaintance.

All went smoothly with Dr. Byles till America became impatient of her dependence on the crown of Britain; and, unfortunately for him, his sympathies were on the side of the mother country. He could not be persuaded that her children of the new world had sufficient cause for abrogating the authority of the nation from whence they had sprung; and he considered their alleged grievances as mere pretexts for throwing off a chain which, in his opinion, had pressed but lightly on them; and that, in short, as Falstaff said of the Percy and Mortimer insurrection,—"Rebellion lay in their way, and they found it." His congregation had warmly and almost unanimously espoused the popular cause, and, consequently, were much irritated at the ultra royalist feelings and

opinions of their pastor, whose difficulties with his flock seeming daily to increase, Dr. Byles eventually thought it best to resign his situation as minister of Hollis street church.

The war broke out; the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and Boston was subsequently occupied by the British army, and besieged by the Americans, who established themselves in hostile array upon the heights that commanded the town,—and, with a view of dislodging the enemy, they vigilantly exerted themselves in stopping all supplies of fuel and provisions. After holding out against the patriots during a leaguer of more than eight months, the British finally withdrew their forces, and embarked them to carry the war into another section of the country. Now, that something like order was again restored in the town of Boston and its vicinity, it was thought time to punish those who had rendered themselves obnoxious by aiding and abetting the cause of the enemy. Some of the most noted royalists were expelled from the province and took refuge in Nova Scotia, others went into voluntary exile and repaired to England, where they preferred a claim of indemnification for the losses they had sustained by adhering to the cause of monarchy. Among others, Dr. Mather Byles was denounced at a town-meeting, for his unconcealed toryism: for having persisted in praying for the king; and for interchanging visits with the British officers, most of whom were received familiarly at his house. Upon these charges he was tried before a special court, and at first sentenced to have his property confiscated, and himself and family transported to England. But the board of war, out of respect to his private character, commuted his punishment to a short imprisonment in his own house, under the guard of sentinels, and allowed him to retain his possessions.

The rebellion eventuated in a successful revolution; and honor, fame, and the gratitude of their country rewarded those who had assisted in the glorious contest for independence; while all who had held back, and all who had sided with the enemy, were contumeliously cast into the shade, regarded with contempt by their former associates, or compelled to wear out their lives in exile from the land of their birth. Most of the connections of the Byles family quitted the States. But the doctor remained, and finding that he could not regain his former place among his townsmen, he lived in retirement during

the residue of his life, and died at his own house in Boston, in 1788, in the 82d year of his age. He was interred beneath the pavement of the chancel in Trinity church, having worshipped there with his family after quitting that of Hollis street.

In the old family house his two surviving daughters had ever since continued to reside, steadily refusing to sell either the building or the lot of ground attached to it, though liberal offers for its purchase had repeatedly been made to them. So deep-rooted was their attachment to this spot, where they had been born, and where they had always lived, that they considered it impossible for them to exist in any other place, continually asserting that a removal from it would certainly kill them. They had a trifling source of income which brought them two hundred dollars annually, and they contrived to save nearly the whole of this little sum. Also, they possessed a tolerable quantity of old-fashioned plate, which they had put away in a chest up stairs, never to be used or sold while they lived. In the mean time their wants were chiefly supplied, (and, indeed, many little luxuries were furnished them,) by the benevolence of certain ladies of Boston, who, in the goodness of their hearts, overlooked the anomaly of two women who had the means of a comfortable independence within their reach, submitting to receive assistance from elcemosynary bounty rather than relinquish the indulgence of what, in those matter-of-fact times, would, by most persons, be regarded as a mere morbid fancy. But on this point of feeling they believed their happiness to depend; and their tolerant benefactresses kindly enabled them to be happy in their own way.

The Miss Byleses kept no domestic; but a man came every morning to attend to the wood and water part of their *ménage*, and to go their errands—and a woman was employed every week to do up the Saturday work. A newspaper was sent to them gratuitously—books were lent to them; for the youngest was something of a reader, and also wrote verses; and they frequently received little presents of cakes, sweetmeats, and other delicacies. They rarely went out, except to Trinity church. Then they put on their everlasting suits of the same Sunday clothes: their faces being, on these occasions, shaded with deep black veils suspended from their bonnets, not so much for concealment as for gentility.

The lady who volunteered to introduce me to the daughters of Dr. Byles, was, as I afterwards understood, one of those who assisted in affording them some of the comforts which they denied to themselves. We set out on our visit on one of the loveliest mornings of a Boston summer, the warmth of the season being delightfully tempered by a cool breeze from the sea. After passing the beautiful Common, (why has it not a better name?) my companion pointed out to me, at what seemed the termination of the long vista of Tremont street, an old black-looking frame-house, which, at the distance from whence I saw it, seemed to block up the way by standing directly across it. It was the ancient residence of

Mather Byles, and the present dwelling of his aged daughters; one of whom was in her eighty-first and the other in her seventy-ninth year. This part of Tremont street, which is on the south-eastern declivity of a hill, carried us far from all vicinity to the aristocratic section of Boston.

At length we arrived at the domain of the two antique maidens. It was surrounded by a board fence, which had once been a very close one, but time and those universal depredators, "the boys," had made numerous cracks and chinks in it. The house (which stood with the gable end to the street) looked as if it had never been painted in its life. Its exposure to the sun and rain, to the heats of a hundred summers and the snows of a hundred winters, had darkened its whole outside nearly to the blackness of iron. Also, it had, even in its best days, been evidently one of the plainest and most unbeautified structures in the town of Boston, where many of the old frame-houses can boast of a redolence of quaint ornament about the doors, and windows, and porches, and balconies. Still, there was something not unpleasant in its aspect, or rather in its situation. It stood at the upper end of a green lot, whose long thick grass was enamelled with field flowers. It was shaded with noble horse-chestnut trees relieved against the clear blue sky, and whose close and graceful clusters of long jagged leaves, fanned by the light summer breeze, threw their chequered and quivering shadows on the grass beneath, and on the mossy roof of the venerable mansion.

We entered the enclosure by a board gate, whose only fastening was a wooden latch with a leather string; like that which secured the wicket of Little Red Ridinghood's grand-mother. There was a glimpse of female figures hastily flitting away from a front window. We approached the house by a narrow pathway, worn by frequent feet, in the grass, and a few paces brought us to the front door with its decayed and tottering wooden steps. My companion knocked, and the door was immediately opened by a rather broad-framed and very smiling old lady, habited in a black worsted petticoat and a white short-gown, into the neck of which was tucked a book-muslin kerchief. Her silver hair was smoothly arranged over a wrinkled but well-formed forehead, beneath which twinkled two small blue eyes. Her head was covered with a close full-bordered white linen cap, that looked equally convenient for night or for day. She welcomed us with much apparent pleasure, and my companion introduced her to me as Miss Mary Byles. She was the eldest of the two sisters.

Miss Mary ushered us into the parlor, which was without a carpet, and its scanty furniture seemed at least a century old. Beneath a surprisingly high mantel-piece was a very low fire-place, from whence the andirons having been removed for the summer, its only accoutrement was a marvellous thick cast-iron back-plate, of a pattern antique even to rudeness. There were a few straight tall-backed chairs, some with bottoms of flag-rush, and others with bottoms of listing; and there was one *fauteuil*, to be

described hereafter. My attention was attracted by the oldest-looking table I had ever seen, and of so dark a hue that it was difficult to tell whether it was mahogany or walnut. When opened out it must have been circular; but, now that the leaves were let down, it exhibited a top so strangely narrow (not more than half a foot in width) that it was impossible to divine the object in making it so; unless, indeed, it was the fashionable table of the time. And fashion, at all periods, has been considered reason sufficient for anything, however inconvenient, ugly or absurd. To support the narrow top and the wide leaves, this table seemed to be endowed with a hundred legs and a proportionate number of bars crossing among them, in every direction, all being of very elaborate turned work. I opine that this must have been a great table in its day.

My companion inquired after the health of Miss Catherine Byles, the youngest of the ladies. Miss Mary replied that sister Catherine was quite unwell, having passed a bad night with the rheumatism. Regret was expressed at our losing the pleasure of seeing her. But Miss Mary politely assured us that her sister would exert herself to appear, rather than forego an opportunity of paying her respects to the ladies; and we as politely hoped that, on our account, she would not put herself to the smallest inconvenience. While compliments were thus flying, the door of the next room opened, and Miss Catherine Byles made her entrance, in a manner which showed us that she went much by gracefulness.

Miss Catherine was unlike her elder sister, both in figure and face; her features being much sharper, (in fact, excessively sharp,) and her whole person extremely thin. She also was arrayed in a black bombasin petticoat, a short-gown, and a close lined cap, with a deep border that seemed almost to bury her narrow visage. She greeted us with much cordiality, and complained of her rheumatism with a smiling countenance.

My eyes were soon rivetted on a fine portrait of Dr. Mather Byles, from the wonderful pencil of Copley — wonderful in its excellence at a period when the divine art was scarcely known in the provinces, and when a good picture rarely found its way to our side of the ocean. And yet, under these disadvantages, and before he sought improvement in the schools of Europe, did Copley achieve those extraordinary fac-similes of the human face, that might justly entitle him to the appellation of the Reynolds of America, and are scarcely excelled by those of his cotemporary, the Reynolds of England.

The moment I looked at this picture I knew that it *must* be a likeness; for I saw in its lineaments the whole character of Dr. Byles, particularly the covert humor of the eye. The face was pale, the features well-formed, and the aspect pleasantly acute. He was represented in his ecclesiastical habiliments, with a curled and powdered wig. On his finger was a signet-ring containing a very fine red cornelian. While I was contemplating the admirably-depicted countenance, his daughters were both very voluble in directing my attention to the cornelian ring, which

they evidently considered the best part of the picture; declaring it to be an exact likeness of that very ring, and just as natural as life.

Before I had looked half enough at Copley's picture, the two old ladies directed my attention to another portrait which they seemed to prize still more highly. This, they informed me, was that of their nephew, "poor boy," whom they had not seen for forty years. It was painted by himself. — His name was Mather Brown, and he was the only son of their deceased elder sister. He had removed to London, where, as they informed me, he had *taken* the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York — "and, therefore," said one of the aunts — "he is painter to the royal family." They both expressed much regret that they had not been able to prevail on their father, after the revolution, to give up America entirely, and remove with his family to England. "In that case," said Miss Mary, "we should all have been introduced at court; and the king and queen would have spoken to us; and I dare say would have thanked us kindly for our loyalty."

The truth was, as I afterwards found, that a much longer period than forty years had elapsed since their nephew left America; but they always continued to give that date to his departure. He had painted himself with his hair reared up perpendicularly from his forehead, powdered well, and tied behind, — and, in a wide blue coat with yellow buttons, and a very stiff hard-plaited shirt-frill with hand-ruffles to match. In his hand he held an open letter, which, both his aunts informed me, contained the very words of an epistle sent by one of them to him, and, therefore, was an exact likeness of that very letter. To gratify them, I read aloud the pictured missive, thereby proving that it really contained legible words.

Having looked at the pictures, I was invited by Miss Mary Byles to take my seat in the large arm-chair, which she assured me was a great curiosity, being more than a hundred years old, having been sent over from England by "government," as a present to their maternal grandfather, Governor Taylor. The chair was of oak, nearly black with age, and curiously and elaborately carved. The back was very tall and straight, and the carving on its top terminated in a crown. This chair was furnished with an old velvet cushion, which was always (by way of preservation) kept upside down, the underside being of dark calico. Miss Mary, however, did me the honor, as a visiter, to turn the right side up, that I might sit upon velvet; and as soon as I had placed myself on it, she enquired if I found it an easy seat? On my replying in the affirmative. "I am surprised at that" — said she, with a smile — "I wonder how a republican can sit easy under the crown." — Beginning to understand my cue, I, of course, was properly diverted with this piece of wit.

Miss Catherine then directed my attention to the antique round table, and assured me that at this very table Dr. Franklin had drank tea on his last visit to Boston. Miss Mary then produced, from a closet by the chimney-side, an ancient machine of timber and iron in the form of a bellows, which she informed

me was two hundred years old. It looked as if it might have been two thousand, and must have been constructed in the very infancy of bellows-making, about the time when people first began to grow tired of blowing their fires with their mouths. It would have afforded a strange contrast, and a striking illustration of the march of intellect, if placed by the side of one of those light and beautiful, painted, gilt and varnished fire-improvers which abound in certain shops in Washington street. This bellows of other days was so heavy that it seemed to require a strong man to work it. The handles and sides were carved all over with remarkably cumbrous devices; and the nozzle or spout was about the size and shape of a very large parsnep with the point cut off.

Miss Mary now asked her sister if *she* had no curiosities to show the ladies? Miss Catherine modestly replied that she feared she had nothing the ladies would care to look at. Miss Mary assured us that sister Catherine had a box of extraordinary things, such as were not to be seen every day, and that they were universally considered as very great curiosities. Miss Catherine still seemed meekly inclined to undervalue them. My companion, who *had* seen the things repeatedly, begged that their Philadelphia visitor might be indulged with a view of these rarities—and, finally, after a little more coquetry, a sort of square band-box was produced, and Miss Catherine did the honors of her little museum.

She showed us the envelope of a letter addressed to her father by no less a person than Alexander Pope, and directed in the poet's own hand. The writing was clear and handsome, and had evidently been executed with a new pen, and with a desire that the superscription should look well. Next, were exhibited four commissions, each bearing the signature of a different British sovereign. The names of the royal personages were placed at the top of the document and not at the bottom. This, the old ladies told us was to show that royalty ought to go before every thing else. The first signature was that of Queen Anne, and headed the appointment of their grandfather to the government of the province of Massachusetts. I have never in my life seen any autograph so bad as that of "great Anne whom three realms obeyed"—if this was to be considered a fair specimen. It looked as if nobody had ever taught her to write, and had the appearance of being scratched on the paper, not with a *pen* but with a *pin* dipped in ink. I believe it is related of the Emperor Charlemagne (who pressed the seals of his missives with the hilt of his dagger) that he effected his signature by plunging his thumb into the ink, and making with it a large black spot or blot on the parchment. No doubt, being a man of sense, he took care that his dab or smear should always be of exactly the same shape and dimension, and so *unique* in its look as to preclude the possibility of counterfeits.

The next document shown us by Miss Catherine, was honored with the name of the First George—that sapient Elector of Hanover, whose powers of

comprehension were so obtuse that he never could be made exactly to understand by what means he succeeded to the throne of England, and often said "he was afraid he was keeping some honest man out of his place." His majesty's pen-maker was palpably unworthy of holding that office, for, in this autograph, both up strokes and down were so thick that they looked as if done with the feather of the quill instead of its point.

Afterwards was displayed a commission signed by George the Second. Here the royal caligraphy seemed on the mend. The signature was well written, and his majesty's pen-provider was evidently fit for his station.

Last, was a paper bearing the name of George the Third, written in a fair and easy hand, but rather inferior to that of his predecessor, notwithstanding that the second of the Hanoverian monarchs had "never liked bainting or boetry in all his life, and did not know what good there was in either."

It is a most fallacious and illiberal hypothesis that the hand-writing is characteristic of the mind. And those who profess that theory frequently employ it as a vehicle for the conveyance of impertinent and unjust remarks.

We were next shown a small portion of moss gathered from the time-honored roof of Bradgate Hall, the mansion in which the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey first saw the light.

These relics of the departed great were followed by the exhibition of some little articles, only remarkable as specimens of mechanical ingenuity. Among them was a large deep-red mulberry, looking surprisingly like a real one.

"And now," said Miss Catherine, "I will show you the greatest curiosity of all." She then took out an inner pasteboard box that had been placed within the larger one, and setting it on the floor, produced, from a round hole in the lid, an artificial snake, that looked something like a very long, very close string of button-molds. By giving it some mysterious impulse, she set the reptile in motion, and caused it to run about in the neighborhood of our feet. We thought it best to be a little startled and a little frightened, and very greatly surprised at the ingenuity of the thing. After we had sufficiently enjoyed the sight, Miss Catherine attempted to replace her snake in the box, telling him it was time to go home. But he seemed rather refractory, and quite unwilling to re-enter his prison. "What"—said she—chastising him with two or three smart taps—"won't you go in.—Are *you* a rebel too?"—The serpent stood rebuked; and then obediently hurried back into his hole. And we laughed as in duty bound—also with some admiration at the old lady's slight of hand in managing the reptile.

Miss Mary, having completed the exhibition of her snake, now addressed Miss Mary, and proposed that her sister should show us an extraordinary trick, "which always astonished the ladies." To this Miss Catherine made some objection, lest we should have her taken up and hanged for a witch. On our promising not to do so, she took a scrap of white



paper which she tore into four little bits, and then laid them in a row on the table. Having done this, she left the room, shutting the door closely after her, so as to convince us, that while remaining outside it was impossible for her to see or hear anything that was done in her absence. Miss Catherine now desired me to touch, with my finger, one of the bits of paper — any one I pleased. I touched the second — and Miss Mary was then called in by her sister, who said to her, as she entered, — “Be quick.” — Miss Mary immediately advanced to the table, and unhesitatingly designated the second paper as that which I touched while she was out of the room. Being unacquainted with the trick, I was really surprised; and wondered how she could have guessed so correctly. The trick was several times repeated, and every time with perfect success.

After I had been thoroughly astonished, and declared my utter inability to fathom the mystery, the sisters explained to me its very simple process. The four bits of paper, arranged on the table in a row, denoted the four first letters of the alphabet. — When I touched the second, (which signified B,) Miss Catherine directed her sister to it by saying, as she returned to the room — “Be quick.” — When I touched the third — D — Miss Mary, on her entrance, was saluted by her sister with the words — “Do you think you can tell?” — After I had touched the first paper, A, Miss Mary was asked — “Are you sure you can guess?” — and when I touched C, Miss Catherine said to Miss Mary, “Come and try once more.” And thus, by commencing each sentence with the letter that had just been touched, she unfailingly pointed out to her sister the exact paper. To succeed in this little trick, there must, of course, be an understanding between the two persons that exhibit it: and to most of the uninitiated it appears very surprising. By adopting a similar plan of collusion, some of the professors of Mesmerism have

contrived to obtain from their magnetized sleepers, replies which, to the audience, seemed truly astonishing.

We now arose to take our leave; and our attention was then directed to a square pine table standing by one of the windows, and covered with particularly uninviting specimens of pincushions, needle-books, emery-bags, &c. The old ladies informed us that this was a charity table, which they kept for the benefit of “the poor.” I had thought that the Miss Byleses were their own poor. However, we gratified them by adding a trifling sum to their means of doing good: and I became the proprietor of the ugliest needle-book I had ever seen. But I magnanimously left the less ugly things to tempt the choice of those persons who really make an object of their purchases at charity tables. — “Dear good little me.”

The Miss Byleses were very urgent in inviting me to repeat my visit, saying, that any time of the day after nine o’clock, they were always ready to see company, and would be happy to receive me and such friends as I might wish to bring with me. And they enumerated among their visitors, from other parts of the Union, some highly eminent personages.

While we were listening to the “more last words” of Miss Catherine, her sister slipped out into the very short passage that led to the house door, and then slipped back again. We, at last, paid our parting compliments, and Miss Mary escorted us to the front door, but seemed to find it locked, and seemed to find it impossible to unlock. This gave her occasion to say wittily — “The ladies will have to send home for their night-caps; as they are likely to be kept here all night.” Luckily, however, this necessity was obviated, by the key yielding as soon as it was turned the right way: and finally Miss Mary Byles courtesied and smiled us out.

(To be concluded.)

## THE MAN IN THE CLARET COLORED COAT.

Speculation as to the whereabouts of this distinguished individual is at last at an end. The silence and uncertainty which have shrouded relations of his movements since he bothered Gen. Arcularius on the walls of the Arsenal, are fully accounted for. He has been travelling in South America, and the result of his journey has been the discovery of what may be deemed a greater mare's nest than was found at the time of the Election riots—a bona fide mare's nest, and no mistake—a female republic, no less than the community of Amazons, long supposed to exist only in the imagination of romancing travellers.

While the captive of a wandering tribe of Anthropophagi, he was rescued from the danger of being roasted and eaten, by a party of Amazons, the commander of whom he styles Capt. Lucy; and quite a jewel of a warrior, and no contemptible legislator and chieftain does the Captain appear to have been. The prisoner of war, our friend Claret, was conducted to the country of the captors. On the outskirts

“The party was stopped by several riders completely armed, who were evidently glad at the safe return of the caravan. The baggage mules were subjected to a cursory examination by the horse-women, who combined in their persons the powers of custom-house officers to examine imports, and sentinels to give warning of the approach of enemies. I was regarded with much attention by these officers, especially by three of them, who had never seen a European or North American. They pulled my whiskers, whispering among themselves, and laughing as if they would fall from their horses.”

Vastly amusing this, no doubt; but the poor prisoner had the terrors of death before him, such being the law in Amazonia, against all strange intruding men. Probably that is the reason why nobody has ever before come back from Amazonia, to tell us all about it.—Claret was put in a very comfortable prison however, to await his trial. The Captain took him up on the roof, and the view thence seems really to have transported our friend:—

“And here I stood, in the midst of a flourishing city, concealed within that unknown plain, supposed, heretofore, to be inhabited only by tribes of uncivilized and degraded Indians; before me a city of Amazons, where women occupied the stations and performed the duties which devolve upon men, in other countries; and where men rose in the morning and lay down at night with that one great feminine desire, which, if put into words, would read, ‘I wish I were married!’”

The Legislature of Amazonia is nearly as ridiculously anomalous as that of New York, being like our Senate sometimes a legislative and sometimes a judicial body. Before this tribunal the case of the Claret Coat Man was to be tried, and his protectors had much to do to defend him, in his progress to the House, from the curiosity of the females, who, in that country are the lords of creation; the Amazons regarding him with as much wonder as “we of New York are apt to look upon a bankrupt, who, having been discharged by his creditors, and afterwards being fortunate in business, honestly pays his old debts!” In his seat at the bar he did not feel quite at ease:—

“With the piercing eyes of the Amazonian government bent upon me, and the thought of my critical situation coming over me more powerfully than ever before, it was no wonder that I felt much embarrassment and confusion. In my native country, I had once been called as a witness before the assembled wisdom of a State, and was assured and kept calm by the free-and-easy conduct of our representatives, some of whom were reading the advertisements of newspapers, or were hanging their legs over the desks, or upon the shoulders of the members before them, with a listless air; while others were either fast asleep, or squirting tobacco juice at unsuspecting flies upon the floor. But now the scene was changed; proud and erect

figures were around me, each bending upon me the comprehensive and scrutinizing gaze of woman, which detects every motion, and reads the very thoughts of less sagacious man."

After certain preliminaries, a female legislator rose to speak to the case. She first informed the house on which side she intended to speak—a custom which, we agree with our author, would be well, if adopted in the legislatures of other countries; where the hearer is "puzzled to ascertain, from the arguments offered, whether the speaker is for, or against the bill under consideration." The speaker spoke of course, of every thing but the case before the House, and at last, being interrupted by another member in one of his statements about an Indian tribe, formed issue with the member who had interrupted him. Thereupon—

"The member whose statement was disputed, rose and exclaimed in a passionate voice, that it was the orator who was mistaken; who asserted things not to be relied on. The orator calmly requested the member to retract the base insinuation contained in the last words. But the member jumped up, and said in words equivalent to these: 'Does the orator want to fight? I am ready to give the orator satisfaction here or elsewhere! I was born insensible to fear!'"

"The fat President began to puff and blow with passion, because her authority was so disregarded; she commanded silence; and said that if the offending member did not immediately apologize for the language used towards the orator, she should exercise the power intrusted to her upon such occasions, and expel her from the house.

"The Captain whispered me that she hoped the member would not apologize, and so be expelled, as she was the most boisterous and unpolished representative she had seen for many years.

"Will the member apologize?" thundered the President. The member rose, and in a few words explained away all her offensive remarks. The orator then closed her speech, by saying: "Therefore, Oh, President, I am in favor of postponing the case of the North American to some future day; and in the meantime, let him remain under the eye of the Captain who is near him, and not leave the city on pain of death."

"As no other speech was likely to be attempted at the present—the members wishing to renew their studies of foreign affairs, before fully debating my case—the vote was taken on the orator's proposition. All members present, save the one who had created the disturbance, held up a white quill: the single scarlet quill was elevated by the member who had before "shown the white feather," as we say of those who retreat from a dangerous position, which they have boastfully assumed.

"As I passed down the room with the Captain, walking between ranks of glittering eyes and majestic forms, I inwardly exclaimed, that the Goddess of Liberty, who inspired the founders of my country, had whispered similar counsels to the rulers of Amazonia.

"In the vestibule of the government house, were many persons gathered round bulletins of the day's proceedings, so far as they had transpired; for, on certain occasions, none but the representatives were admitted into the legislative room, unless required to be present as witnesses, or by special invitation from members. Near the bulletins stood the writers of them, explaining and commenting on the occurrences of the day, to the bystanders, many of whom seemed to look upon these writers as oracles.

"The people hastened to surround me as I appeared before them, but were elbowed aside by the writers, who volunteered their services through Captain Lucy, offering to defend me, right or wrong, against any person, or combination of persons whatsoever, for about the value of two dollars per bulletin; or they would attack for me, with violent invective and unfounded calumny, any person, or combination of persons, wrong or right, for a piece of silver per bulletin, worth about five dollars. I declined making any bargains with these female editors, at which they declared they would slander me in every way, and would do me all this injury in their power, if I did not pay them a certain sum on the spot. The Captain was so indignant at the impudence of these news-mongers, that she would have struck them, if they had not immediately retired into the legislative room, they being sure of invitations, at all times, from members who wished to use them in their political schemes."

This is so much like "our own folks," that we are really afraid the traveller has confounded his experience in North and South America, and made a jumble of the customs in both countries. Here is another specimen:

"The Captain informed me—and it was what I more than suspected—that during the endless session of the legislature, a multitude of small laws were passed, which were utterly useless, and never enforced. These enactments were probably gone through with, for the purpose of consuming the time, and exercising the talking powers, of the members when short of business.† And as all power emanated from the people, the officer who wished to retain his place,

would not presume to enforce supererogatory laws, that were displeasing to the majority."

The work from which we have made these extracts is a pleasant satire, entitled "The Amazonian Republic," and will in a few days be published by Samuel Colman. We might make more extracts, but must content ourself for the present with the following:

"A delicate person, led forward by one of larger frame and greater self-possession, timidly approached me from the crowd, and requested that the Captain would allow me to be examined a little closer. I advanced to gratify the curiosity of the pair, upon which the smaller person shrank behind the muscular companion and exhibited much bashful confusion. The Captain whispered me that this was a man, the husband of the Amazon who brought him forward. It was with mingled anger and pity that I beheld this woman's slave, with his effeminate dress and girlish actions. My God! exclaimed I, what wonderful social revolution which wrested the power from this man, to bestow it upon the woman at his side? It was a silly question that I asked myself, for a second glance showed me that the man was weakly, and the woman strong; and, that while one had been delicately nurtured, the other had tumbled on the grass, climbed trees, and hunted wild animals, expanding her sinews, and exercising the courage which Nature had freely bestowed.

"When the man had been assured and re-assured by his mistress and the Captain, and saw I was not disposed to devour him, he gradually became gay and talkative, chattering away with all the volubility and thoughtlessness of a miss in teens: and, judging by that which was interpreted to me, saying as little worthy of notice or remark."

\* Vide numerous speeches in Congress for similar language.

† The encouragement which republican legislatures hold out to applicants for trifling enactments, intended to regulate matters with which the legislature should have nothing to do, breeds a habit of dependence on government among the people, which is altogether childish. That boy, who, in riding on his sleigh down State street, in Albany, tore the last button from his pantaloons, in front, and at once ran up to the legislature for relief, was impelled, alone, by the force of example. Older people had been buttoned up by the legislature.

# THE SNOW-STORM.

A MONOLOGUE BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

It is almost twilight. How swiftly have the moments glided by since we sat ourselves by this window — let us see — some two hours since, and during all that time not a word have we spoken, although our soul has been gushing over with its exceeding fulness. It is snowing. Look out and you will see the downy flakes — there, there, and there — one chasing another, millions on millions falling without intermission, coming down noiselessly and mysteriously, as a dream of childhood, on the earth, and covering field, and forest, and house-top, hill and vale, river, glade, and meadow, with a robe that is whiter than an angel's mantle. How ceaseless the descent! What countless myriads — more countless than even the stars of heaven — have fallen since we have been watching here! God only could have ordered the falling of that flake which has just now sunk to the earth like an infant on its young mother's milk-white bosom. Did you not see it? There — follow this one which has just emerged from the skies — but at what spot even we cannot detect — see its slow, easy, tremulous motion as it floats downwards; now how rapidly it intermingles with the others, so that you can scarcely keep it in your eye; and there! there! it shoots to the ground with a joyous leap — and, even as we speak, another and another, aye! ten thousand thousand of them have flitted past, like the gleaming of cherubic wings, such as we used to see in our childhood's dreams, glancing to and fro before a throne of surpassing glory, far, far away, high up in the skies.

It is snowing. Faster, faster, faster come down the feathery flakes. See how they disport themselves — giddy young creatures as they are — whirling around; now up, and now down; dancing, leaping, flying; you can almost hear their sportive laughter as they skim away across the landscape. Almost, we say, for in truth there is not a sound to be heard in earth, air, or sky. The ground, all robed in white, is hushed in silence — the river sweeps its current along no longer with a hoarse chafing sound, but flows onward with a dull, clogged, almost noiseless motion — not a bird whistles in the wood, nor a beast lows from the barn-yard — while the trees, lifting their bleached branches to the skies, shiver in the keen air, and cower uncomplainingly beneath the falling flakes. But hark! there is a voice beside us — 'tis that of the beloved of our soul — repeating Thomson's Winter — Thomson! majestic at all times, but oh! how much more so when gushing in silver music from the lips of the white-armed one beside us. Hear her!

"The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb  
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.  
*Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,*  
*At first thin wattering ; till at last the flakes*  
*Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,*  
*With a continual flow.* The cherished fields  
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow — "

But let us away to the mountains! Far up in a gorge of the Alleghanies we will stand, with the clouds whirling wildly around and beneath, and the wind whistling shrilly far down in some ravine, which we may not see; for all around us is, as it were, a shoreless ocean, buried in a ghastly mist, from which the tall cliffs jut up like islands — and ever, ever comes to our ears from this boiling vortex a sound as of many waves chafing against the shore, like that which the priest of Apollo listened to as he walked all disconsolate, bereft of his fair-haired daughter, back from the tents of the stern Hellenes to the towers of Ilium. The air is full of snow-flakes, driving hither and thither — thick, thick, thicker they descend — you cannot see a fathom before you. Take care how you tread, for a false step may plunge you into an abyss a thousand feet plumb down. Not far from here is the very spot where an unwary traveller, on a night like this, but a bare twelve-month since, slipped from the edge of the precipice, and was never heard of again, until the warm sunny breath of April, melting the snows from beneath the shadows of the hills, disclosed him lying unburied, with his face turned up, as if in mockery, to the bright heavens on which his eye might never look again. In vain had loved ones watched for his coming until their eyes grew weary, and their hearts turned to fountains of tears within them — in vain had a wife or mother kindled the cheery fire, or smoothed for him the bed of down, to welcome him after his absence — for

" — his sheets are more white,  
And his canopy grander,  
And sounder he sleeps  
Where the hill-foxes wander."

We are in the mountains, in the midst of a snow-storm, and, as we look around, we feel that Jehovah, as when Moses heard the noise of a mighty wind, is

passing by. There is a vague emotion of mingled wonder, fear and awe, overshadowing our soul as we stand here alone in the tempest. See how the drift is spinning in the whirlwind; and now it streams out like a pennant on the night. Hark! to the deep organ peal of the hurricane as it thunders among the peaks high up above us—listen to the wild shrieks rising, we know not whither, as if the spirits of the mountain were writhing on beds of torture, as the olden legends say, all unpardoned by their Creator. And now—louder and wilder than the rest—sounding upwards from the gulf below, a voice of agony and might—sublime even in its tribulation, awful in its expression of gigantic suffering—like that of him whom the seer of the Apocalypse beheld bound hand and foot and cast into the bottomless pit, despite an unyielding conflict of twice ten thousand years. Ruin!—ruin!—all is ruin around us. We see not the burying of hamlets, we hear not the descent of avalanches, but the sky is lit up with a wan glare, the whole air is full of mysterious sounds, and we feel, with a strange all-pervading fear, that destruction will glut herself ere morning. God help the traveller who is abroad to-night!

And now, with a sheer descent, full fifty fathoms down, let us plunge like the eagle when he shoots before the burning thunderbolt. We are on the wide ocean, and what a sight! Sea and air are commingled into one. You seem buried alive in a whirling tempest of snow-flakes, and though, as on the mountain, you hear on every side sounds of utter agony, yet, as there, the keenest eye cannot penetrate the wan, dim prospect around; but here, unlike on the hills, there is one voice superior to all the rest—the deep, awful bass of the rolling surges. And then the hurricane! How it whistles, roars and bellows through the rigging, now piping shrill and clear, and now groaning awfully as if in its last extremity. The snow is blocking up the decks, wet, spongy and bitterly cold. There! how she thumped against that wave, quivering under it in every timber, while the spray was dimly seen flying wild and high over the fore-top. “Shall we—oh! shall we live till morning?” asks a weeping girl. “We know not, sweet one, but we are in the Almighty’s hand, and his fatherly care will be over us as well here as on the land.” There; see—“HOLD ON ALL,” thunders the Stentor voice of the skipper, sounding now however fainter than the feeblest infant’s cry; and as he speaks, the craft shivers with a convulsive throe, and a gigantic billow, seething, hissing, flashing, whirls in over the bow, deluges the deck, and roars away into the blackness of darkness astern. Was that a cry of a MAN OVERBOARD? God in his infinite mercy, pardon the poor wretch’s sins; for, alas! it were madness to attempt his rescue. Already he is far astern. Another and another wave! Oh! for the light of morning. Yes! young Jessie, thou would’st give worlds now for the breezes of the far-off land—the hum of bees, the songs of birds, the scent of flowers in the summer sunshine—the sight of thy home smiling amidst its murmuring trees, with the clear brook hard by laughing over the stones, and the

voices of thy young sisters sounding gaily in thy ears. But ere morning we may all be with our brother who has but just gone from our midst. *Ora pro nobis!*

We were but dreaming when we thought ourselves among the mountains and on the sea, and we were awoke by thy soft voice—oh! loved one of our soul—and looking into thy blue eyes—moist, not with tears, but with thine all-sensitive soul—we feel a calm come down upon us soothing, how gently and sweetly, our agitated thoughts. Many and many a tale could we tell thee of sorrow and peril on the seas, and our heart is even now full of one which would bring the tears into other eyes than thine—but no! you tell us we are all too agitated by our dream, and that another time will do—well, well! Sing us, then, one of thine own sweet songs—Melanie!—for is not thy voice like the warbler of our woods, he of the hundred notes, the silvery, the melting, the unrivalled? That was sweetly done—ever could we sit and listen to thee thus.

“Thy voice is like a fountain  
Leaping up in sunshine bright,  
And we never weary counting  
Its clear droppings, lone and single,  
Or when in one full gush they mingle,  
Shooting in melodious light!”

That is Lowell’s—a noble soul is his, and all on fire with poetry. We tender to him, though we have never met in the flesh, our good right hand, joining his herewith in cordial fellowship, the hearts of both being in our eyes the while:—we tender him our hand—he far away in his student’s room at Boston and we here in old Philadelphia—and we tell sneering worldlings and critics who are born only to be damned, that, for one so young, Lowell has written grandly; that he is full, even to overflowing, of purity, enthusiasm, imagination, and love for all God’s creatures; and being this, why should not we—aye! and all honest men beside—grasp him cheerily by the hand, and if need be, stand to our arms in his defence?

But the clock has struck six, and we will walk to the door to see if the tempest still rages. What a glorious night! The moon is out, sailing high up in heaven, with a calm mystic majesty that fills the soul with untold peace. Far away on the horizon floats a misty veil—while here and there, in the sky, a cloud still lingers, its dark body seeming like velvet on an azure ground, and its edges turned up with silver. There are a thousand stars on the frosty snow; for every tiny crystal that shoots out into the moonshine glistens all diamond-like; and, as you walk, ten thousand new crystals open to the light, until the whole landscape seems alive with millions of gems. Hark! how the hard crust crackles under the tread. If you put your ear to the ground you will hear a multitude of almost inarticulate sounds as if the sharp moon beams were splintering the snow—but it is only the shooting of myriads of crystals. There have been icicles forming all day from yonder twig, and now as we shake the tree, you may hear them tinkling, one by one, to the ground, with a clear silvery tone, like the ringing of a bell miles off among the hills. Early in the afternoon, the snow melted on the river, but



towards nightfall the stream became clogged, and now the frost is "breathing a blue film" from shore to shore—and to-morrow the whole surface will be smooth as glass, and the steel of the skater will be ringing sharp along the ice. How keen was that gust!—you may hear its dying cadence moaning away in the distance, like the wail of a lost child in a forest. Hush! was that a whistle down in the wood?

And now again all is still. Let us pause a moment and look around. The well-known landmarks of the scene have disappeared, giving place to an unbroken prospect of the purest white. We seem to have entered into a new world, and to have lost by the transition all our old and more selfish feelings, so that now, every emotion of our heart is softened down to a gentle calm, in unison with the beauty and repose around us. There is a dreaminess in the landscape, thus half seen by the light of the moon, giving full play to the imagination. The spirit spurns this mortal tenement of clay, and soars upwards to a brighter world, holding fancied communion with the myriads of beatified spirits, which it would fain believe, hover in the air and whisper unseen into our souls. Glorious thought, that God hath appointed such guardian watchers over a lost and sinful race!

We would not surrender this belief—wild and visionary as it may seem to some—for all that sectarians have asserted or atheists denied. We love, in the still watches of the night, to think that the "loved and lost" are communing with our hearts—that though dead they yet live, and watch, as of old, over our erring path—that they soothe us in sorrow, hover around our beds of sickness, are the first to bear the parted soul upwards to the gates of Paradise—and that the angelic sounds we hear upon the midnight air, coming we know not whither, but seeming to pervade the whole firmament as with a celestial harmony, are but their songs of praise. Or may not these heavenly strains be the cadences which faintly float, far down from the battlements of heaven?

" Oft in bands  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

The dream grows dim, the illusion is fading, our rhapsody dies upon our lips. We hear again thy voice—Hebe of our heart!—and we may not longer tarry in the night air. And so farewell!

## THE TWO NUNS OF THE CONVENT OF ST. S.—

\* \* \* "We were all very sad on board the Rattler after the death of our Commander. Poor fellow! he ought to have been a Post-Captain on the deck of a frigate, (soliloquized Charlton,) only he was neither a sprig of nobility, nor related to a Member of Parliament. On board of our little sloop-of-war he died as we were coasting along the shores of Portugal; and the First Lieutenant immediately made his report to the proper authorities, at whose command we took up our station off C—— for a time. Winston and I had always been on friendly though not intimate terms; circumstances, however, now brought us more closely together. Our dispositions were unlike, but contrast is not infrequently the chief cement of friendship; and we became sworn and inseparable allies. I believe the grand secret of the commencement of Winston's regard for me lay in my being useful to him. He knew that, if absent from the ship, the duty would be more strictly done than if he were present; and he, loving gaiety and excitement, was constantly ashore. There were several villas scattered about the sea-coast, inhabited by the families of rich merchants from Lisbon, and among these Winston soon became popular. He would bring large parties on board to see the ship (there is no sight, you know, that women love so much;) and, long before I had banished the memory of our dead Captain from my mind, we had merry meetings and dances, which ill accorded with my regrets for the lost. These at last were banished by a radiant pair of eyes, and a voice whose merriment was like the gentle ringing of a silver bell. I think I hear her laugh now, (murmured poor Charlton, soliloquizing again,) as I translated as well as I could the Midshipman's report of the ball-room being ready in his own nautical mode of expressing it, by informing us, through the skylight of the little cabin where we sat over a repast of delicious fruits and the purest vintage, that 'the guns were all shud.' She had a pale, pensive cousin at her elbow; and, as I led out the lady of the radiant eyes to dance, Winston turned unwillingly, I thought, to the grate beauty, and offered her his arm; but she gave a pretty denial on the score of not having strength to join our English country dance, which we had introduced among them, and so sat down at the stern of the vessel, on a couch we had framed for the ladies, covered with the union-jack. She said she was content to look at us. And when the dance was ended, and Winston claimed my gay beauty for the next, I took my station beside the mournful cousin. I had heard her history previously, and she reminded me of it as we sat together apart from the dancers. It was well known: she had been betrothed to a wealthy widower, and he had died ere the nuptials could take place, to the great delight of his son, who came into the whole of his fortune, and no less delight of his betrothed, which was somewhat abated by the declaration of her father that she should take the veil. I had often heard of such stories: nay, I had seen girls whose destiny was thus sealed; but to hear this poor melancholy creature speak of her past sorrow (for she had hated the widower) and her future prospects,—to hear her sighing over this, while the brilliant band set the feet of others bounding on the deck, and while the boundless expanse of the "perpetual sea" seemed at it were the very type of freedom,—to see her large, melancholy eyes looking far beyond all that was passing before her, even into silence, and gloom, and despair, melting at last into a mechanical existence,—created a sudden and

powerful interest in me. I looked up at our graceful and tapering masts, our delicately-shaped and dainty-looking ship, then at the vast waters, and ho! again at our streaming pennant. Strange, undefinable, but resistless thoughts crossed each other through my brain. In imagination I had borne Isidora—so was she named—from her enchantment of bigotry and despotism. 'Under the shadow of our flag,' thought I, looking proudly up at the standard that floated over our heads, 'she might be saved.' Of thoughts beyond this I had none: a rescue for the oppressed was all I dreamt of; and, embodying that dream as well as I could, I made her understand my hopes, my wishes, and my fears. She trembled, shuddered, and knew not what to say. The loud band called forth the dancers afresh: we had scarcely remarked its previous cessation. The young, gay laughter of girls and merry-hearted Midshipmen rang a chorus to the light airs and harmonious symphonies as they preluded, in uncertain beauty, ere the dance began; and the voice of Winston, calling upon all to join some giddy measure, forced us from our place of dreams and doubt.

"Hitherto my love had been given to the lady of the laughing eye. That night, or rather the next morning, I went to my berth with a mind torn by perplexing emotion; and I could hardly have fallen asleep ere I was aroused by Winston shaking me, and telling me that he had received sailing orders, and that we were to start with the first fair wind for the Mediterranean. The wind—shall I say—favoured us. Isidora and her gay cousin had departed from the water-side to a villa some miles in the country, and close alongside of us lay a newly-arrived man-of-war, with a crusty old Commander on board, who was likely to report all our doings, if they were by any means inconsistent with our duty. Had they been beyond necessity correct, he would have allowed them to pass without praise from himself or others. Furthermore, he sent a sick Governor's son on board, to be taken to Malta forthwith. In short, in three hours we had fairly lost sight of the wooded declivities and ornamented villas in which Winston and I had passed many pleasant hours. Far away were we from Isidora and Maria,—far away, while they supposed us near them.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Fortune—the fortune of war—sent us back again to the beautiful neighbourhood from which we had been so suddenly banished, in fifteen months. Isidora had already taken the veil; and Maria's parents being dead, her guardians had also placed her in the Convent of St. S— for a time.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Strange memories come over me sometimes," said Charlton, in his musing, melancholy voice, after pausing in his tale for a minute or two: "strange recollections of gentle and eager voices; for, by the contrivance of an old nun, long since disgusted with the convent thralldom, and a priest, who could not withstand the glitter of our gold pieces, we frequently met in an adjoining vineyard,—Winston and Maria, I and Isidora; for I had yielded up, if not my affections, at least my pity to the latter. Sometimes I am so lost in thought as to be again among the clustering vines: again I am looking into loving eyes; and, at last, I am called back again to life and present times by these waves, sounding at my feet, and warning me of

where I am, and of the lapse of years between those times and these."

Rising with an abruptness that startled Charles, Charlton said:—

"Not to-night! not to-night! Wait till to-morrow, at this time, and I will tell you the rest."

A word or two apart with the "look out," (how mechanical is the sailor's or the soldier's duty!)—a silent pause while he swept the horizon with his night-glass,—an expressive pressure of the Ensign's hand in his own hard palm,—and Charlton, toiling up the steep shingled beach, stood awhile on the embankment, giving one last look upon the outstretched ocean; and, soon afterwards, Charles heard the gate of the little paddock close, and finally the cottage door. So, with thoughts all stirred by the old sailor's recital, he wandered up and down the coast for an hour or two before he retired to his quarters for the night.

On the following evening the pair met again in the dim twilight, and Charlton continued his recital. To avoid the accusation of tediousness, I may as well leave some of the scenes on which he dwelt with melancholy interest to the imagination of my readers, (doubtless they can fill them up at will from various passages of their own early times,) and proceed to the final detail of that event which had flung that shadow on his path which neither time nor circumstance had ever removed.

"The outer walls of the convent were washed by the ocean, and by degrees our vessel had been removed from her first anchorage to one almost opposite. Everything had been arranged for the reception of Donna Isidora and Maria; the priest was to accompany them on board to perform the marriage ceremony, since we, having no chaplain of our own, had resolved on profiting by such an opportunity till we could be re-married by a clergyman of our own church. A boat, manned by steady and tried men, with muffled oars, lay off the shore, awaiting our signal—of a momentary light—that all was ready. The priest had provided a ladder, and the hour fixed for the escape was that appropriated by the inmates of the convent to private prayer. My heart seemed to echo back every stroke of the booming bell, as it swung backwards and forwards in its archway on the top of one of the convent towers. A long pause of suspense ensued—Winston and I looking on each other in silence; in truth, our thoughts were too deep for words. At last, a stone was thrown gently against the other side of the old wall. In less than a minute, Winston and I were on the top of it, looking down upon the trembling group below. Ah! methinks I see Isidora's uplifted face, more than usually whitened by the effects of moonlight. Then the moon became obscured, and we were in comparative darkness. 'Proceed!' I heard Isidora whisper to the old nun, 'we owe it to you that we are here.' The priest was already below the outer side of the wall to assist the females in their descent. The nun, nowise inclined to refuse precedence on such an occasion, did as she was bid. A veiled and trembling figure followed her; from her terror, I felt convinced it was Isidora, and giving her into Winston's arms, I entreated him to hasten to the boat that there might be less delay, while I awaited Maria's ascent. 'Hush!' said the startled girl, with one foot on the ladder. 'Be quick, in mercy be quick!' I exclaimed too loudly, in my terror—for the first time in my life I felt an unequivocal sensation of fear.) Suddenly I felt her

spring upwards on the ladder—then there was a sound of coming voices, a hurried tread of footsteps, lights flashed from various windows, the old bell knelled forth angry and appalling tones—words of doom; and the terrified creature fell back upon the turf beneath. A shriek of anguish—it were a mercy if I could banish it from my memory and my frequent dreams—a cry for mercy, uttered by a nun in her behalf, as she raised the senseless form, were all I heard: the tall priest, a man of great power, frightened for his own sake as well as mine, dragged me down, and carrying me off in his arms as though I had been a weak child, jumped into the boat with me in which sat Winston and the rest. They laid me at their feet, almost powerless from terror and reflection, and yet fearfully alive to all that had passed, all that *was* passing. She, whom I imagined my bride-elect, lay moaning in Winston's arms, while he bent over her, kissing her lips, and calling her by a thousand endearing names. *My bride-elect!—God help me!* I heard at last, *not* Isidora's, but Maria's voice; she it was whom I had delivered to Winston's care. *My bride-elect—bride, indeed of the grave!*—was that poor miserable and devoted victim I had seen surrounded by human bloodhounds beneath the old convent wall.

"Have I courage," continued Charlton, clasping his hands convulsively, "to recall the history that I drew from the old priest in after years! Oh! my gracious and merciful Father!" cried the unhappy man, looking up to the calm heavens, where the placid moon and lustrous stars kept their untrining and eternal watchings—"merciful and just Creator! can such things be done in thy name without retribution in this world? Dost thou not goad the evil-doers of such works with thy curse? What though they seem outwardly punished, have they not moments of remorseful agony, unmatched for horror in this world or the next? I trust, I *trust*, they have!" he exclaimed, tossing his arms high above his head, from whence his cap had fallen—"I trust!"—and he clenched his teeth—"I trust she is *revenged!*" \* \* \* \*

"They buried her alive," he added, at last, in a low, hoarse whisper, and with brows knitted so closely together, in their agony of thought, that his dark eyes blazed from beneath them—"They doomed her to a slow and frightful death; they struck her up by degrees, and left her to die with a gap between her eyes and the green spot where last I had seen her and heard her shriek. \* \* \* Merciful Heaven! why are the waters of Lethe a fable? Wherefore can they not be granted to such as would resign all else on earth for them? Her upturned whitened face—her shriek!"

The veteran seaman's breast heaved like the tossing billows before him—for the very sea seemed as though it participated in his miserable and angry recollections; and then, once more clasping his hands earnestly together, he breathed a heavy curse upon her executioners. Pacing up and down beside the advancing billows, Charles could hear his unfortunate friend weeping aloud; and, when the violence of his tears had brought their own relief, he once more sat down beside the youth, who had sorrowfully listened to his miserable recital, and concluded it.

"I can call to mind," he said, "their laying me down in my berth. I remember the sensation of my stone-cold face, my chattering teeth, my moist hair clinging to my cheek, my rigid lips, my wild weak cries of agony, my clasped imploring hands.

Onward, onward we were sailing. I sat up, and looked wildly through the port-hole: the shore was no longer visible. I forgot whither we were bound; but the night was calm, and I could hear low whispering voices on the deck above me. Winston and his bride, leaning over the ship's side that bore them away from anguish and me from hope—

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "One day, a man-of-war came alongside of us; she was homeward bound. I was ill enough, God knows, to be justly reported incapable of duty, and I was carried on board of her. Winston and I shook hands, in silence, on the deck of the Rattler, as I was leaving her; and I fancied I saw the figure of Maria looking at me from the distance as though wanting courage to approach and bid me farewell. I never saw either of them again. The romance soon became public, with the addition of a duel scene, for which there never was the slightest foundation. My terrible illness unfitted me for the service for many years; and, on my recovery, this appointment, which I might long ago have exchanged for what the world calls a better one, was offered me. It suited my lonely habits: here I am unmolested. Since that fatal night, which well-nigh shook my reason forever from its seat, I have shunned society. I hear of Sir John and Lady Winston frequently. They are looked upon as gay people, (she not having taken the veil was entitled to her fortune, and established her legal right to it,) and as such are sought by the world."

"I wonder," continued Charlton, after one of those thoughtful pauses with which his painful narrative had frequently been interrupted, "I wonder if Maria—Lady Winston—ever thinks of Isidora!" He locked his hands in earnest prayer again, and looking upwards to the clear calm heavens, Charles saw his lips move visibly, but inaudibly, and calling to mind the frequent recurrence of such voiceless aspirations, felt how truly the memory of Isidora was with him undying. How little, oh! how little do we know of one another's inner life! How little can we judge of what things pass through the minds of others from what is outwardly visible!

To common observers Charlton was nothing but that almost dreaded person—an oddity. Ah! if they could have looked through the closed windows of his solitary dwelling on winter nights, and seen him walking up and down the confines of his narrow room, with lips moving in hurried prayer, and with hands wrung together in agony!—ah! if they had seen this, they would not have passed him by with the unconcerned eyes usually turned on him by those even who were familiar with the incidents I have related! "Poor old Charlton," he was called generally; some did not know—others scarcely recollected why. Adversity flings a heavy pall over her victims, which few care to raise. People go about the world seeking feasting rather than mourning.

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 Young as he was, he had so yielded up his sympathy to "Poor old Charlton," that he felt a keen pang of regret when he looked back and saw him standing at his garden-gate, after they had shaken hands and parted, and looking very solitary as he gazed after his young friend. "Shall we ever meet again?" thought Charlton, as he caught the last glimpse of the little detachment on its march along the winding road behind his low dwelling, and with something more resembling a sob than a sigh, he lifted the latch of his cottage-door, and going in, appeared no more that day.



THE AMATEUR MUSICAL PARTY.

MUSICAL PARTY.

"If music be the food of Love, play on—  
Give me an excess of it, that surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die."

"THAT's not a bad idea of Milton's, or Moore's, I forget which; but it's of no consequence, they're so much alike! The idea of stuffing a monster to cure him of eating!—I wish I had lived a good many years ago, before people thought at all; for then I might have had a chance of thinking something new! It's of no use living now, for every body has heard every thing, and no body believes any thing original. I do n't mean to say that Milton is not original; but I suspect that some of the old chaps who lived in his day, said the same thing of him—which is a great comfort to me; because, when a good thought strikes me, and I happen to say it in somebody else's words, people laugh, and say that they have heard it before. However, I can sing, which no body can deny."

Thus spoke a simple friend of mine, as he stood before his glass, preparing himself to attend a musical soirée at a fair friend's house. He was chiefly remarkable for the softness of his nature, the hardness of his head, and a monstrous development of self-esteem. He was of small stature, with a large head, long body and small legs. He wore his hair quite off his forehead, falling in graceful ringlets behind his ears, chiefly for the purpose of displaying a broad, unmeaning mass of forehead, of which, poor simple soul! he was particularly proud. His form, from its disproportion, was peculiarly clumsy; but his room contained various casts and drawings of the Apollo Belvidere, because, as he said, it strikingly resembled him. He was an especial favorite of the ladies, for he abounded with the most silly and trifling chit-chat of the day. He knew all the prevailing fashions from the shape of a bonnet to the breadth of a shoe-tie. Beside, the ladies could laugh at him, and by feeding his vanity could get him to execute the most trifling commission that their caprices could suggest. The certain way to mould him to your will was to praise his voice and singing. He believed them both perfect. It sometimes occurred to him, as a remote probability, that his form and forehead might be matched, but as to the oneness of his vocal powers he seemed perfectly assured.

He formed one of a party of distinguished amateurs who revelled in the pathos of "We've lived and loved together," and went mad outright on hearing "The Maniac." Beside the voices, they boasted of a piano-forte, a clarionette, and a violin. At his request I joined him on this occasion.

As we entered the room, the company exclaimed, "Oh, here he is, here he is!" "Oh, Mr. Johnson, I am so glad you are come!" said a fair young creature. "Now we can begin. We have been waiting for you an age, quite an age, I assure you, and our souls have been faint from the want of!"—"The Harmonious Blacksmith," which is the piece Mr. Tapetie has chosen as an opening piece. Will the fair Miss Clementina condescend to make the accompanying music on the piano?" So, to harmony they went; and they kept it up admirably, which was chiefly owing, I believe, to the perfect independence of each performer, both taking, deliberately, their own way. At the conclusion of the duett, we were all highly delighted; no one really more so than myself. An animated discussion then ensued as to the relative

importance of music, as a branch of female education. This question was argued pro and con with remarkable ability on either side. So equally were the opponents matched, that it appeared likely to become a drawn battle, when my dapper little friend settled the question, declaring it to be a highly necessary accomplishment for ladies, as it made them "so soft." This opinion was greeted with roars of laughter, and considered as conclusive argument in favor of music. He was then requested to sing a song, and after a vast deal of pressing he yielded at last to the popular wish. It is impossible in writing to do justice to his voice or style. His voices, for he had two, were not inaptly christened, by a waggish friend, the Antipodes, because, as he said, they never could be brought together until time and space were annihilated. As high as D his lower voice was well enough, had it not been for its unvarying huskiness, but after D, came the break, and over this break he could never get comfortably, for his voice snapt short off, and flew up so high that it was lost in altissimo. Upon this he prided himself, for he was sure that it was original. His style was something between a sigh and a snuffle, or it might be, a pleasing union of both. He chose as his first song, "I love her, how I love," being the best calculated, as he whispered confidentially to me, to develop his break. Before he had proceeded half through with it, the whole company were convulsed with laughter, the more violent, because suppressed, and at the end of it, the demonstrations of delight, perfectly overpowered him. He received them as just tributes to his merit, and declared that it was quite pleasant to be truly appreciated.

After this the mirth grew fast and furious. Songs followed by duetts, succeeded each other in rapid succession. The children, dear things, who had been, until now, remarkably quiet, began to exhibit symptoms of revolt. They, however, smothered up their excited feelings, until it was proposed to perform "On the Lake where drooped the willow," with the whole vocal and instrumental strength, when I perceived evident preparations for a decided movement. The gentleman who sang the bass took his seat by the piano-forte, for he always sat, because, he said, that if he sang standing, he drew his breath so low that it injured his constitution! Miss Clementina with a beau on either side presided at the piano-forte. The clarionet and the violin, were arranged in due order. Never shall I forget the exquisite noise of that combination. The instruments played in unison, if that wretched violin could be said to play in unison with anything. Scrape, scrape, scratch, scratch, never reaching the proper note within a quarter of a tone. Ugh! my teeth are on edge at the bare recollection. The lady sang the air with them, the two tenors vamped a second, and the gentleman who sat, ditto a bass. As the song progressed, one little Miss threw another down upon the carpet, and began jumping upon her. The little sufferer screamed most lustily, from seemingly leathern lungs, to the evident delight of the black servant, who as he quitted the room, grinned horrible delight at the hideous row.

The discordant tumult had worked me up to a pitch of agony bordering upon frenzy, when Master Tommy put an end to the affair by a delicious coup de main. He had been for some time engaged, under the piano-forte, in tying the leg of the left hand beau to the music-stool; and, having completed his ar-

rangements, he ran a pin, nearly up to the head, into the other leg. Away flew the stool from under the fair lady, and back flew the gentleman, overturning in his backward flight desks, instruments, and players. The lady in her descent clung frantically to the beau upon her right hand, and dragging him down with fearful velocity, deposited his head in that part of the seated gentleman where he supposed his voice to be situated, knocking him into a distant corner of the room. What afterward ensued I know not, for, maddened by the confusion, I rushed out of the house, in the midst of vells, shrieks, groans and hysteric sobs, and have never entered it since. H. C. W.



## PRIMARY EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

A very voluminous Report on this subject has just been published by the Minister of Public Instruction, from which the following has been abridged :

“ The total number of the communes of France is 37,295. According to the last statistical report, in 1837, there were then 29,613 single or united communes provided with schools. In 1840 there had been additions of 3,486, making a total of 33,099 schools, leaving the number of communes unprovided with schools 4,196. The progression in the number of scholars has been equally remarkable. In 1837 there were in the communal and private schools under a master, 1,547,194 boys, and 412,636 girls ; and in those under a mistress, 23,350 boys, and 707,511 girls. In 1840 there were in the communal and private schools under masters, 1,607,013 boys, and 444,356 girls ; and in those under mistresses, 34,394 boys, and 795,916 girls. In 1837 the superior communal and private primary schools received 9,414 scholars, and at present 15,285, being an increase of 5,871. These scholars are not admitted until they have shown, on examination, that they have acquired the instruction given in the primary elementary schools. They gain in the superior schools more extended lessons in the French language, history, geography, and arithmetic ; are taught book keeping, linear drawing, perspective, and receive considerable instruction in geometry, natural history, physics, and experimental chemistry. This general education is in most of these schools divided into three annual courses, and is completed with studies in some of the living languages. Moral and religious instruction is given in these and in all the schools. Among these schools there are 194 in which the system of instruction is complete, that is to say, affords the scholars all the various branches, some of which are especially calculated for the peculiar wants of the district. Several of them have, in this respect, attained a remarkable degree of importance and utility. Those of Nantes, Caen, Lille, Rennes, and some others, are

cited as examples. In 1837 there were 26,370 schools exclusively appropriated to the Catholics, 563 to Protestants, 28 to Jews, and 2,659 were mixed. In 1840 there were 28,018 Catholic, 677 Protestant, 31 Jewish, and 2,059 mixed schools. Besides the regular schools, the administration has also turned its attention to adult classes for the evenings and Sundays, for the instruction of men whose early education has been neglected. In 1837 there were 1,856 adult schools, in 1,547 communes, giving primary instruction and some practical notions of the sciences to 36,966 workmen of all trades and employments. In 1840 the number of adult classes spread over 3,090 communes, amounted to 3,403, being nearly double, and had 68,508 attendants. This instruction, however, is too much neglected in many of the departments. In 1837 there were, in 172 communes, 261 infant schools, [*salles d'asile*,] receiving 29,214 children. There is now to be found, in 352 communes, 553 infant schools, receiving in all 5,986 children. There are, therefore, at this time, 294 infant schools, receiving 21,474 children more than there were in 1837. Independent of several recent establishments, there are, at this time, 79 proposals for new ones before the Royal Council of Public Instruction for its examination. The number of communal teachers who receive fixed salaries, not amounting to 300 fr. a year each, is 25,051. Of these 23,048 receive only 200 fr. each, and 2,003 have salaries between 200 fr. and 299 fr. The total number of persons employed in primary schools is 62,859—namely, lay teachers (male), 38,368; religious ditto, ditto, 2,136. Lay teachers (female), 11,984; religious ditto, ditto, 10,371. The number of persons employed as inspectors of schools is 168. Beside the 76 Normal schools, there have been established 3 schools of the same order, specially appropriated to non-Catholic communions, and directed by Protestant pastors. In 1837, the Normal schools gave instruction to 2,406 persons intended for teachers—a number increased, at the present day, to 2,684, which are thus divided: Free boarders, 311; free out boarders, 37; bursars of the state, 208; communes, 81; departments, 2,054. In 1837, the Normal schools sent out 860 masters. In 1840, the number was not greater, on account of the length of time employed by some of the schools in more extended studies, a great many of them having been detained for a third year. Nevertheless, the supply of new teachers has increased, since out of the 860 students who were qualified in 1837, only 671 have been placed: while out of the 860 qualified in 1840, there are 713 at the heads of schools. This proves that Normal instruction is producing more and more immediate results. Endeavors have been made for forming, on a regular system, female teachers, independent of the religious corporations of women, and several schools have been, in consequence, established.”

From the subject of popular education in Europe, we may turn to particulars of great interest, furnished in letters from Cairo, of the first annual examination of the Hebrew children, educated in those schools which are the valuable legacy of the mission of Messrs. Crémieux and Montefiore, last year, into the East, on behalf of the oppressed Jews. The examination and distribution of prizes took place in presence of the various European consuls, and the Council of Public Instruction appointed by the Pacha—the Armenian bishop, and a deputation from the clergy of the Schismatic Greek Ritual, sitting side by side with the grand rabbin. The report states, that the difficulties of a new institution, the prevalence of the plague, but above all, the prejudices of the parents, which had in the first instance to be combated, had reduced the period of instruction for this first year to less than four months; yet the most satisfactory results have been obtained, in the face of all these impediments. The children have been redeemed from a state of the most revolting degradation; considerable progress has been made in elementary instruction; the good-will and zealous coöperation of all parties have been conciliated, and the spirit of toleration firmly established. One gratifying evidence of these latter results the committee had before them, in the wish expressed by many parents, not Jews, that their children might be permitted to share the benefits of the education given in these schools. A day was devoted to the examination of the pupils in the Hebrew tongue, this latter examination being conducted by all the members of the Jewish committee, and attended by all the distinguished Jews in the country. It is impossible to read of a scene like this, in one of the great cities of Egypt, among a population who were, but the other day, the butchers and victims of an ancient and execrable superstition, without a feeling of high gratification, a sense of deep thankfulness to the wisdom and benevolence which, out of that horrible and disgusting persecution, have thus contrived to extract a sure blessing and an abiding good.

From Chambers' Journal.

## REGULARITY OF OCCASIONAL THINGS.

Nothing is more uncertain than the life of an individual. At thirty, in a state of robust health, he appears likely to live for thirty years to come; but we also know that he may die the next moment. No one can be said to have a lease of life for a single minute: all are in this respect *tenants at will*. Yet, when we go from the individual to numbers, we find that some certainty can be attained. Out of any given ten thousand in one of our principal cities, it is just about as certain, supposing no unusual visit of infectious disease, that only a fortieth part of the whole will die in the course of the next year, as that there will be a next year at all. So, give any ten thousand newly born infants, and certain circumstances in which they are to live, and it becomes matter of calculation how many will die the first year, how many the second, and so on; as also how many will reach twenty years of age, how many fifty, and how many eighty. It is upon such calculations that the business of life-assurance is founded; individuals, in that case, take refuge from the uncertainty of their own lives and prospects in the certainty which attends the lives and prospects of a sufficiently large number. It might equally well be calculated, if we had the proper data, how many of the ten thousand sucklings would reach six feet of stature, and how many would stop short at five feet six. Nothing, of course, could be more uncertain of any given child, than that he was to attain either of these heights; yet of the whole, the number who would exceed five feet six could be calculated almost to a babe. We might even predicate as to the number who would turn out to be fat men, how many would exceed sixteen stone, how many seventeen, and so on, if we had only observed beforehand how many, in proportion to the mass of society, attain to those degrees of weight.

So, also, nothing can be more uncertain than the season of a man's death. Who can undertake to say whether it will be in spring, summer, autumn, or winter, that he is to die? But while the individual remains on this point in a state of utter ignorance, he may arrive at a tolerably distinct understanding as to his *chance* of dying at any particular season. It has been ascertained, for example, in Belgium, that the greatest mortality takes place in winter, and the least in the middle of summer; that it rises towards the one period and regularly falls towards the other; and that for every two who die in the heat of summer, three sink amidst the colds of dead winter. The chance of every individual is greater, therefore, as three is to two, that he will die in winter rather than in summer.

Bodily defects are obviously accidental to individuals. It might be in any family that the boy with the club foot would be born. Curvature of the spine from a fall out of a nurse's arms, or by other means, is a mishap to which all children are exposed. But, though these misfortunes are fortuitous as far as single human beings are concerned, it is susceptible of proof that they are regular with respect to the mass of society. That is to say, the number of persons who come into existence with bodily defects, or who suffer personal damage from accident, is year by year nearly the same. In France, for instance, it is found that out of all the youth of a certain age in the country, each year, there is nearly the same number in proportion to the population, who require to be excused from the conscription on account of bodily defects. And not only is the entire number similar, but the excuses for particular defects preserve a striking uniformity. Those excused from want of teeth were, in 1831, 1832, and 1833, respectively 1304, 1243, and 1392; the short-sighted in the same years were respectively 948, 891, and 920; and the insufficient in stature were 15,935, 14,962, and 15,078. Every one of those who wanted teeth could

have referred his defect to some accident in his life, or to some circumstance which might or might not have been. He could have previously formed no notion that such accidents observed any regularity in their occurrence. Yet there must be a regularity about them, for just about thirteen hundred youth reach fourteen every year in France in an edentulous state. There cannot remain the least doubt that, were similar returns made for every country in the world, with respect to the bodily defects of its inhabitants, the number who at fourteen have any particular defect would be found every year quite as nearly uniform, in proportion to the entire number.

The unprepared mind is apt to look upon these results as wonderful, and wonderful they certainly are, in as far as all natural things may be said to be full of wonder. But they are not wonderful in any inferior sense. They are simply the effects of natural causes; and the uniformity which seems so surprising is merely owing to this, that the laws of nature are constant and imperturbable in their operation. With regard, for instance, to mortality, we have in the first place the definite period which nature enables us to live under circumstances harmonious with our constitution. This is one uniform cause. Then we have the circumstances inharmonious with our constitution, as defective aliment, air, clothing, and exercise, and exposure to positively detrimental influences, as the virus of infectious disease, severe cold, &c. All of these are likewise uniform causes, which continue nearly the same from year to year. That an individual should be endowed with the constitution calculated to last seventy years, or should fall a victim to one or other of the destructive agencies here adverted to, is, as far as he is concerned, accidental; but, when a great number are concerned, the whole causes have full range of play, and the results become definite, as we have seen.

The science of statistics is beginning to show us greater wonders than any of these, for it is gradually disclosing the fact that even those matters which depend on the human will are uniform, when we take them in a sufficiently large range. The number of persons tried for offences in certain countries, has been found to be year after year in nearly the same proportion to the population. In Belgium, for instance, in the four years 1826, 1827, 1828, and 1829, the ratio of accused persons to every hundred of the population, was respectively 2.8, 2.6, 2.5, and 2.7, a variance quite trifling. The proportion of crimes against person, and crimes against property, also continued during these years to be nearly the same. Even the number of cases of a particular offence is found to have an annual uniformity. Thus, the number of murders in France is rarely below 230, and as rarely above 250. In the six years from 1826 to 1831 inclusive, it was respectively 241, 234, 227, 231, 205,\* 266. What is more surprising, the number of homicides by particular kinds of weapons is usually nearly the same from year to year. The suicides in the department of the Seine, which includes Paris, were, in the nine years from 1817 to 1825 inclusive, respectively of the following surprisingly similar amounts, the increase towards the close of the period being no more than proportionate to the increase of population—namely, 352, 330, 376, 325, 341, 317, 390, 371, 396. Here, likewise, in the modes and instruments, there was a remarkable uniformity. In France, the criminals were in 1834 as 1 to every 619 inhabitants; in 1835, as 1 to every 631; a remarkably uniform result. The criminals of particular ages were in those years nearly identical in numbers; those between thirty and forty were exactly so, being for both years in the proportion of 14.01, or fourteen and a fraction per cent. to the whole.

\* The smallness of the number of cases in 1830 is attributable to the temporary closing of the tribunals on account of the Revolution.

There are, we believe, five recognized reasons for drinking, and a good many unrecognized ones besides. Giving way to one or other of these on any occasion may be such a matter of accident, though it is also certain that the irregularities of some people are remarkable for their regularity. Considering the degree of uncertainty which rests upon the point as far as individuals are concerned, it becomes a curious fact, that, one month with another, the number of persons arrested on the streets of London for being drunk, and who are immediately set free because no charge can be brought against them, experiences little variation. This shows that the amount of inclination in the mass of London society, and the power of the besetting temptations, must remain at all times nearly at one point.

The returns from the post-office in various countries show a remarkable uniformity in the causes which impel to letter-writing. When there is no change in the rates, the number of letters posted in one year is nearly the same as that posted in another, allowing for advance of population and development of industrial resources. As a vast number of letters are written to express affection, or in the way of civility, and are thus strictly spontaneous, or voluntary, it becomes a curious consideration that the emotions of mind impelling to the writing of such epistles must be uniform in their occurrence, within certain local bounds and within a certain range of time. More than this, it is found that the number of letters put into the Parisian post-office *without addresses*, is, year by year, nearly the same. This act of forgetfulness or neglect, of which perhaps few individuals are guilty above once in a lifetime, and which many will never in any instance have committed, is perfectly regular in a sufficiently wide range. The letters with *unintelligible addresses* are also of uniform annual amount.

The mind or will is not the only thing concerned in these cases: External circumstances also operate. But the wonderful thing is, that the agency of the mind and the agency of circumstances appear to have each its definite sway or efficacy. It has been observed, for instance, that the crimes against property in France—and no doubt the same will be the case in all countries in the same temperate region of the earth—are most numerous in winter, and the crimes against the person most numerous in summer. These various classes of offences observe certain monthly proportions year after year with surprising regularity. The explanation obviously is, that, in summer, the classes from whom most criminals arise are in full employment and well fed, therefore least likely to commit depredations; also more at liberty to mingle with each other in the open air, and perhaps also most apt to be in the enjoyment of those redundant spirits which give a tendency to violence; whereas in winter all this is reversed, food being then scanty, and men obliged to keep tamely within doors on account of the weather. It is to be observed that poverty is not found by the statisticians to be absolutely or directly a cause of crime. They find, on the contrary, many poor countries much freer of crime than comparatively rich ones. But they also find that the *same people*, under privation, are more liable to commit offences against property than they are when well supplied. Many things, indeed, are concerned in crime, and the subject appears involved in the greatest perplexity when we consider only an individual; but all of these causes, when we take masses into account, become distinct in their character and relative force, and it is not too much to be hoped for that we may yet be able to give an exact arithmetical statement of both the natural tendency to crime, and the power of resisting temptations, belonging to every civilized nation of the earth.

Some time ago, it was announced in the newspapers that a society was about to be established for insuring the honesty of clerks, secretaries, collectors, and all those persons who usually are obliged to find a friend to be-

come security for them. The announcement was probably looked upon by nine-tenths of the community as only a good sort of *jeu d'esprit* on those wild schemes with which London abounds. But it was a serious proposal, founded upon perfectly sound calculations, and calculated to be of very considerable utility. An able writer on life assurance thus spoke of it when it was in its infancy:—"If a thousand bankers' clerks were to club together to indemnify their securities, by the payment of one pound a-year each, and if each had given security for £500, it is obvious that two in each year might become defaulters to that amount, four to half the amount, &c., without rendering the guarantee fund insolvent. If it be tolerably well ascertained that the instances of dishonesty (yearly) among such persons amount to one in five hundred, this club would continue to exist, subject to being in debt in a bad year, to an amount which it would be able to discharge in good ones. The only question necessary to be asked previous to the formation of such a club, would be, may it not be feared that the motive to resist dishonesty would be lessened by the existence of the club, or that ready-made rogues, by belonging to it, might find the means of obtaining situations which they would otherwise have been kept out of by the impossibility of obtaining security among those who know them? Suppose this to be sufficiently answered by saying that none but those who could bring satisfactory testimony to their previous good conduct should be allowed to join the club; that persons who now may hope that a deficiency on their parts will be made up and hushed up by the relative or friend who is security, will know very well that the club will have no motive either to decline a prosecution or to keep the secret, and so on. It then only remains to ask whether the sum demanded for the guarantee is sufficient."\* The fundamental principle of such an association is, that among the class concerned, there is a certain aggregate of morality, of which each individual is presumed to have his share; that in a sufficiently large number, within the space of a year, there is an aggregate of temptation, which will, in that space of time, have its certain quantity of victims; and that all that is necessary is for each individual to contribute as much as will in the whole make good this calculable deficiency. The principle is thus exactly identical with that of life-assurance, and there is not one argument against the one but might with equal force be urged against the other.

When we see that mental occurrences (if we may use such a term) observe regularity in a wide range of instances, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that the human mind is not, in its general nature, that capricious, hap-hazard, ignis-fatuus thing which it appears in the individual. Hitherto it has been common to say that the material universe is conducted upon fixed principles, or laws of unvarying regularity, so that *these* causes and effects can easily be traced, but that the operations of the human mind are under a totally different system of government—*there* all is confusion and mystery. This kind of language ought to be reformed. The gauge of mathematical science has been applied to mind, and the result is, that *it* also is regulated by natural law—only, the regularity does not appear except in a wide range of instances. This is in reality no more than might have been predicated by an enlightened mind; for how could it be reasonably supposed that, in a world where man physically harmonizes so perfectly with the external creation, his mind alone was to be left by creative wisdom a thing without law or order? How, in such circumstances, could man have existed? These questions are unanswerable; and, though it is gratifying to have the fact proved, the truth might have been not less decidedly con-

\* Article, "The Necessity of Legislation for Life Assurance," in *Dublin Review* for August, 1840.

cluded upon by the philosophic world upon a mere presumption from analogy.

The maze, then, is not without a plan; but what is the plan? We would suggest, in answer, that mental only differ from physical arrangements in one respect—namely, that, while a power in the material world has but one direct object and mode of acting, a mental power is endowed with a wide range of action. It is an instrument fitted to act on a vast variety of occasions, some calling for great exertion, some for little; it is left free to exercise its powers on all these occasions, and such is its delicacy of constitution, and so great its sensibility, that rarely, indeed, can its force be exactly proportioned to the call made upon it. A considerable number of faculties all so constituted, all liable to be thus called into action, and all acting and acted upon by each other—all, moreover, even in different degrees of power to every mind, and all liable to be affected in their tendency to act by external circumstances, and by the thralldom of habits and prejudices which they impose upon each other—can we wonder that human conduct, when regarded in an individual, is a scene so utterly inexplicable? The confusion, however, is but a necessary result of so much being ordained to be done by so little means. To one ignorant of written language, the variety of words in a book would appear equally a confusion of a multiplicity of objects, although we well know that the whole are formed out of but twenty-four letters, and that the variety is entirely the result of different combinations of a few simple elements. Perhaps the possible combinations of mental acts and emotions are not less than the possible combinations of the twenty-four letters, which are enormous in amount; and thus mind must ever remain more or less beyond the ken of science; but, in ascertaining that law presides over the whole maze, we humbly conceive that a point of the greatest importance has been gained.

We must limit ourselves here to showing but one way in which practical advantage is to be deduced from this truth. Seeing how certain and regular is the efficacy of external circumstances in modifying the course of human action, how strong appears the call that is consequently made upon all to aid in ameliorating physical and social conditions, so as to lessen the forces productive of evil, and increase those leading to good. "Every social state," says M. Quetelet, "supposes a certain number and certain order of crimes, these being merely the necessary consequences of its organization. This observation, so discouraging at first sight, becomes, on the contrary, consolatory, when examined more nearly, by showing the possibility of ameliorating the human race, by modifying their institutions, their habits, the amount of their information, and, generally, all which influences their mode of existence." \*



probably saved the premises from being robbed.—  
[English paper.

**SAGACITY OF A CAT.**—It was only a few evenings ago that one of our worthy neighbors, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put her paw on his trousers, and endeavored to pull him toward the cellar, leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there. The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he would stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this famous cat most